Isaac M. K. Handy.

UNITED STATES BONDS;

OR

DURESS BY FEDERAL AUTHORITY:

A Journal of Current Events

DURING AN IMPRISONMENT OF

FIFTEEN MONTHS, AT FORT DELAWARE,

BY

ISAAC W. K. HANDY, D. D.,
OF AUGUSTA COUNTY, VA.

"*Remember my Bonds.*"—PAUL.

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DEDICATED

TO MY EXCELLENT FRIEND,

REV. B. H. McCOWN, D. D.,

OF JEFFERSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY,

TO WHOSE GENEROUS SYMPATHY, I WAS INDEBTED,

FOR ALL THE READY CASH,

WHICH CAME INTO MY HANDS DURING MY IMPRISONMENT;

AND WHOSE VARIED BENEFACTIONS WERE

A SOURCE OF TIMELY AND GRATEFUL RELIEF,

UNTIL MY FINAL RELEASE FROM THE

SUFFERINGS

AT FORT DELAWARE.

"In perils by mine own countrymen;—in perils among false brethren."
—II Cor. xi: 26.

"What have I offended against thee, or against thy servants, or against this people, that ye have put me in prison?"—Jer. xxxvii: 18.

PREFACE.

This is a *private* journal. It was not originally intended for publication. It was written to preserve the memory of events, chiefly for my own satisfaction, and the information of my children. In reviewing the memoranda, I find a number of things which will be interesting to my parishioners, both of the past and the present, and to many other personal friends; and some things, also, may be acceptable to the public. My object in printing is neither pecuniary, nor ostentatious; but, simply, to gratify inquirers who can have no access to the manuscript, and to give permanency to what many do not wish to be lost.

I have no doubt the book will fall into the hands of critics. Some will object to the historical statements, and the revelation of facts; others would like a more thrilling, or imaginative style; and strangers will feel no interest in the family allusions and frequent reference to self; and especially will they censure the "want of taste" which gives publicity to private ejaculations. For such readers the work is not intended. My *friends* (hundreds of whom were fellow-sufferers in "the pen") will be particularly interested in these personal items; and they would regard the journal as essentially defective without them.

Besides these items of a more private character, the book is a faithful portraiture of prison life; and with the exception of a few scattered days (of which the notes have been lost), and some omissions during a period of sickness and confusion in the months of December and January, the record is unbroken, presenting whatever came under the observation of the Author. or was reported to him at the time. There has been no eye to effect; no purpose to be subserved in making matters worse than they were; every thing has been stated with a scrupulous regard to *truth;* and nothing has been set down in prejudice or malice.

The safety of the manuscript is due to the preserving care of my wife, who received it in numbers, by such "underground" opportunities as were constantly afforded. When it became too voluminous to be carried upon her person, it was safely deposited in the earth, and was not exhumed until after the war.

Whatever may have been the feelings of the past, the Author utterly disavows the remotest desire to continue the strife. He has always been ready to submit to the rulings of Providence; and now that the controversy has been decided, he accepts the situation, and can cordially say, "The Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice."

I. W. K. H.

OAKLEY MANSE, AUGUSTA CO., VA.
January 1st, 1874.

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United States Bonds;

OR

DURESS BY FEDERAL AUTHORITY.

I.

June.

1863.

Portsmouth, Va., Wednesday, 17th.— Have been hoping, for months, to visit Delaware for recreation and health. We are all broken down, and worn out, from excessive labors, and the excitement of the times. During the last eighteen months, besides the usual pastoral work, I have preached nearly one hundred funeral sermons; and have been constant in visiting the sick and dying, in every part of the city. We have had all sorts of trouble with the Yankees, and suffered constant privation from the rigid blockade. It is time that we should rest; but how to do this has been the question. To-day, when least expected, a pass came from General Dix, allowing a trip to Baltimore, and the privilege of returning at will. This is the more remarkable, as official opposition has been made not only to myself personally; but the authorities, at Norfolk, have publicly announced, that no favors are to be granted to any member of the Handy family. The present obligation is, chiefly, to my brother-in-law, the Hon. W. H. Purnell, of

Baltimore, whose friendly interposition has secured the pass, without even the usual parole, or oath. It is a boon, indeed, especially for my wife, whose health is exceedingly delicate, and who desires to visit her invalid mother, whom she has not seen for five years. I shall go to Delaware, spend a few weeks, and returning, leave the family with friends.

The sympathy of many has been perfected to-day. Those who have wept with their pastor and his family, amid scenes of trial, now rejoice with them, in the hour of gladness. Crowds have assembled at the manse; congratulations have been offered; and all are ready to aid in immediate preparations for the important visit.

There is no time to be lost. Clothes must be packed, furniture adjusted, the library cared for, Northern funds obtained, and a family ticket secured for the trip up the bay. There must be as little noise, too, as possible, for General Vielé may get wind of the movement; and if he cannot prevent it, altogether, he may greatly embarrass and hinder.

The ladies worked hard. Baskets, trunks, and boxes were soon arranged; books were cautiously distributed over the city; a valued friend advanced the greenbacks;[1] another secured the free ticket, on the Louisiana;[2] everything worked smoothly; and in due time the company moved off — pastor, wife, five children, and two colored servants — leaving manse, and a multitude of things (that could not instantly be hidden), to the care of friends, and yet subject to the tender mercies of those who search houses, and appropriate *ad libitum*.

We took the boat at Norfolk, about five o'clock; and were a little startled, on reaching the upper deck, to find Major Bovey,[3] who probably wondered how we could leave without the usual authority; but no questions were asked, and we were soon reassured.

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[1] Furnished by Mrs. P. Hamill, assisted by sundry friends.

[2] O. D. Ball, Esq., of the S. & R. Railroad.

[3] At that time Provost-Marshal at Norfolk.

Had some difficulty at Old Point, about the servants—the guards refusing, at first, to let them reship for Baltimore, without special mention of their names in the pass. It was necessary to act promptly—so hastening aboard, I ordered the girl to follow with the babe; and as she obeyed at once, the musketeers stood back, and the ticket officer acknowledged the comprehensiveness of the pass.

Chatted, on the lower deck, with a couple of Yankee soldiers, who were returning from the war. They were heartily sick of the scenes at the front; and spoke with severe disparagement of their army leaders. One of them declared that the officers were the first to run; and the other said that, on the retreat from Harrison's Landing, his own regiment came back without a single commissioned officer.

Mrs. H—— being quite sick in the night, and the babe restless, Sarah volunteered to retreat, with the little one, to the saloon. Her devotion to the child was a subject of great wonderment to the blue-coats who hovered around; and, about daybreak, the faithful servant was actually obliged to appeal to her mistress, to defend her against some prating "Down-Easter," who was reading her a lecture about spending her time nursing Rebel babies, when she might go to New York, or, perhaps, farther North, and be a lady.

On leaving, this morning, great interest was manifested about the reputed movement of the Confederate Army into Pennsylvania. All were more or less apprehensive, and, yet, a majority of the citizens were in sympathy with the *on dit.*

Arrangements are positively going on, in regard to the evacuation of Suffolk; and a terrible work of desolation is in progress, in the neighborhood. The Yankees are burning houses, cutting down the growing crops, and doing all they can to make ruin complete.

Thursday, 18*th.*—Had a restless night. Reached the Baltimore wharf, at half-past six o'clock · and was quite disap-

pointed in not seeing the boys.[1] Engaged a wagon, and waited more than an hour, before leaving for the canal-boat, at the corner of Light and Pratt streets. Made several trips, back and forth, from the boat to the post-office, apprehending a final disappointment in regard to the meeting. Was not relieved until eleven o'clock, when Col. P——, the boys, and a number of friends made their appearance, having been detained by some accident to the cars. Delightful interview! Left daughter G—— with the friends in Baltimore, and got off about four o'clock. Wife sick on the route; boys talkative, and happy; Chesapeake City at eleven P. M.; St. George's at half-past one. Found T—— D——[2] in waiting with carriage, and wagon; wife still sick; raining; reached the old homestead, near Port Penn, at half-past two; joyful reunion; and bed at daybreak, Friday morning.

Liberty Hall, Friday, 19*th*.—Spent the forenoon, until about ten o'clock, in bed. Was greatly refreshed by the undisturbed morning repose. Arose in good condition for conversation with the friends, who were constantly calling to greet their old pastor, and his family. Among the visitors who came in, during the day, were the Rev. Mr. Gaylord, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Port Penn, and my old friend Capt. Jefferson,[3] Ruling Elder in the same congregation.

Before tea-time, the house was well filled. Everybody wanted to hear something about the South, and the hopes and fears of the Secession. At the table, conversation became very animated; all for a time seemed to be of one heart, and of one mind; there was no reserve; questions, important or unimportant, were freely proposed, and answers were given in

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[1] Two sons of the author, M. P., and J. H. M. Handy, who for the last six months had been residing at Mt. Washington, near Baltimore, under the care of their uncle, Col. Purnell, Postmaster of the city.

[2] Thomas F. Dilworth, Esq.—Mrs. Handy's brother—to whom the author was indebted for many comforts whilst a prisoner at Fort Delaware.

[3] Hon. Samuel Jefferson, formerly Speaker of the Delaware House of Delegates, and subsequently Democratic candidate for the Gubernatorial chair.

detail. But it was soon discovered that, in that apparently congenial circle, there was at least one dissentient mind—that was the mind of my preacher brother.

"Why," said one, "have you allowed your hair to grow so long?"

The answer required some detail in the statement; and incidentally it was mentioned, that I had recently been taken for a Confederate officer in disguise, and had been arrested as a Rebel spy.

The subject had to be explained; and this led to a full account of a conversation which took place at the time of the arrest, between Col. W. Dulany, of the United States Marines, and myself, at the Gosport Navy Yard.

It would burden these pages, to repeat what will more appropriately appear in a similar journal, to which those interested may hereafter have access.[1] I may simply record here, that the conversation was fully detailed at the table, and that all appeared to be deeply interested in the narrative, until mention of the United States flag, and the words which passed between the Colonel and myself, in regard to that (so called) "emblem of liberty and equal rights."

"But that old flag!" said the Colonel, "I can *never* give it up."

We were standing, face to face, on the parlor floor, and had had a warm talk about the oath, the Navy Yard, and the possibility of a raid from the Confederate lines. He had now, however, become satisfied that I was not an officer, nor a spy, and was indirectly defending his position as a Southern man occupying a Northern standpoint. He had assented to my views in regard to the oath, and had just said in a sort of enigma:

"Well, I am either a Presbyterian or a Turk!" when he, naturally, referred to the flag in the words repeated above.

[1] *The Home of the Merrimac*, or, War Times at Portsmouth, Va.—soon to be published.

I felt it my duty to avail myself of the advantage gained, and rejoined with earnestness:

"*I* venerated that flag too, Sir, when it represented the Constitution, and proclaimed equal rights—protecting, alike, the North and the South. But that, Sir, is no longer the flag of the Union! It is not the *old flag!* The symbols are the same—but the *principles* are changed! What is a flag—irrespective of principles? It is simply a painted rag. That flag once represented high, and noble principles. I venerated those principles; and I loved the old ensign because of the principles. But what mean those stars and stripes, to-day? Not, certainly, what they once meant. Now, when I look upon a United States flag, I think I see written upon its broad folds: ABOLITION; COERCION; DOWNTRODDEN CONSTITUTION; OPPRESSION; TYRANNY!!! *Those* are not my principles; and I must say to you, Colonel, that I have no respect for *any* flag representing such enormities!"

Looking the old Marine earnestly in the face, and availing myself of his evident emotion, I extended my hand to his shoulder, and urged with emphasis:

"And *you*, Colonel, are a *Virginian!*" It seemed as if he would sink into the floor; and I really felt sorry for him, as he stood perfectly dumb, under the effect of the appeal.

A great deal more was said, in the conversation with Colonel Dulany, before we parted, with a better understanding, on the stone platform, in front of the old "Commodore Mansion."

Enough has been introduced, here, to show the purport of what passed at the table in Delaware, and what it was that aroused the ire of my brother Gaylord, who, until that moment, had been regarded as a warm friend of the South.

I was not, now, in debate, nor originating any new sentiment for present effect. The object was simply to while away the hour, with anecdotes of the past, and to interest the company: all of whom were supposed to be in harmony with their Virginia guest and friend.

But the current was too strong for my timid compeer. At the very mention of "the flag," he began to struggle; and before I had completed my story, he was writhing like a man in deep waters, and as with the bound of one who would spring for his life:

"O, brother Handy!" said he, "I cannot allow you to speak *so* of *my flag!*"

I was surprised, and taken aback; for I had supposed that this brother—my successor in a Delaware church, among people of Southern principles, at one time a Virginia pastor, and but a few years ago a publicly announced friend of the "United Synod"—I had supposed, that we were standing upon the same platform, and that he could say *Amen* to all I had uttered. I was mistaken, and could only reply:

"Why, Mr. Gaylord, is it possible you object to the mere repetition of a conversation which took place months ago! I thought you would be interested. My object is simply to recall the past, and to show what has been going on under my own eye."

It was very apparent, that he was not in sympathy with the surroundings at the table; and further conversation would have been very constrained, but for some remark from one of us, which led to a warm debate about State rights, and Northern oppression. I remember, that in the course of conversation, the condition of our sick soldiers was referred to, and that my opponent greatly objected to an allowance of medicine to any who occupied the position of Rebels. Why did he forget that word—"Sick and in prison and ye visited me"!

But I have no disposition to extend this record. So much is important to illustrate events; and I add but a sentence or two—necessarily *ex post facto*—to show cause for future imprisonment.

Before the table-talk, Mr. Gaylord asked me to preach for him on the following Sabbath—but I thought it best to de-

cline. After our little *tête-à-tête*, I felt the more decided in this course; and when he pressed me on that subject, I told him plainly that, after what had occurred, it would certainly be imprudent for me to take the pulpit. He insisted that, as a former pastor, I would be expected to preach, and that there would be a general disappointment if I should decline. It was not, however, until we were about to separate, and standing together at his carriage, that I suffered myself to yield to his importunities, and then, only, with the understanding that *he* should take the consequences.

The day closed with anxiety, and with deep regret on my part in regard to probable results. *Lateat scintillula forsan!*

Note.—A few words of explanation will prepare the way for the subsequent history. On Saturday morning, I made a visit to Delaware City, and called at the house of Mr. Gaylord. He received me politely; and, notwithstanding the excitement of the evening before, it was still his request, that I should occupy his pulpit on the approaching Sabbath. The Sabbath came, and I preached to an attentive audience in my old pulpit, at Port Penn. Some persons seemed to be rather offish; but the times were peculiar, and I felt no disposition to complain.

A few days intervened, and I removed, with my family, to Sussex county, hoping to enjoy a calm retreat at Forest Hall, the residence of John D. Dilworth, Esq., my wife's father. Here, for several weeks, we were rusticating with intense delight; and knew or cared little about the outer world. On one occasion, I preached a plain, gospel sermon, to a large congregation assembled under the trees in front of the old mansion. During all this time politics were eschewed; and I was beginning to feel at peace "with all the world and the rest of mankind." But the most delightful dreams are only for a moment. Rumors were soon rife, in regard to a purpose of arrest. Mr. Gaylord was reported to have betrayed the pri-

vacy of a domestic colloquy. The table conversation had been repeated; exaggerations and perversions resulted; the whole thing became patent to the neighborhood; and getting into the hands of some newspaper scribbler, it was connected with another matter, and served as a political ladder to help an aspiring parishioner to a comfortable office.[1] The attention of Gen. Tyler[2] was called to my presence in the State. I was denounced as a notorious Rebel, and a dangerous man; and though, at first, the thing seemed to be utterly foolish, and unworthy of notice — so much so, that no attempt was made to get out of the way — it, presently, assumed a more serious aspect; and the sequel will show, that I was arrested, and carried to Fort Delaware, with the pass of Maj.-Gen. Dix in my pocket[3] — and, yet, with no charge against me but the irresponsible newspaper squib, and the affidavit of Mr. Gaylord, the particulars of which I have had no means of ascertaining, except as stated by one who affirms that he saw, and knows. I am glad, that I bear no malice against this former co-Presbyter; and now, as he singularly enough preaches, again, to a congregation once the people of my own charge — one of the first among whom I broke the bread of life[4] — I wish him the blessings of a good conscience, making all due allowance for his distorted vision, under the Federal pressure, and rejoicing that the infinite God can bring good out of evil, and make the wrath of man to praise Him.

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[1] See Appendix A.

[2] Commanding the Department of Delaware and the Eastern Shore.

[3] Yet carefully preserved and in possession of the author.

[4] Blackwater, Delaware, which was associated, in my early ministry, with Buckingham, Maryland.

II.

July.

Forest Hall, Monday, 20th.—Had a very disagreeable night, in consequence of nervous headache, sleeplessness, and troubled thoughts. Too unwell to get up, though much better from effect of medicine taken before going to bed.

At about eight o'clock, heard a strange voice, below stairs, inquiring for the Rev. Dr. Handy. At once suspected an arrest. The person was invited into my room. He proved to be a Capt. Ellison, with orders from Gen. Tyler directing him to take me into immediate custody. He professed to know very little about the matter; regretted that he was compelled to perform the duty; and acted, upon the whole, in as gentlemanly a manner as his position would allow.

I told the officer, that he could either wait for me at the house, until the afternoon, or that I would meet him at the depôt. He assented to the latter arrangement, which gave me several hours to recruit, and get ready for the journey.

At the appointed hour, rode out to Bridgeville Station with my wife, who, in my feeble health, preferred to accompany me, believing that the whole thing was so preposterous, that we would return together in a few days. We were escorted to the depôt by sundry relatives; and Mrs. H. bore her babe in her arms.

At four o'clock we were seated in the cars, which we entered in a driving rain. Reached St. George's Station at eight; rode over, in a good hack, to Delaware City, and put up at Weir's Hotel, at about half-past nine P. M. Gov. Cannon, and his son-in-law, Dr. Cahill, came up in the cars with us, and occupied a seat within conversational distance. "His Excellency" was very restless; got out at all the stopping places, and occasionally took a seat in another car.

FORT DELAWARE

I must give Capt. Ellison credit for his delicate, and gentlemanly bearing. He left me, for some hours, without a guard; held an umbrella over me, as I stepped upon the cars; looked after my baggage whilst I attended to my wife and little one; and, on our arrival at Delaware City, he volunteered to hunt up Mrs. Handy's brother, and then left us at the hotel, on parole: making only some suggestions which, considering his official position, were not improper.

Tuesday, 21*st*.—Had a pretty comfortable rest last night; and at half-past eight, this morning, was severed from my wife and child, to appear before the commanding officer at Fort Delaware. Crossed over to the island[1] in a small steamer, in charge of Capt. Ellison, who still seemed respectful and attentive.

At the Delaware City wharf, observed a number of old acquaintances — some of whom appeared to be glad to see me, whilst others were evidently shy, and afraid, or unwilling to offer a salutation. It was amusing, to witness the conduct of different persons in the assemblage. Many of the bystanders were eager "to see the show," and pressed closely to the side of the boat. Others, more retiring, but not less curious, stood farther off, ogling the prisoner and commenting, in low tones, upon the event.

I took no pains to avoid observation, but was rather pleased to be "known and read" of some present, who might well have come to my rescue: and who, could they have had the courage or disposition to do so, might have secured my immediate release.

Among those who crossed over, this morning, were the Rev. E. J. Way, and Dr. John H. Fromberger—with both of whom I was acquainted, in former years. They are, now, engaged in the service of the Government, at the Fort. With each of them I exchanged a few words of friendly chat.

[1] Fort Delaware is situated upon Pea Patch Island, at the head of Delaware Bay.

Waited at the office of the Commanding General, for nearly an hour, before he made his appearance. As soon as he came in, Capt. Ellison handed him several papers, for which he received an acknowledgment in writing, and then retired. These documents proved to be affidavits, in relation to the charges which had been made against me.

Gen. Schœpf is a tall man, and rather good looking. On this occasion he had but few words, which were uttered in broken English, but in a manner not at all disagreeable. After examining the papers, he asked me how long I had been residing in Portsmouth,[1] and in a few moments called a sergeant. I was immediately informed, that this man would show me my quarters. Asking if there would not be an investigation of the charges, the General replied, *No!*—stating that they had been sworn to, and that he had orders for my imprisonment.

After pressing a few explanatory words, in relation to the circumstances of the conversation, which I supposed might have been the cause of my arrest, I soon found it would be perfectly useless to expect a hearing at present, and that a close, and perhaps long imprisonment was before me.

I was resigning myself to my fate, with the simple remark, that I thought it very hard that I should be shut up in such a summary manner, and without even a word of explanation, when the General inquired:

"Can you say, Sir, upon oath, that you have never uttered language disloyal to the Government?"

I replied, at once, that I could not do so; to which he rejoined:

"Then, that settles the question;" and after some words about the leniency of the United States Government in comparison with the governments of Europe, he spoke to the sergeant in regard to my place of confinement.

[1] The author was, for ten years, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Portsmouth, Va.

The command was to place me with three others, for whom a special room had been prepared a few weeks ago. The sergeant having failed to prepare the room in question, the General gave him a severe and noisy reprimand; but a few words of apology softened his tones, and the fidgety little understrapper was glad to hurry me off, leaving my valise in an apartment near the western sally-port, across the "Fort-yard."

The quarters assigned to me were in the second story of a large building nearly opposite the office of the commandant. As I walked up-stairs, a mulatto sentinel, about twenty-five years of age, stood aside and permitted my entrance. A number of persons were stirring about in the hall. From their shabby appearance, I at first supposed them to be laborers engaged in some occupation about the building. I soon found that, like myself, they are prisoners.

Supposing it would be best to make acquaintances as soon as possible, I addressed myself familiarly to several who crowded around, announced my name, and shook hands with all who halted or seemed to be inquisitive.

Several persons pointed out vacancies in the different rooms, and one or two gave me invitations to go in with them. In the course of the morning, I decided to quarter in No. 6, and accepted an invitation to bunk with a genteel young man from Loudon county, Virginia, whose name is Shreve.

Stirred around a good deal, during the day, and made myself acquainted in nearly all the rooms, which I find to be seven in number, each of them opening upon one of the two passages in this apartment.

There are persons here from various Southern localities—but a majority, I discover, are from Maryland and Virginia. There are several prisoners from the old Chesapeake and Delaware peninsula. Among them is Capt. Noah Rawley, from Dorchester county, who is acquainted with my kinsman, Dr. Thos. H. Handy, of Cambridge, and for whom he at first mistook me. He has lost an only son in the service of the Confederacy,

but he seems to be a pious man, and endures his suffering trusting in God.

No. 1 appears to be occupied by *eleven* persons. Several of them are intelligent and well educated young men—conspicuous among whom are Capt. Wm. F. Gordon, of West Virginia; Harry Brogden, of the Confederate Signal Corps; and Samuel Sterret, of Baltimore. In this room is the venerable Col. Waring, of Prince George's county, Maryland; and Mr. William Bright, of Wilmington, Delaware—both of whom are reputed to be men of wealth.

Found Mr. Bright to be a member of the Methodist Church. Suggested to him the propriety of making ourselves useful, while in duress; and proposed that he, as a Christian layman, should see what arrangements can be made for daily worship, or a regular prayer-meeting.

Before bed-time, Mr. Bright called in, and informed me that a number of persons were anxious to have me commence an evening service. In a few moments, twenty-five or thirty men assembled in No. 7, which is the largest and most suitable room for the purpose. I read the thirty-seventh Psalm, and gave out that delightful old hymn:

"When I can read my title clear."

Nearly every man in the room seemed to join in the singing; and then we bowed the knee in earnest, heartfelt prayer to the God of all grace and blessing. What a precious season had we, in that first family worship in prison! True, the prison doors were not opened to us, as for Paul and Silas, in the days of miracles; but our hearts were comforted, and I verily believe, that the secret soul of every man responded a cordial *Amen* to the petitions which were offered, in this dark inner room of our terrible bastile.

Cunningham—the sergeant—furnished me with a brown blanket, after repeated solicitations; and I felt quite comfortable

REBS AT WORK.

by the side of my friend Shreve, as we nestled together on the first night of my imprisonment. I thought of my dear family, and commended them to God. A prisoner for conscience' sake, I could pray, too, for those who persecute and despitefully use me.

Wednesday, 22d.—Slept much better on my board bed, last night, than I expected. Arose early, and took a wash in a brownish, filthy water, the only kind to be obtained, and which I should certainly have rejected, with contempt, were not water of some sort essential to my comfort in the morning.

Our room is occupied by seven persons, as follows :—Capt. Jackson, Capt. Ball, Messrs. Shreve, Atwood, Pleasants, Tibbets, and myself. The room is, perhaps, 12 by 18 feet, with an alcove, and grated window; the latter opening to the southwest, and looking directly across the water to Delaware City. At the other end, and communicating with a dark central apartment—the same in which we hold our worship—is a large opening, making a draught directly through the building. On each side of the room are tiers of bunks or berths, occupied by the persons whose names have been mentioned.

As I sit now at my grated window, with a table before me, I have a limited view of the river, and occasionally see vessels passing to and fro. The sight of Delaware City is obstructed by a cluster of willows surrounding an ice-house, which stands upon an embankment at a short distance from the Fort.

A fine opportunity is, also, afforded, of noticing the movements of the Confederate prisoners—of whom there are said to be about 10,000 on the Island, at this time. These poor fellows are seen stirring about, in every direction, engaged in all sorts of work for their enemies. Many are carrying boards; some are rolling barrels of flour; others driving wheelbarrows before them; and scores, with ropes attached to horse-carts, are drawing water, beef, bread, shingles, and whatever else is necessary to the sustenance of the crowds congregated here, or for

furthering the improvements at the Fort. I am told, that the men thus employed get but two meals per day, according to the established system of rations, but are allowed a third meal in return for their labor. My heart yearns toward these patriots of the South, as I see them toiling for their foes, or marching up, like *criminals*, to receive their rations.

A company of recruits for the Federal Army has been raised among the prisoners, and now numbers one hundred men—most of whom have been driven to this desertion, by hard usage, and a short allowance of food.

Col. Waring has received a permit to occupy a more quiet and comfortable room, on another part of the Island. He is, also, allowed to walk about, under certain restrictions. Mr. Pleasants, of our room, has been granted the same privilege. They had scarcely become fixed in their new quarters, when Mr. P. was summoned to the General's office, and informed that an order had been issued for his release. This gentleman is from Loudon county, Virginia; and has been confined for months at Fort McHenry, and more recently at this place, on a charge of "harboring a Rebel, and giving aid and comfort to the enemy." He was, at first, condemned by a court-martial to be hung, and has now secured his release through the efforts of Reverdy Johnson, of Baltimore, whose assistance was procured by the wife of the prisoner. Mrs. Pleasants is said to be an accomplished and wealthy lady, considerably the senior of her husband, to whom she was married about four years ago.

I have not, yet, taken my seat at the common table — but have been down stairs to take a look. Finding things so rough and hard, concluded to try certain more private arrangements with my room-mates. Corned beef, and baker's bread constitute the daily bill of fare for dinner—while bread, and muddy coffee are served at the other two meals. Shreve, Tibbets, and myself have formed a club, and have managed pretty well with tea, toasted bread, butter, beef from the common table, and catfish furnished by a boy confined for

desertion among the Yankee convicts. A fellow-prisoner, named Sugars, prepares our tea and toast for a stated sum.

The allowance of bread was given out, this afternoon, and I went down with the rest to the refectory and procured my loaf, which is to last two days. My friend, Mr. Bright, seemed to shrink from the indignity of walking through the yard before many old acquaintances belonging to the Home Guards, and wrapped his loaf in a handkerchief. I laughed at him, and told him that I really felt a sort of pride about it; and, holding my bread before me, took the outside track and returned to quarters.

The company began to assemble, to-night, in No. 7, some minutes before they were called. A larger number were present than on last night. Read the 94th Psalm and gave out the hymn:

"A charge to keep I have,"

which was sung with zest. Made a few remarks on the subject of prayer; and had, formally, to dismiss the men before they would retire.

Took tea, by invitation, with Messrs. Brogden, Sterret, and Gordon, in room No. 2. These gentlemen had just received some stores from Mrs. Ingraham, of New Castle, and seemed to enjoy them finely. We had a cup of good tea, bread and butter, and a nicely boiled egg. Brogden, and Sterret are young civilians of genteel, and pleasant manners, abounding in conversation, and full of wit, and humor. Capt. Gordon, who is a West Virginian, is a Confederate officer of the same class, and the three are, apparently, about the same age. Major Clary is also an inmate of this room. He has recently been married, and was arrested while on a visit North for that purpose. He has been granted the privilege of the Island, at certain hours, when his wife comes over from New Castle to see him. He is expecting, shortly, to be released on parole, to go to Europe and remain, until the close of the war.

A number of persons were gambling, in the passage, as we retired. Three blankets make my bed to-night — one under me, another for a pillow, and a third for covering.

Thursday, 23*d*.— The water, this morning, was much improved, in consequence of new arrangements, by which it is conducted through a cistern, on the top of the building. The fixtures are now complete; and we can obtain tolerably clear, and good tasted water, by turning a cock at the head of the stairway. The arrangement for washing is, also, pretty snug for a prison, and the luxury of a bath gives us a fair start for the day.

We have had quite a stir, to-day, caused by the presence of a number of visitors, who came to the Island on an excursion from Wilmington. They were chiefly females, who have relatives and friends among the military. They seemed to enjoy themselves, much, in promenading the ramparts, perambulating the enclosures, and in gazing upon our poor ragged Confederates, as they marched in crowds to the cisterns to fill their canteens. They were, also, much amused at the political prisoners, who stood before their grated windows, like so many wild beasts at a menagerie eyeing the spectators. To some of us the scene was very exciting, and we took no pains to conceal ourselves from the view of the curious visitors.

Several excursionists came into the prison, and among them were Governor Cannon, and his Private Secretary, Nathaniel Smithers. These persons were introduced to several of the prisoners; but I felt no disposition to hold communion with the men who, I had reason to believe, were rejoicing in our confinement. Dr. Fromberger, of Delaware City, also came up in the course of the day, and through him, I received the first news from my wife, since I left her. He informed me that she slept none the first night after our separation: but subsequently hearing of me, through Mr. Pleasants, who visited her at my request, she has become more reconciled, especially

in view of the field of usefulness which seems to be opening before me, in this strange place. I have sent her two letters — but the first, and most important, has not been received.

Col. Waring came in to see us, and brought a lot of onions and cooked beets. I was invited to join the party in No. 2, in partaking of the feast. Enjoyed it, myself; but my chief pleasure consisted in seeing others, who had not tasted vegetables before for months, perfectly delighted with the treat.

Visited No. 1, and read aloud the *Philadelphia Inquirer* for the benefit of the company. The Eastern Shoremen are all in this room, viz: Capt. Miles, of Somerset; Capt. Rawley, of Dorchester; and Messrs. Wright, and Thorn, of Accomac county, Virginia.

I received a number of the *Delaware Republican*, containing the anonymous article which, I suppose, was the instrumentality used to effect my arrest.[1] It is an illiterate, and spiteful production — written chiefly to gratify personal vanity, and to pander to a rich demagogue who is willing to pay his flatterers. It contains several gross falsehoods, and calls the attention of the Provost-Marshal to the fact of my presence in Delaware, and of my extreme disloyalty. It says that I have been a chaplain in the Confederate Army; that I left Portsmouth, (Virginia), because I could not support my family; that I had taken the oath of allegiance to get to Delaware; that all my political votes, before leaving this State, were given on a Southern basis; and that I had preached at Port Penn, by invitation of the pastor, to whom my true sentiments were wholly unknown. All of these items are untrue, in every particular, but can do me no permanent injury. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit!*

I am astonished at the composure, and happiness of my own mind, whilst shut up within the walls of this prison. God is supporting me wonderfully — for which I bless His

[1] See Appendix A.

Holy Name. A sufferer for conscience' sake, I frequently think of the old tinker, John Bunyan, who, when confined in Bedford jail, wrote the imperishable Pilgrim's Progress. Could I accomplish one thousandth the good wrought by that wonderful man, gladly would I die in prison.

There was a slight falling off, in the attendance at worship, to-night. The room was full; but I missed several who have heretofore attended. Singing was dispensed with, owing to the sickness of the person who generally raises the tunes.

Shreve, and Atwood gave some stories of their blockade running, and narrow escapes from pickets — after which, we tumbled into our bunks and fell asleep.

Friday, 24th.— Slept well, during the night; and felt unusually comfortable, after the morning bath. Was engaged in writing, for several hours, in the forenoon. Had another visit from Dr. Fromberger, who informs me that my wife has a pass, and will come to see me, to-morrow, and that regular supplies will be sent me after to-day. Took a long nap before dinner, and arose quite bright, and refreshed.

After dinner went, under guard, to see Mr. Alfred Campbell Belt, a sick man belonging to our room who is now at the hospital. Found him much improved, and engaged in helping others. The room was full of sick and wounded men, who seemed delighted to have me talk and pray with them. My time being limited, I was about leaving, when the guard asked me if I would like to visit the other apartments. Replying in the affirmative, I was conducted into the room immediately opposite, which was, also, well filled with sufferers. I spoke to them, in a general way, as I entered, and receiving kind words and looks, in return, immediately commenced the business of particular conversation, and presently offered a prayer in the hearing of all. Every man to whom I spoke seemed gratified, and some asked me to come again. The guard now told me, that he had but two minutes before his hour for standing sentry, and we hurried back to the quarters.

The occasion was one of deep interest to myself, and I hope was profitable to the sick, some of whom were professors of religion, and others anxious on the subject. Oh, how pleasant it would be to go around, among the hundreds who are lying ill, in the various hospitals on the Island! I would be glad to administer comfort to *any;* but especially would I like to be as an angel of good to our poor fellows of the South. Perhaps God has sent me here, for some work of this kind. If so, He will open up the way.

A white-hulled schooner was seen, this afternoon, moving down the bay, immediately in front of the Fort. Presently, two guns were fired from a vessel on the other side of the water, bringing-to the schooner, and causing her to tack about. What it meant we were unable to decide.

Our service, to-night, was unusually interesting. Nearly everybody, from the seven rooms, was in attendance. Besides the usual singing and praying, I made some remarks occupying about ten minutes, and eliciting profound attention. Some went out saying: "We have had a good meeting, indeed;" and even old Mr. R——, who is reputed to be an infidel, expressed much gratification. All seem to think these services are doing good. Two pleasant results have certainly been observed: we have much less noise, at night, than formerly; and the card party have resolved to play no more, after evening prayers.

Before retiring, the band discoursed some good music; and, during the night, we had a serenade — not intended for us, of course, but of which we had the benefit.

Saturday, 25th.—Much disappointed, this morning, in not seeing my wife. Am informed, that an order has been issued prohibiting either male or female visitors from coming to the Island — a result occasioned, I believe, by the bad behavior of the pic-nic parties.

Walked the passage for an hour and a half, with young

Sterret. Found that, with some seven or eight others, he is meditating an escape. The plan is to saw a bar in the window of a water-closet; let themselves down by strips of blanket; swim the moat; pass a sentinel on the hill immediately in front of us; and to cross the river on a raft, landing at, or near, Delaware City. Suggested a better plan of getting to the other shore, which having been assented to by the party, will be put into execution, if the way be clear, on the first dark night. Sterret is imprisoned for writing a letter to his father, making certain suggestions in regard to the capture of California steamers. He thinks his chance for a speedy release is very slight, and is even apprehensive of greater evil from a trial by court-martial. Brogden, Gordon, and others who are of the party, think they have very little to hope for in Federal hands, and are equally determined upon an escape. They have a right, I think, to do the best they can for themselves. If I *can* help them, I shall do so.

Immediately in front of our quarters, and in the Fort-yard, a number of Yankee convicts are imprisoned. Some of them are carrying the ball and chain; and frequently amuse us by their dexterity, exhibited in throwing the heavy irons in front of them, as they move to and fro, and step into the galleries. We are much annoyed, however, at times by the sound of their balls rolling over the floor of the kitchen, which is immediately under us. Those who wear the balls were originally condemned to death, but have had a commutation of their sentence in this degrading punishment. This morning, the whole *posse* of convicts were drawn up in front of their quarters, and — with a heavy guard around them — subjected to a thorough search; and all their money of a certain kind (what we were unable to discover), was taken from them.

It was a curious spectacle, to see the rough and ill-bred detectives running their hands into the pockets of their old comrades; turning up the folds of their pants; feeling about their bodies, and sometimes lifting the lighter men entirely

from their feet. Of the cause of the search I am ignorant; and, of course, unprepared to make any comments.

At about five o'clock, this afternoon, our party were allowed to walk out, under guard, as far as the river bank. Several of the men stripped off, and jumped into the water. I envied them their bath; but the water was too rough and deep for a poor swimmer, and I was obliged to forbear the luxury. We remained about an hour and a half, and felt considerably refreshed by the short walk and open air view. Met with young J. W——, while standing on the bank. He seemed to be pleased to speak with me, and told me that his father (one of my former elders), had engaged in a dispute about me at Delaware City, and incurred the ill-will of some of his neighbors by condemning my arrest. He said the old gentleman was still my strong friend — though differing with me, in political opinion — and that he desired to send me some supplies should an opportunity offer. W—— appeared to be afraid to speak, and said he was closely watched and in danger of arrest. He joined the church under my ministry, and is now a member of the Delaware Home Guards: his regiment being stationed on the Island.

Quite a number of the prisoners are suffering from dysentery. They attribute it to the bad coffee, and fresh boiled beef, which constitutes the daily diet. I have never, as yet, seated myself at the common table, and know nothing of the coffee, and have only tasted the beef a few times. The latter, I am told, is cut up in large pieces and thrown into the pot, without washing. The cooks are filthy looking fellows, and the table is the most forbidding and disgusting board I have ever seen. The coffee is served in large pots, and is sweetened, in the mass, by the cooks. The beef is served around in slices, on the plates, before the men sit down to their meals. The sight of all this, independently of the quality of the food, is enough to bring on a vio'ent case of sickness.

I had a rough shave, this morning, at the hands of a young

man from London, named Parker. My barber *pro tem.*, who formerly belonged to Mosby's command, is imprisoned as a guerilla. He was first confined at Fort McHenry, where he desired to take the oath, but was not allowed to do so.

Good attendance at prayers. Remarks and singing as usual.

Sabbath, 26th —The Sabbath has passed off very quietly; and we have really had a pleasant day. At ten A. M. seats were arranged in the hall, and nearly every man in the apartment (*i. e.* from the seven rooms), assembled for worship. The congregation was exceedingly respectful, and attentive, while I preached from my favorite initiatory text: Jer. xvii. 9, "*The heart is desperately wicked.*"

Just before the conclusion of the services, Cunningham came up with a package of letters, two baskets, a box, and a bundle. I was not so fortunate as to get a letter; but all the other articles were for me, and were received with gratitude and pleasure. The company seemed to be quite as much interested as myself; and in No. 6, we made common cause at dinner. Capt. Rawley was invited in to partake with us — and we had a fine meal with our baked chicken, pickled beets, good light bread, and apple pie. Shreve had been wishing for chicken; and Rawley said he had not had such a dinner since he left home for Fort McHenry. Capt. Ball, Capt. Jackson, and Tibbets were equally pleased with the feast. Thinking it would be too much for one day, the lemons, and confectionery were laid aside until to-morrow.

At eight o'clock we had a prayer-meeting in the hall, at which nearly all the prisoners attended. Called upon Capt. Rawley, and Mr. Bright to pray; and addressed the company, for fifteen or twenty minutes, on the passage, "*Christ is the end of the law,*" &c., without a formal announcement of the text. The attention was profound, and I think all were gratified with the services.

There was no appearance of cards to-day, either in the

passages, or in the rooms. So much for the influence of our meetings.

Shreve received a box of clothing, which pleased him much.

Monday, 27th.— Much trouble, last night, with mosquitoes, dreams, and noisy night-walkers. Between one and two o'clock in the morning, Wier, a young man from the upper part of Delaware, who occupies an adjoining room communicating by a window with No. 6, jumped out of his bunk, with a scream, and alarmed the whole house. Several persons ran to see what was the matter, and found him, bruised and bloody, creeping on his hands and knees into the hall. The fellow had been dreaming, and under the impression that the prison wall was falling, he was making a desperate effort for his life. As it turned out he was not much hurt, and returned to his berth, after some jokes and good humor at his expense.

Young Lucas, a Virginian in No. 2, while making his way to "the rear," last night, fell in the passage from debility, occasioned by diarrhœa. He was lifted from the floor by Tibbets, and presently fell a second time, and might have suffered much but for Tibbets' attentions.

Twenty-seven Confederate officers left the Fortress, this morning, under guard, for Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie. They were required to sign a parole, which at first they refused to do; but being threatened with gags and handcuffs, they presently yielded, on account of several sick men who were unable to endure this uncivilized torture. There were two chaplains in the party (Messrs. Granden and Bochelle), who have the reputation of being not only true Southerners, but devout Christians, and useful men in their profession. Ten surgeons — from Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Missouri — were left to assist in attending the numerous sick Confederates on the Island. They were brought

into our apartment, and put into No. 1— the men in that room finding quarters elsewhere as they could. The surgeons had hardly arranged their bunks and baggage before Gen. Schœpf came up; and adjudging the room to be crowded and uncomfortable, they were removed to a better place, across the yard.

An excursion party landed at the wharf, about noon, in a steamer from Wilmington; but no one being allowed to come ashore, the disappointed crowd were obliged to return, without a view of the "great show."

Three hundred and twenty-five Confederate prisoners were mustered into the United States service, by Major Judd, who came down from Wilmington for the purpose. I felt mortified, and chagrined, to see the poor fellows marching down the pavement, in cast-off Yankee clothing, to take sides against their brethren of the South. But they are greatly to be pitied, as they have evidently been driven to this course by their extreme necessities. From all accounts they have had to suffer everything since they came to this Island. They have been put upon short allowance; compelled to drink water from the moat, which is filled with excretions; been eye-witnesses to ten or fifteen deaths a day, and half naked, and compelled to sell their Confederate notes, at five dollars for one hundred dollars — they have joined their enemies simply for temporary comfort. But they have gained little or nothing; for neither side longer respects them, as their loyalty is doubted by the Yankees, and believed by others to be merely of a "galvanized" type. They have been placed in charge of Lieut. Ahl, who has heretofore had charge of the political prisoners, but now signs himself "Captain, and Commissary of Prisoners." This officer seems to be indispensable with the Commandant of the post, but has little respect from the political prisoners. For myself, I can say nothing about him, as I have not yet made his acquaintance.

Dr. Fromberger informs me that Col. Purnell is to be in Delaware City to-night, and that he is expected to bring an

order for my release. I am not anxious to leave the Fort, except on the most honorable terms.

Held religious services to-night in the hall; nearly all the company in attendance.

Tuesday, 28th.—We had an alarm at midnight, which threw the whole garrison into confusion. I was sleeping soundly, when some one came rushing into the room, with a report that Fortress Monroe had been captured, and that a fleet of iron-clads was coming up the Bay for an immediate attack upon Fort Delaware. In a few moments, most of our company were up, dressed, and in the passage. The long roll was beating; commands were given in loud and hasty tones by the Dutch officers, and men were running hither and thither, in every direction, over the yard. The convicts poured out of their quarters—many of them wearing only drawers and shirt; the political prisoners crowded to the windows — but were ordered back; and everything was excitement and disorder. It was some time, before the companies could be brought into line. As soon as this could be effected, they were marched off at a quick pace, with loaded muskets, to the outside of the Fort. No definite information could be obtained; the greatest anxiety prevailed; and the suspense for half an hour or more was intense; but no vessels appearing in the Bay, and the confusion in the Fort-yard having subsided, it was concluded by all parties, that the whole thing was a *ruse*, to test the activity of the garrison.

In the morning, it appeared that the alarm had been occasioned by the sound of a gun, fired at some Confederates who were trying to escape from their imprisonment. They had got down, through a privy, into the water, and had succeeded in wading out about fifty yards, before they were discovered by the sentinel. They were ordered to return — and two of them did so, immediately, and hurried back to the barracks without being identified. Another poor fellow, more determined than

his companions, hesitated and made some muttering reply to the sentinel, who fired at him with buckshot — striking him in the shoulder, breast and head—and killed him instantly. The guard waded out and brought in the body, which was perfectly naked, with a tightly sealed canteen under each arm. The Confederates are said to have been very much incensed at the murder of their fellow-prisoner; and were disposed in some way to avenge his death. Our Dutch jailors, hurrying to the scene, threatened the severest results, if the excitement were not instantly quelled. The unarmed men had no alternative, and in a short time quiet was restored.

Was called to the General's office at about five o'clock, this afternoon, to see Col. Purnell, who had kindly hurried on from Baltimore to inquire what could be done for my release. He had just arrived on a boat from New Castle, and had not seen Mrs. Handy, nor had any opportunity of learning the particulars of my case. No time was allowed for explanations, and I could do little more than say "How do you do?" — and "Good-bye."

"You can only get out *by taking the oath!*" said the General, addressing me.

"*That I can never do,*" I replied, as respectfully as I could; "I will lie in jail and rot first."

The time having arrived for the departure of the boat, and not being allowed to accompany my friend to the wharf, we were obliged to shake hands; he simply stating, as he left, that my daughter was well, and suggesting that I might, perhaps, be sent South. After he left, Gen. Schœpf remarked—

"I would, if I could; but I cannot."

He probably spoke the truth. From all I can learn, he is a mere *turnkey*, who has no power or authority beyond the care of the prisoners. He seems, however, to be a man of humane feelings, but coarse in manner and of variable temperament.

I submit my case, entirely, to God, and believe He will do with and for me that which is most for my good and His own

glory. Should be sorry to be sent South, just now, as I would probably be hurried off without a moment's warning, and with no opportunity to see my family, or prepare for reunion across the lines.

Several political prisoners, among whom there were some British subjects, were released to-day.

Had a long conversation with Mr. B. on the subject of *God's special interposition in the affairs of men.* Our views are very different; but I believe him to be a sincere Christian, rejoicing in the fact that "All things work together for good to the people of God."

Wednesday, 29th.—The day has passed with nothing of special interest, and altogether without excitement. The same spectacle is presented, day after day, as we look out upon the Island from our grated windows. Hundreds of Confederate prisoners and Federal convicts are incessantly moving at their work of rolling barrels, piling lumber, drawing loaded carts, carrying burdens, and attending to all the etceteras of repairing and building. Sometimes, crowds of them are seen sitting together, under the shade of the trees on the hill, and at the ice-house; at other times they are gathered, in great numbers, at the wharf to unload a schooner or steamer; and often the poor ragged, dirty, but noble fellows march in long lines, double file, to their scanty table, to return presently, toiling on till night for a third meal and piece of tobacco.

It is generally believed, that our religious services are having a fine influence upon the prisoners in our apartment. Capt. Rawley says the difference in the general deportment is tenfold better. Heretofore the noise has been intolerable, and those of a quiet temperament have suffered beyond measure. I can observe the improvement, to some extent, myself. T—— and B——, two wild and noisy fellows, who, when I first came, were incessantly jumping, running, or calling over the passages and through the rooms, are now scarcely ever heard. Every-

body seems, more or less, interested in the evening worship, and no falling off is noticed in the attendance.

The prevailing prison habits are reading, sleeping, gambling, and searching for "bugs" upon the clothes and body. There are several very low and filthy fellows among us, who pay no attention to their persons, and who, passing about continually from room to room, necessarily leave their vermin behind. I have seen nothing of the kind in No. 6; but we are all remarkably careful—every man making a daily examination of his body and clothes, and strictly attending to his ablutions. I am quite amused sometimes at old Capt. J——, who every day takes off his shirt, and seating himself at the window, spends an hour or two in the eager hunt for "game." He says he has become so expert at the business, that he can discover the smallest nit without his glasses. This care on the part of the veteran prisoner is not to be wondered at, when it is known how much he suffered from these detestable parasites at Fort McHenry, where he had been confined for weeks under the most shameful circumstances. The old gentleman says he kept a regular account, for many days in succession, of the number caught and slain, which he informs me actually reached the average of one hundred and eighty per day. His experience on this subject is so ripe, that he thinks he could write a good dissertation on *the louse*, with its habits and peculiarities.

I find that many of my fellow-prisoners are confined for blockade running. Among these are Capt. Miles and Capt. Rawley, and Messrs. Thorn, Wright, and others. Capt. Ball and Shreve are imprisoned for guiding the Confederate Army on the Potomac, and otherwise aiding the South. Mr. Bright is here for nearly the same ostensible reasons as myself. Gordon was a Captain in the Virginia cavalry, and was arrested for recruiting within the Federal lines. Ambrose is imprisoned on a charge of "horse stealing." Sterret for writing a letter conveying certain information to his father. Brogden

HUNTING FOR GRAYBACKS.

was captured from the Confederate Signal Corps. Baxley, a boy of fourteen or fifteen years of age, is charged with being a spy. Parker, the Wightmans, and others, are charged with bushwhacking; Tibbets with carrying bundles within the Federal lines. Several were soldiers in the Confederate Army, and others are charged with various acts of disloyalty. We are certainly a motley crowd, embracing some forty-five persons, from fourteen to seventy-four years of age; some well educated, some very ignorant; some refined and pious, others coarse and wicked; but there are a number of very clever fellows, and we shall separate, by-and-bye, with many pleasing as well as painful recollections.

Received to-day a tub and basket, filled with eatables and a supply of clean clothes. Waited several hours, after their arrival was announced, before they were brought in. Some of the things looked a little as if they had been rifled, and some empty papers indicated that a few articles might have been removed; but a valuable lot was received, and as usual, I made common cause with my room-mates, who treat me with the utmost respect and attention.

Sent out a letter to my wife by an acquaintance, who gave it, unexamined, to the mail carrier. I felt some apprehension, as my friend was "pretty gaily;" but he seemed to know what he was about, and being a good and true man, so far as the South is concerned, I ventured to trust him, and have since learned that the letter went safely.

Thursday, 30th.— I find that those who have previously occupied our casemate have amused themselves by writing numerous inscriptions upon the doors. I make the following selections, which are of interest as exhibiting the spirit of my predecessors:

NOTICE TO GUESTS.

Proprietor — Mynheer Johannes Van Shisselbiddendiddenhohencohensnaffer.

Illiterate *English* guests are informed that the proprietor's name is

JOHN SMITH.

Guests are respectfully notified that the proprietor will not be responsible for valuables or money, unless left with the clerk at the office. Boots are not safe if left at the door; the boot-black will call and get the boots.

All guests are searched for money or valuables, and any or either found will be taken by the proprietor of the hotel, who is at this time hard pressed for the money, and sometimes forgets to return what is found.

An *omnibus* constantly ready to convey passengers (minus their baggage) to the steamboat landing — when they *die*.

No extra charge for politeness. The servants are selected with great care. Guests will report to the officers any duty *properly* performed, that the evil may be remedied.

Bell Notice.— Give the rope a good pull, and then let go.

Please turn off the gas when retiring.

English spoken here occasionally.

Gentlemen are requested not to put their feet on the sofas.

Children not allowed to drum on the pianos.

HOURS FOR MEALS.—*Breakfast* — Seven A.M.— if you can get it.

Dinner — No particular hour; sometimes not at all.

Supper — Early candlelight — Providence permitting.

An extra charge for meals served in rooms.

BILL OF FARE.— Coffee, *à la mode* moat; bread, *à la mode* vinegar. *Side Dishes* — Reflection, &c.; hoss, *à la mode* Paris; dog, *à la mode* Hayti; rat soup, *à la mode* China. *Entrées* — Tin cups—and supernumerary. *Wines* — La Mote, vintage 1861. *Supper* —Would you like to have it?

Addenda:

Gentlemen finding dog collars in their soup will please leave them at the office. Horseshoe nails found in the beef will also be handed to the clerk.

Guests will excuse the muddy coffee while the dredging machine is at work in the moat.

THE BAR

is under the supervision of a distinguished American citizen of African descent. *Ice* and every other delicacy of the season.

BATH ROOMS

connected with each chamber. Guests can be let down into the moat whenever they *desire* it.

WASHING

done in approved style. Price — one half the lot.

NOTICES.

Southern travellers met at the steamboat landing by white porters, and their baggage *secured*.

Passengers arriving who have left any baggage or valuables with Capt. Adams, of the New York Fifth, at Fort McHenry, will please forget their existence.

Firearms — and guests — are not allowed to *go off* without permission.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Gentlemen's furnishing house, near headquarters. Straight jackets, stocks, hemp cravats, &c., &c. A large assortment of gents' jewelry constantly on hand — bracelets, cuff-rings, watch-chains with charm attachments, &c. A sort of "anklets," new and beautiful articles, highly approved by King Abe.

Pleasure Parties.—Jack Ketch takes pleasure in notifying visitors at this resort that his light draft steamer "Gallows Bird" has been newly furnished, and he is now prepared to ferry pleasure parties over the river Styx, on short notice and at reasonable terms. For tickets, apply at the office.

The Commandant having given permission, some time ago, to Mr. Pleasants to remove a tier of bunks which were very much in the way, we determined this morning to tear them down, and give ourselves more room. There were some little misgivings among our party, about what might be the conse-

quence, as Mr. Pleasants is now absent, and the matter had been delayed so long. We all went to work, however, and soon every board was ripped up; and three double berths were snugly piled away, greatly enlarging our space, and affording some little opportunity even for walking, without going into the passages. After getting the cumbrous staging out of the way, we continued the job with brooms and clean water, and gave the whole room a good scrubbing, making everything as neat as novices could be expected to do. We have shelves for our provisions and table-ware; a line for newly washed clothing; nails for hats, towels, coats, &c.; and No. 6 bears off the palm for system and comfort. Some of us now feel, that we could stand prison life a good while longer, if it should become no worse than we at present experience.

About seven hundred sick men were shipped for City Point, to-day, with a view to their exchange. Most of them, I believe, were convalescent, but some were scarcely fit to move. Five of the ten Southern physicians were allowed to accompany them — choice having been made by lot for four, and the Commandant selecting the fifth. There are still a great many sick on the Island, though it is said to be much healthier now than heretofore. Among the physicians who left were three from Virginia, one from South Carolina, and one from North Carolina — the last being a Dr. McLean, who informed me that he belonged to a Presbyterian family. There are, yet, over twenty physicians here who belong to the Confederacy, seventeen of whom are connected with the army of Gen. John H. Morgan, recently captured.

We were allowed twenty minutes of open air exercise, this afternoon. Our walk extended only to the wharf, where we had to stand surrounded by filth, and confined under guard to limits too circumscribed for even a short promenade. Several hundred Southern boys were lying or standing around; but we were not permitted to have any conversation with them. H—— P——, one of my old parishioners, with whose mother I once

boarded, was one of the guards. He seemed to avoid being seen by me, and sat down out of sight, behind other soldiers. Felt sorry for him, and avoided mortifying him by a recognition. How true, that in this dreadful war our friends have become our enemies!

Had the wind and tide been favorable, while we were on the wharf, it would have been perfectly easy for the numerous Confederates who were near at hand, to have seized the guards, and with the aid of the political prisoners, to have made their escape in a large schooner lying at the wharf. Fifty or a hundred persons, who felt so disposed, could have got off with the heavy wind then blowing, had it been in the right direction. One of our number seemed to take special pleasure in contemplating the matter, so feasible as it regarded strength and opportunity, but wholly impracticable on account of the opposition of wind and tide.

Several of the prisoners having procured a Philadelphia newspaper, shortly before prayer time, they preferred to stay in their room, and read its pages rather than attend the evening service. The attendance, however, was good; and besides the usual reading, singing, and prayer, I delivered a short address from the passage, "*He that being often reproved,*" &c.

Friday, 31*st*.—This last day of the month was commemorated by an interview with the Rev. Dr. Brainerd, of Philadelphia, — a brother minister, with whom I have had some pleasant relations in the past. He came to my room door, in company with Dr. Woolsey, one of the Island physicians, who had before notified me of the probability of a visit from my old friend. But as I did not see him, on yesterday, I had given him up; and was quite surprised as he stood at the entrance.

Anticipating a pleasant conversation, about old times, I gave the Doctor a cordial invitation to come in; hoping to enlighten him concerning the manner and cause of my imprisonment. But I was sadly mistaken. He saluted me with hesitation,

and refused to enter the room, or to be seated in the hall. Before I was aware of it, I found myself across the passage-way, in a vacant apartment, standing with my visitor in the middle of the floor; Dr. Woolsey also being near at hand, and as by some preconcerted scheme, the only witness of the scene that followed.

At the first sight of my old acquaintance, I extended my hand, and expressed pleasure in seeing him. He returned this cordiality, in a manner exceedingly cold and distant; and in a tone of solemn reproof, he remarked:

"I am sorry to see you in this place, under such circumstances."

"I am here," said I, "for conscience' sake—just as old John Bunyan was once a prisoner in Bedford jail."

This remark produced a sort of momentary frenzy; and as he crossed the passage he trembled from head to foot.

"You are here," said he, "for treason! You are a criminal, and a bad man!" And assuming the air of some divinely appointed legate, he proceeded to condemn, and chide me, as one who must give account of his mission.

In my astonishment, I listened, for a few moments, to a shower of words and doctrines, such as are reiterated every day in the Republican papers at the North. He was unwilling to hear any explanation, or statement, on the other side; and continued, in the manner of some lordly superior, who would instruct, and bring to repentance.

There being no opportunity for a fair and deliberate argument, nor any right disposition for it, on either side, I proposed that we should drop the subject, and have a more quiet and social time. But no: he had come to the Fort for a purpose, and was not to be foiled. I was equally determined not to be trifled with; and that I would by no means assent to the attitude of a culprit accepting a prison lecture.

"Dr. Brainerd," I inquired, "what do you mean by this manner? Do you suppose I am a prisoner at this place from

some foolish freak; that I am ignorant of the questions at issue; or that I prefer to suffer from some prejudice or bravado? You seem to think, that all the wisdom is at the North, and that Southern people are all 'know-nothings,' indeed."

This response served only to excite him the more; and he ran on in a wild and ranting way—condemning the reading of the South as one-sided and full of prejudice, and urging that all the troubles of the country had been brought on by Southern preachers. He could pity, and make allowance for the poor simple-hearted men — so many of whom he had seen and preached to on the Island—but "could make no allowance for one who, like myself, was born and had lived North." He justified Mr. Gaylord in betraying the details of a private conversation, and thought I was righteously imprisoned for treason and disloyal sentiments. The man seemed actually beside himself; talked hurriedly, with nervous tremor; and appealed to my conscience in the manner of Nathan of old, and as with authority to say, "Thou art the man!"

I could only reply in broken sentences, but managed to assure him of his mistake in relation to my nativity; and presently to arouse some little impression as to my possible honesty of purpose. When he found that I was born south of Mason and Dixon's line, and that my ancestors for seven generations back had lived on Southern soil, and had been connected with Southern institutions, he was evidently taken aback; and I availed myself of a momentary pause, to assure him, that Northern newspapers were everywhere current at the South, and that Republican opinions, as expressed in the *Herald, Tribune,* and other leading journals in that section, were common in every village and hamlet of the Confederacy. On the other hand, I inquired: "Who reads a Southern newspaper at the North? Did you, Sir, ever see a Richmond, Charleston, or New Orleans paper anywhere in Yankeedom, out of a reading-room or some editorial sanctum?"

I insisted, that "political sermons were the rare exceptions in Southern pulpits; that for myself, I had never in my life disgraced the pulpit with such a production; and that I had really never heard one south of the Federal Capital. How different," I continued, "with you ministers at the North, who are constantly harping upon abolition, and the higher law! And what is even more preposterous, many of you preachers seem to act as though they had the *ipse dixit* of the Almighty written upon the very pages of Divine Truth, saying, 'I, the Lord God Almighty, have ordained the Government of the United States, as the only true and righteous government on earth; and whoso rebels against *it*, is not only a traitor to that government, but opposes my righteous will, and is subject, as an inevitable consequence, to my wrath and curse.'"

"That is just what I do believe," replied the Doctor.

"Then, my brother," I rejoined, "you are a fanatic, and greatly deluded; you have so long looked at this subject from one point of view, that you can see but the one side. You have called me a bad man: I will not retaliate. I hope *you* are a *better* one — and I have no doubt you have an idea of personal infallibility in regard to all the questions now at issue; but I assure you, your mind seems to me to be sadly perverted, and your whole conduct wild and extreme."

He expressed astonishment at my presumption, and cautioned me in regard to my language, lest I should involve myself the more. I told him that I had not forgotten I was a prisoner, but that to speak at all, I must speak the truth, and as I felt; and asked him if he thought it magnanimous to come to me with taunts, when no opportunity for reply was afforded?

He now admitted that I *might* be conscientious, and expressed some commiseration for my unfortunate condition.

"Why, my dear Sir," I replied, "I do not need your sympathy. Never in my life have I been more cheerful, than since my imprisonment at this place. I am a sufferer by the will of God, and submit to His purpose. No longer ago than

yesterday I wrote to my wife, who was talking of a trip to Washington, and urged her to make no efforts in that direction, if her plans involved the slightest compromise of either her own, or my self-respect, but trustfully to leave all to Him who will bring relief in His own good time."

In the course of the conversation, he charged upon the South the responsibility of all the bloodshed in this "unholy war," and urged, that the firing upon and seizure of United States forts was a criminal and terrible offence. I reasoned the matter briefly, and illustrated the conduct of the South, by that of the man who sees the hand of the assassin raised to strike him, and satisfied of the murderous intent, himself strikes the first blow to save his own life. This, I suggested, was the state of things when the Southern Commissioners were sent to Washington, to negotiate for an amicable settlement of the difficulty. They were put off, from time to time, with the promise of a hearing; every effort being made in the meantime, on the part of the Lincoln Administration, to secure an advantage by sending arms, ammunition, and reinforcements for the capture of Sumpter, and for the overthrow of the Confederacy.

We were, for more than an hour, engaged in this sharp and unprofitable conversation,— he constantly exhorting with hackneyed Northern teachings, and I as earnestly protesting against his disagreeable hauteur and criminations, and anon making some thrust which seemed necessary to self-defence.

Before we separated, I handed him a copy of my sermon preached at Portsmouth, in 1861, on *Our National Sins*,[1] and asked him at some leisure time to read it, as a fair exposé of my views on that subject, and the only semblance of a political discourse that I had ever delivered. He promised to do so, and agreed to send me a sermon of his own in return.

It ought to be mentioned, that at one time during this conversation, the Doctor became so much excited, that he shook

[1] Delivered in the First Presbyterian Church, on the day of fasting and prayer, January 4th, 1861, appointed by President Buchanan.

convulsively from head to foot. Hoping to calm him a little, I moved toward him, lifting my hand, intending to touch him soothingly on the shoulder, and inquired as I approached:

"Why, Dr. Brainerd, what is the matter? Why do you tremble so?"

"Don't touch me! Don't touch me!" he hurriedly replied; and drawing back, as one who had the appearance of madness, he secured himself at a safe distance from my hand. What his idea was, I don't know. Possibly, he imagined some personal injury at hand; or perhaps it was simply "the stand off, I am holier than thou" feeling, which forbade the unclean touch of a Southern Rebel.

Our interview closed with a mutual agreement to pray for each other,— he remarking that our prayers would most likely be in opposite directions; and I briefly referring to the manner in which we of the South endeavor to commune with a Sovereign God, in regard to national as well as private ills. I was glad when the conversation ended, for it was certainly a most unsatisfactory parlance, and to myself disagreeable and mortifying in the extreme; and yet, I trust, we parted, in the end, as brethren who anticipate the day when all who love and fear God shall see eye to eye.[1]

We had an opportunity of walking out, this afternoon, and were allowed a wider range and more time. Several of the men went in swimming. I preferred to enjoy the fresh air, by lying on the grass beneath the shade of a willow.

Received a short note from my wife, and find that she has not yet had a line from me, though I have written four letters — two of them being of considerable length. I feel very thankful to learn, that the children are all in good health.

[1] The death of Dr. Brainerd occurred in 1866. His biographer — Dr. Humphrey — states that "he had the gift of mastery over his mother tongue, and used it as not abusing it. He had an uncommon fluency of speech, and his command of language was well nigh perfect. * * * When the news of the surrender of Gen. Lee filled the community with joy, his voice it was which led the thanksgiving of the multitude, as by spontaneous impulse they gathered under the shadow of Independence Hall." He is reported to have marched the streets of Philadelphia, some time during the war, with a drummer-boy at his side, calling recruits for the United States Army. His life is said to have been shortened by "incessant patriotic labors," and he is regarded by his friends, as having died a martyr to the cause of *Freedom*.

The newspapers kept some of the inmates of No. 2 from prayers to-night, but we had a pleasant time. The remarks were listened to with great attention. All appeared to be much interested, in an account of my interview with Dr. Brainerd; and during a conversation about it in No. 2, the subject of the oath came up, and my views being solicited, I gave them in detail, evidently to the comfort of some of my auditors, and perhaps to the enlightenment and strengthening of others. I thank God for this opportunity. Surely He is leading me by a way I know not. Blessed be His Name!

III.

August.

Saturday, 1*st*.— Mason was quite sick last night; and the impression prevailed that he had the cholera. Baxley came running into our room, inquiring for mustard and laudanum; and, for a few moments, considerable excitement prevailed through the rooms. Dr. Woolsey was sent for,— but before his arrival the patient was much better, and this morning he is going about, nearly as well as ever. It was pronounced to be a case of cholera morbus, from eating tainted meat. The alarm was occasioned by a report of yesterday, that several prisoners had died at the barracks of genuine cholera; in this report, however, there was no truth.

Yesterday morning, Gen. Schœpf issued an order, requiring each of the political prisoners to prepare a short paper, embracing a statement of his case, with the charges against him and the date of arrest, to be handed to a Government Commissioner who was to visit the Island to-day, with a view to arrangements for trial or release. We had quite a stir in getting the documents ready; and it was amusing to notice how

very innocent every man judged himself to be. I made my own paper as laconic as possible; and wrote two or three others, for fellow-prisoners, in the same brief style.

Gordon, Brogden, and Sterret left us, this afternoon, for Fort McHenry, under a guard of sixteen men. They go to be tried by court-martial—all, I believe, as spies. They were at Fort McHenry once before, and suffered much from close confinement, miserable quarters, and hard treatment. I really felt sorry for them, as they severally grasped my hand, to say good-bye. Each of them manifested deep emotion, but very differently expressed. Gordon seemed to be filled with suppressed feeling; Brogden looked apprehensive, and carried a flushed cheek; and Sterret wore a sort of anxious, despairing expression, indicating unhappiness. They all behaved manfully, however; and as they passed in sight of our grated window, they walked defiantly toward the wharf, waving their hands to us. We remembered our departed comrades, at evening worship, and prayed to God for their temporal and eternal well-being.

Our company, again, had an opportunity, this afternoon, of walking out, but I had such a headache, that I deemed it best not to leave my room; and availed myself of the absence of my room-mates to take a good bath, by which I was much refreshed.

A box, and basket, which I understand have been sent to this place, have failed to reach me. The box was from New Castle, and I have heard no more about it. The basket was seen on the boat, by Dr. Fromberger; but I presume, it has been appropriated by some unprincipled rogue.

Two young men who used to sit under my ministry at Middletown, have been on guard at the head of the stairway to-day. They both seemed pleased to see me, and indicated, as I thought, that their feelings were not very earnest in their soldier life.

Felt too unwell to say much, at evening worship.

Sunday, 2d.— Going into the hall for a wash, early this morning, found a son of old Mr. R——, formerly one of the trustees of the Forest Church, at Middletown, on guard. I did not recognize him, at first; but he immediately spoke to me, and we had a conversation of some ten or fifteen minutes' duration. Expressed surprise, at seeing the son of such a man as his father taking sides with the Yankees, and told him that the old gentleman, if now living, would sympathize with the South. He thought not, and spoke of "the Union" as paramount to every other consideration. He was very cordial, and pleasant; and invited me to call on his mother as soon as I shall be released.

At ten o'clock, we had preaching in the hall — a majority of the prisoners being in attendance. Gave them a sermon on the *Judgment*, from Zeph. i, 14. Everybody seemed interested, and several shed tears. After sermon, I called on Capt. Rawley to pray,— which he did with great feeling, in true Methodist style; and the congregation was dismissed, with evident solemnity on every mind.

In the afternoon, I was invited into No. 5, to join in reading, with several persons who had assembled for the purpose. The company consisted of Messrs. Bright, Rawley, Wright, Jones, A. J. Wightman, Porter, Capt. Jackson, and some others. We read several chapters — each one taking a verse in rotation—stopping, only, for an occasional word of explanation, from myself. Whilst reading the eleventh chapter of Luke, we entered into a general conversation, which ended in a sort of experience meeting. One of our number confessed that he had been a member of the church, but had grossly backslidden. His case was fully stated; and Messrs. Bright, and Rawley joined with me in labor with him, until long after the others had left the room. After prayer, by myself, the company dispersed.

At night, I preached again, from 1 Cor. ix, 24—Bright and Rawley leading in prayer. The usual good attention; but I

was sorry to find a disposition on the part of some, to hear the sermon only from their bunks, with the doors open.

Our religious services have made a great reform, in the manners, and behavior of the prisoners. We have no card-playing, on the Sabbath, and at other times it is confined to the rooms; the romping, and boisterous behavior has entirely ceased; two or three young men, hitherto the pests of the prison, have quieted down; all appear delighted to have me here, and I am personally treated with the utmost respect, and attention.

Several Federal soldiers were in attendance, at our services, to-day; and among them Capt. ———, the officer of the day, who was with us, until called off by duty.

Monday, 3d.— This day has been intensely hot — not a breath of air; the river as smooth as glass, and not a leaf stirring. Throngs have been moving about, as usual, on the Island, carrying plank, rolling barrels, or engaged in other occupations; but their languid step, and, now and then, a handkerchief thrown over the head, or a fan in the hand, have betrayed their sufferings. In our apartment, the passages, and windows have been the most popular places of resort. Many of the prisoners have spent the whole day, in their drawers; and one man preferred to denude himself of everything but his pants. Much of this sort of weather would completely use us up. I have suffered, considerably, not only from heat, but from my usual Monday headache.

Gen. Schenck, who has been expected for several days, came to the Island, to-day, on a small boat, from Delaware City. Immediately after his arrival, ten guns were fired as a salute, jarring the buildings considerably, but without damaging the windows, as has sometimes been the case on similar occasions. The object of the General's visit, is not positively known. It, certainly, was not long enough for a reconnoissance of the Island, or to do much business: as he returned in a few

hours. The Commissioner to examine into the cases of political prisoners has been anxiously expected, but has not yet arrived.

In the course of the afternoon, Tingstrum was sent for, by the Commandant of the Fort; and after a short interview, unconditionally released. This result is remarkable, as the charges against the fellow are of the gravest nature — "Guiding the Rebel armies, and acting as a spy." He has two brothers, however, in the Federal service, and that may account for his release.

The guards, who accompanied the sick Confederates to City Point, have returned; and report that the five surgeons who accompanied them, with the expectation of exchange, instead of being allowed to go to Richmond, were detained at Fort Norfolk, where they must be subject even to a harder life than here. Another instance, this, of Federal deceit and ill usage.

Conversations daily occurring among the prisoners, bring to light many illustrations of the ferocity, and brutal spirit of our enemies. Their wickedness in Webster county, Virginia, surpasses everything that I have ever before heard of among civilized men. An instance is related by Alkire, of a Baptist preacher, who was shot twice, in a neighbor's yard, and left for dead. After the savages had passed on, he got up with some difficulty, and made his way across a creek, hoping to be safe from further disturbance. The rascals saw him, and followed him to his own house, where they were determined to finish him. One man went in, and finding him badly wounded, and his wife entreating for his life, came out without doing farther mischief. Another, with a fiendishness of the very pit, upbraided his comrade for cowardice, and immediately rushed into the room where the poor preacher was lying, and in the very presence of his wife, blew his brains out. The name of this minister, who is said to have been a peaceable and harmless man, was Tompkins. O Lord! wherefore do the wicked live!

Received a message, to-day, from a young man named Morland, who is a prisoner in the barracks. He is from Portsmouth, and says he worked on my manse at the time of its building. Expecting shortly to be exchanged, he offers to carry any messages I may desire to send my children, at the South. I saw the young man when out on our walk several days ago, as he sat near the ice-house bowing and smiling; but did not recognize him, and thought he might be greeting me under a mistake.

Full attendance, as usual, at prayers; but being unwell, dismissed the company without an exhortation.

Tuesday, 4th.—The heat, and mosquitoes were equally intolerable last night. It was impossible to sleep; and I endeavored to while away the tedious hours, by walking the passages, and trying to catch a little air, in a sitting posture, on the ledge of my grated window. Hartshorn, and camphor were freely applied to my feet, in the hope of relieving them of the burning sensation. After a while, being brought to some degree of composure, I resumed my hard bed, and towards morning had the good fortune to fall asleep.

A number of prisoners from the barracks came into the Fort-yard, this morning, to get water, and to remove some bedding. Several of them crowding into a recess, out of sight of the sentinels, we soon found that the poor fellows were suffering for food, and two or three of our party threw them something to eat. The supply of bread, in all the rooms, seemed tolerably full, and we succeeded in getting a dozen or more loaves, which were thrown out to the sufferers in halves and quarters. It distressed me, to see the eagerness with which they threw up their hands, to catch at every piece. Some who got more than their share, crammed the scraps hastily into their dirty pockets, or hid them in their shirt bosoms. After we had no more to give them, some still waited, anxiously, for a morsel. What a shame to humanity, that these

CATCHING A CRUST.

poor men should be subjected to such systematic cruelty, as is said to be practised here! The political prisoners, so far, have "bread enough and to spare," and would gladly divide their surplus with the prisoners of war, but it is contrary to orders; the object being, I suppose, to *starve* the Confederates into taking the oath. I endeavored to encourage them, and every time I threw a piece of bread, exclaimed, "Stand fast, boys! Don't take the oath!" Some of them answered emphatically, "No! No!"

The convicts — or Company Q, as they are called — had a general cleaning up, this morning. The bedding has been strewed all over the yard, throughout the day, and the quarters have undergone a good whitewashing. The destruction of vermin has, doubtless, been on the largest scale.

Got hold of a New York *Herald*, and had quite a company in the room to hear its contents. No news; but all were eager to catch the smallest item.

In cleaning out a box, received about a week ago, found a letter concealed under a piece of brown paper. It proved to be from Mrs. M. W. Rankin, of New Castle, who had forwarded the box, and requested an acknowledgment. I had, before, suspected the benevolent donor; and was pleased to find that my old friend had remembered me in prison.

A basket containing various luxuries — which should have been received several days ago — came to hand this evening.

A Commissioner, from Camp Chase, has been examining the cases of a number of prisoners brought from that place, to Fort Delaware. Most of them have suffered long, and hard confinement; and it is not to be wondered at that many have consented to take the oath, in order to escape their torments.

The interest in religious services is unabated.

Wednesday, 5th.—Slept unusually well, and thus made amends for the wakefulness of the previous night.

Had a long talk with Messrs. Bright, and Rawley, on subjects of practical religion. Find that Mr. B. differs with me, in his views on the nature of good works, and the spirituality of the law. Both Bright, and Rawley are zealous Christians, and join heartily with me in efforts for the spiritual well-being of those around us.

A remarkable, and unusual stillness has pervaded the house, all day. Several young men are, evidently, aroused to thoughtfulness on religious subjects. The Bible is frequently seen in the hands of those who have heretofore been careless; and some of the wildest fellows have sought conversation with myself, and the other brethren who are known to be professors of religion. Two men, who are the most unpopular of our company, and who have been distinguished for their profanity, and other vices, have both of them expressed strong feeling, and there is reason to believe that the Spirit of God is at work in their hearts.

Took our usual walk, under guard, this afternoon. Spent most of the time in reclining under a willow on the bank. Met with Mr. Way, one of the Chaplains at the Fort, who informed me that he heard me preach on Sabbath night; he and others having made their way into the lower passage for that purpose.

Wrote to my wife, and to Mrs. Rankin, of New Castle — thanking the latter, for her box of good things.

In the course of the afternoon, two lots of prisoners were brought to the Fort, from a boat which had just arrived. Ten or twelve of them were Confederate officers. One of them — Lieut. Harwood, of Charles City county, Virginia—was introduced to our apartment. The others were Yankee convicts, who were assigned to quarters in the yard, with Company Q.

Young T——, of Odessa, has been on guard, again, to-day, having exchanged posts with a Dutchman who had heard that we had several Rebel officers in our company, and was afraid to come among them. T—— tells me that post No. 11 (our

apartment) is exceedingly popular among those who have tried it, and that a sort of secrecy is observed, with a view to a monopoly of the place. I find, that all the Delaware boys seem to enjoy it exceedingly.

Extended my remarks considerably to-night, and found the attention unabated.

Thursday, 6th.— This was the day set apart, by President Lincoln, as a day of thanksgiving for Federal victories. I have heard, however, of no services on the Island; and have observed no special demonstrations save the drilling of the troops.

Mr. Bright was called down, this morning, for an interview with the General, and some prominent Delaware politicians, who came to test his views and feelings, after an imprisonment of just one month. They found him willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government; and left the Island promising to make arrangements for his release. His sympathies are decidedly with the South; but he is still hoping for reconstruction, and deems it not improper to acknowledge allegiance, so long as his own little State shall continue a party to the compact in the Federal Union. He has been as gay and as happy as a lark since the prospect of his release.

Mr. Rawley, also, had an interview with the General, which does not seem to promise much as yet. He has been confined in this, and other prisons, ever since last March; and has not yet been informed of the charges against him.

B——, who has been complaining for several days, was this morning taken to the hospital. He is a wilful, troublesome boy, but good-natured and rather smart. I feel sorry for him, as his health and morals are both suffering, in this place.

Three companies of the Fifth Delaware Regiment left, to-day— their time having expired. They have had a short service, but enough to teach them that war is not the pretty

amusement that some of them may have thought. One of the "convicts" shouldered a knapsack, and deliberately marched off with them, without being discovered until too late to catch him.

Dr. A. L. C——, of Georgia, left us to-day, after taking the oath. This man has been with us but a short time; and having announced himself "an unconditional Union man," has received very little attention from any of our number. His manner has been very peculiar, and unaccountable. On the day of his imprisonment, Gen. Schœpf took eleven hundred and twenty dollars from his person—one half of which, it is reported, has since been stolen; but before his release the whole amount was refunded to him, and his receipt taken. He says his family are in Newton county, Georgia, and that he intends to try and get them to New York, to which place he is going.

Dr. Fromberger informs me, that he has not been permitted to come into my apartment, for several days, having been suspected, by the authorities, of entertaining Southern sympathies. I regret this exceedingly, as he sees my wife nearly every day, and could give me frequent information from her.

I find that many of the prisoners are ready to take the oath. The Delaware, and Maryland men are almost unanimously of the opinion, that it is not only legitimate, but wise and politic to do so. They seem to forget, entirely, that such a course must, only, be disastrous to the cause they profess to love. Very little can be expected from such men, in the future,—their hands are tied, and just in proportion to their character and influence do they contribute to sap the very foundations of the Confederacy. Besides all this: is there not a sinful impropriety in seemingly identifying themselves with "the loyal," when the ultimate object is withdrawment, and a separate interest? If Delaware, and Maryland—or any other Border States—are to be constituent parts of the Southern Republic, it is the duty of every man, who has a jot of principle on

this subject, to develop his position, and standing shoulder to shoulder with his friends, to present a bold and decided front.

Have been suffering, all day, with pains in my head and shoulders, and did not get out to walk at the call of our frisky little *factotum*.

At evening worship, made an earnest and solemn appeal, suggested by the difficulties in the way of the sinner's escape from death, and ruin. Mr. Rawley prayed; and the company broke up with evident feeling. Oh! for a revival, within these prison walls!

Friday, 7th.—Had a dreadful night, from mosquitoes. Could not sleep, until after midnight; and was obliged to get up several times, either to walk the passage, or to sit with my feet drawn up on the ledge of the window. Whilst occupying this latter position, and looking out over the water toward Delaware City, I thought of the years gone by; of my old parishioners at Drawyer's and Port Penn; how some, who were once devoted friends, have now become my enemies; and how many of the very men, for whom I had labored and prayed, in times past, were, perhaps, rejoicing in my imprisonment. I thought, also, of my dear wife, and children; and wondered how they would feel, and what they would do, could they see me as I sat upon the stone sill, peeping out upon the still night, with my head upon the huge brass bars. Strange circumstances these, for a minister of the Gospel, in the nineteenth century, under the "Stars and Stripes," and in this "land of the free!" What a blessed thing it is that *God* reigns, and that He makes the wrath of man to praise him! My hope is in Him, and I have no fear of the result. It may not be in accordance with what I would will, in all respects; but it will be *right*, and I shall be satisfied. I am not troubled by my imprisonment. I am really happy, and thank God I can forgive those who have placed me here; for I believe them to be deluded — they know not what they do.

Four companies of the Sixth Delaware Regiment came to the Island, last night. They are, mostly, from the lower part of the State, and have been in service but a short time. Many of them are much disaffected, at the manner in which they have been forced into active duty. One of the first who occupied our post, this morning, stated his feelings very freely; and said he would gladly relinquish all the money due him, since he had been under arms, to get back, at once, to his home. I have no doubt, he speaks the real sentiments of scores in his regiment.

The river, to-day, has been as smooth as glass, and the heat excessive. The effluvium from the moat is beginning to be very offensive, and the water is becoming of a sickly green color. We have now no water in the cistern on the top of the Fort, and what is brought to us in buckets, from the tanks in the yard, is warm and flat to the taste. Several persons are complaining, in our apartment; but on the whole, I think we are getting along pretty well, and it is to be hoped, we will not have a sickly month.

Spoke at prayers for half an hour, encouraged by the usual close attention.

Saturday, 8th.—We have been guarded, to-day, by Dutchmen; and find a great difference between their bearing toward us, and that of the Delaware companies. In walking out, one fellow seemed to have a special eye to myself—keeping close by me, and watching to see whether I would speak to the Southern prisoners who swarmed about us at the river, and on our way to, and from the quarters. One of them addressed me, slyly, by name; but I have no idea who he was—perhaps some poor fellow from Portsmouth. At the wharf, I tried to get an opportunity to speak to some who were working among the shingles; but the burly Dutchman watched me so closely, that I could only find a chance to say, "Stand firm, boys, and don't take the oath"—words which appeared to cheer them, and which were received with a smile.

I was amused at our Dutch sentry's anxiety about Nelson, who, being a good swimmer, dashed out into the river, a hundred yards or more, and was pushing for a small vessel lying out in the stream, as though trying to make his escape. I was really afraid a shot would be sent after him, but turning, presently, toward the wharf, the anxiety of the guard was relieved.

It is ascertained, that in consequence of the removal of the Delaware companies, there were not men enough night before last to put a guard on the river bank. Had this fact been known, I have no doubt a number of prisoners would have tried for the shore, at intervals during the night.

Snyder proposed a case of conscience, this afternoon, about which there has been some dispute in No. 1, and upon which the party desired to have my opinion: "Would it be right," he inquired, "for a man to volunteer the destruction of his own life, if thereby he could save the South?"

He also said it had been suggested, that I would readily assent to be shot or hung, if the salvation of the Confederacy depended upon it.

My answer to the inquiry was: — So far as I can understand the law of God, no man has a right to take away his own life, nor voluntarily to yield it to others who are without authority to take it; and inasmuch as no special revelation is likely to be made from Heaven, on the subject, it would be murder to volunteer under any such circumstances. This, however, should not prevent one from doing all he can to save his country, even at the risk of his life. As for myself, though I think I would freely give my life for the Confederacy — did I know that such were the will of God — yet as I cannot have any such unusual revelation, upon no consideration would I volunteer the wilful sacrifice of a life which every principle of religion requires that I should protect. All this may need further explanation.

Sunday, 9th.—A beautiful Sabbath day dawned upon us in our prison home; and we have been enabled to worship God, with as much solemnity as if we were among our friends, and in the house of God. At ten o'clock, Tibbets had the seats nicely arranged in the hall, and the whole company assembled for preaching. The text for the morning was Ecclesiastes ix. 18, "*One sinner destroyeth much good.*" I preached for about three-quarters of an hour, to as attentive an audience as generally assembles under more favorable auspices. The singing was not as good as it might have been, but it was quite passable under the management of Tibbets, Porter, Bright, and Welsh. The closing prayer was offered by Mr. Bright.

Our evening service was quite as well attended, and great solemnity was manifested whilst I endeavored to expound Prov. iii. 17, "*Her ways are ways of pleasantness.*" The singing was improved, and quite impressive, in consequence of the voluntary striking up of two very good old-fashioned tunes. The feeling was strong, and it would have been easy to get up an excitement; but I preferred to dismiss the congregation, after a prayer by Mr. Rawley.

I am satisfied, that the Spirit of God is at work among us. Thoughtfulness is depicted on many countenances; frequent questions are proposed on subjects of practical religion; the Bible and other religious books are often seen in the hands of non-professors, and all the meetings are regularly attended by certain young men, who would not be so constant without special feeling.

Messrs. Bright, and Rawley are the only professors of religion in the apartment; but there are several persons who were members of the Methodist, and Baptist churches, before the war —two of whom are evidently stirred up, and I trust are renewing their vows. If I had two or three more warm-hearted Christians around me, and just one good singer, it would help the cause wonderfully; but there are enough of us to do a great work. I was considerably drawn out in prayer to God,

in our services to-night, that He would come with special blessings, causing the whole Island to feel the influence of the good work. He can do it; and shall we not expect it?

Have been unusually impressed, during my imprisonment, with the importance of a spotless example. It is astonishing, how closely every action, and word of the professing Christian is observed. The least error, or short-coming may have an influence for evil. I have no doubt, hundreds stumble into perdition, over the sins of God's people. Several things have fallen upon my ear, illustrating this principle, and I pray God to grant me grace to stand fast.

After extinguishing the candle, and whilst tossing upon my heated bunk, had quite a long conversation with my bed-fellow on the nature of conversion and the new birth. He can't understand how it is that a man can suddenly be turned from darkness to light, and manifests surprise that some of our number, who have been rather notorious, should be so quietly arrested, and brought to conversion. The conversation I hope was profitable, as he assented to most of my theology, before the talk closed.

Lieut. G. B. Philpot, of Frederick county, Maryland, was introduced into the prison this afternoon — having been transferred from the barracks, where he had been secreting himself as a private, with the name of another person who was fortunate enough to escape the hands of the Yankees, after being captured at the battle of Gettysburg. He was betrayed by a boy of about sixteen years of age, who took the oath, and joined the enemy a few days ago. The Lieutenant found some old acquaintances in our room, took tea with us, and was invited to join us at breakfast, with a view to an early start with Lieut. Harwood, for Johnson's Island, as notified by Gen. Schœpf.

Monday, 10*th*.— Philpot, and Harwood joined us at breakfast — all hands being up at an early hour. The day passed,

however, and both of the gentlemen are still with us. They are sensible and genteel young men, and we shall be sorry to part with them; but they will probably be better off at Johnson's Island, where, we are told, they have fine grounds, good food, and plenty of ice.

Our supplies have been coming, in considerable abundance, for a few days past. Yesterday two baskets were brought in, whilst I was preaching; and to-day a large cheese-box, filled with vegetables, greeted our willing eyes. Most of the things have come, under the direction of my wife; but some unknown friends are, also, doing their part. Our table is now well supplied, and we have all that is necessary for health and comfort — no thanks, however, to the Yankees, except that they allow them to be brought to us; and for this, they have compensation in the fact that we don't drink their mean coffee and soups, nor eat their dirty, spoiled meats.

We have got to work in true house-keeping style—Tibbets doing the cooking, setting the table, and alternating with Shreve in washing the dishes. Capt. Jackson, Capt. Ball, and Atwood attend to their own ware; and by a generous courtesy on the part of my room-mates, I am excused from all service, either in washing or sweeping. Our room is decidedly the cleanest, most orderly, and comfortable in the building. My wife has sent me a sheet, and pillow-slip; Tibbets has torn up several old shirts, and sewed them together, as a sheet for his own bed; Capt. Jackson has a decent old comfortable; and with these improvements, we are making quite an impression upon all who visit us. Indeed, our influence, I think, has been quite salutary on some who have heretofore been careless, and inattentive to the arrangement and cleanliness of their rooms.

Found Welsh in a terrible humor this afternoon, in consequence of a practical joke, which some mischievous fellow had inflicted upon him while asleep. The rogue had placed a lighted taper between his toes, which, burning down to the

flesh, blistered his foot severely. It was too much for the equanimity even of the most spiritless jade; but our red-haired friend was just the man, of all others, who was not to be tricked in that way. He certainly raised a storm; and could there have been any possible intimation in reply to the "Who is he?"—and "Where is he?"—at that moment, it would have been a day of thunder and lightning with the culprit, more painfully realized than even the most ardent amateur would be willing to endure for the sake of a little fun. Welsh is a fellow of good pluck, and has had a rich experience under Stonewall Jackson; and when he threatened vengeance to the joker, "if it cost him six months in the cells," he meant every word of it — but he will cool down ere he finds the foe.

The congregation anticipated me in the hall last night, by assembling before I had taken my seat, and starting to an old tune the words:

"When I can read my title clear."

I was gratified, and hurried away from a conversation with Porter, who had detained me with certain cases of conscience.

Tuesday, 11*th*.— Had a bad night, with the heat, and mosquitoes. We have cut up the net sent by my wife, and arranged it in our window; but, somehow or other, the troublesome insects still find their way into the bunks — though Shreve has done a murderous work among them with the broom. About four o'clock this morning, I tried my grated window again; and after a while got somewhat cooled off, and returned to my bunk, where I slept soundly until breakfast time.

Several of our number are complaining of ill health — most of them being troubled with diarrhœa, or dysentery. Dr. Stocker has been quite unwell, for several days. He is a pleasant gentleman, quite popular, and has the sympathy of all. I have, myself, had a very uncomfortable time with the prevailing complaint.

Mr. Bright, who has been on the *qui vive* for several days, was called, this afternoon, to see Gen. Schœpf, and very soon returned, with a permit to leave the Island. He appeared to be perfectly delighted; began at once to shave, and pack up; joked pleasantly with those who are still captives; made many promises as to what he would do for some who have invoked his assistance; and towards night went around, and finally bade good-bye to the whole company. For his own sake, I am glad he is gone; but I shall miss him much, as a cheerful companion, and a fellow-Christian who has tried to uphold my hands, in the work which God has given me to do, among the thirty or forty impenitent persons shut up in prison with us. We have differed, slightly, on some theological points, and on the subject of the oath, as applied to citizens of Maryland, and Delaware; but our intercourse has been uninterruptedly pleasant, and for myself, I sincerely regret his departure. He says the General told him, he had known for several days, that he was about to leave; and that he had refrained from giving him a parole of the Island, lest others should think they ought to have the same privilege; and that although he had been called a great tyrant, he was really trying to do all he could for the comfort of the prisoners. Our friend had to take the oath before he could leave; and was advised by the General, if he had any "secession principles," to be as quiet about them as possible.

An animated correspondence took place between Gen. Schœpf and myself, which produced quite a stir for a few hours among the prisoners. I was sitting in No. 2, joking with Mr. Bright about his expected exodus, when suddenly a messenger put an open note into my hand, which all in the room supposed was a call to the General's office, with a view to my release. I was not so sanguine; and after a close scrutiny of certain hieroglyphics, on the back of what proved to be a bill for provisions made out against me, the following words were deciphered:

"You cannot receive anything from Delaware City. You need not send for it; it will be given to the hospitals.

(Signed) "A. SCHŒPF."

The whole matter was now understood. Permission having been granted by Capt. Ahl, I sent a note a few days ago to a friend in Delaware City, requesting him to purchase sundry vegetables and other articles for the benefit of my roommates, who had no acquaintances across the river. Some shop-keeper got hold of the note, opened it, and sent a bill of the articles, which, falling into the hands of the General, provoked the above laconic missive. I saw that the matter had been misunderstood, and to set myself right, sat down immediately and penned the following reply, which Shreve volunteered to carry to the office, Capt. Ball having refused to have anything to do with it:

FORT DELAWARE, *August* 11*th*, 1863.

GEN. SCHŒPF—

Sir: The articles referred to in your note were allowed to be brought to the Island, by Capt. Ahl, on the petition of Capt. Ball. They were not intended particularly for myself, but for the gentlemen in the room with me, who have had a long confinement, and are suffering for vegetable diet.

The person who sends the bill is entirely unknown to me, and has opened a note to a relative, which he had no right to do.

The whole thing has been done fairly and above-board, and with no intention to violate the rules of the Fort.

Respectfully,

ISAAC W. K. HANDY.

P. S.—The cheese, squashes, and corn were not ordered, and the butter was sent for because it could not be obtained at the Fort.

Shreve had hardly been gone twenty minutes, and had returned and was giving an account of his brief interview with

the General, when a messenger brought my note back with the following written on the blank leaf:

DR. HANDY—

Sir: I have no objection to your buying vegetables, or anything you need, if I am only not troubled with receiving them. I have very much work to do without attending to such little matters.

Respectfully,

A. SCHŒPF, *Brig. Genl.*

We were all a little provoked at the General, on the receipt of the first note, as his embargo upon the provisions seemed very little like "doing all he could for the prisoners," as intimated to Mr. Bright. We were disposed, however, to make all due allowance for him, when he so quickly changed his tactics, and made the *amende honorable*. The truth is, he was probably under the impression that we had been trying to smuggle provisions from Delaware City, and felt provoked; and perhaps it was rather mortifying to his Generalship, to have chicken-coops, and potato baskets, brought into his office. Whatever was the idea, we heartily forgive him, and hope we shall not be troubled in the future.

Had a very free conversation with Mr. R——e, on the subject of the oath, and find him willing to take it at any moment, to secure a release. He says it has no binding force, and that it would be patriotic to submit to it, in order to get out and do some service for the country. The old gentleman is very respectful: but our views on morals and religion are wholly at variance. Though he attends our services, and is generally very companionable, he is evidently a skeptic, with Universalist tendencies.

I was too unwell, this evening, to do anything more than make the usual prayer in the hall, after a "voluntary" sung by the company.

Wednesday, 12th.—Have been very unwell all day, and have been obliged to keep my bed until towards evening, when I felt better, and got up and wrote two letters to my children.

A fierce dispute took place, this morning, between Capt. B. and S. They are both very clever fellows — each in his way — but seem never to agree, and sometimes come very near to blows. They were on the eve of this result this morning, but they cooled off after a while, and though they have stood aloof from each other, we have had no more contention.

The Yankees are trying to raise a cavalry company from among the convicts. They offer a bonus of $200, and promise to make up all their back pay, and give them $13 a month. This may, or may not be true; but so the matter seems to be understood on the Island, and *forty* deserters have given in their names to-day. Many others will doubtless join them, as liberty under any circumstances is sweet. Others of the poor wretches have been put in irons, and are dragging ball and chain, for the first time, much to their annoyance. Most of these men have fallen out, entirely, with their own Government, and could they have an opportunity would gladly join the Confederate Army. They are generally desperate fellows, and such as would do little credit to any Government.

A Dutch company, numbering about eighty men, left the Island this afternoon for some Southern destination, to us unknown. The company is known as "M," and is commanded by Capt. Reigert.

Some dissatisfaction being discovered in regard to the arrangements for cleaning and scouring our apartment, it was determined to have a new election. All hands assembled in the hall, except a few who were too unwell to come out, and Capt. Jackson was re-elected superintendent. It was agreed that the rooms should be swept or scoured before seven o'clock, and that the passages and water-closet should not, hereafter, be scoured until after breakfast. It was also resolved that every man, except myself, should take his turn in these employments.

By unanimous consent I was kindly excused. I expressed my willingness to take my part, but it was thought my services as *Chaplain* ought by all means to exempt me.

Dr. Stocker, Lieut. Harwood, and others are still quite unwell. Harwood was ordered to the hospital, and after wandering all about the Island, under guard, in search of the place, he had to return, quite overcome with fatigue, to spend a bad night lying on the passage floor. Baxley, who is still at the hospital, is said to be "*possuming.*" He pretended to be delirious, and raved considerably; but some cold water, suddenly applied, brought him immediately to his senses.

I regret exceedingly, to find that two or three of our number are evading worship. They say, that they can hear all that is going on, and prefer not to leave their rooms, as they are generally in *déshabille.* It is pleasing, however, to notice a large majority of the prisoners always in attendance.

Heard from my wife, to-day, through a friend, who informs me, that she had received several letters from persons to whom she has written for assistance in obtaining permission to visit the Island. I fear she is worrying herself, too much, and will presently be sick. She had better let this matter alone for awhile, and hope for better things by-and-bye. I commend her, with all my dear children, to Him who permits us to cast all our care upon him.

A friend, who happens to be an employé upon the Island, put into my hands a pocket pincushion, sent by my wife, containing some North Carolina, and Virginia funds—a balance due from my congregation at Portsmouth—which I may find of great use, should I be so fortunate as, soon, to be sent South.[1]

Mason, of Accomac county, Virginia, left us to-day—his father having obtained an order for his release. For some reason, (perhaps he was not allowed to do so) the old gentle-

[1] The cushion contained about $200 in North Carolina and Virginia funds, which after my release, were exchanged into gold by Dr. E. Nye Hutchinson, of Charlotte, N. C., and then into Confederate money—which could be used more practically—amounting to more than $5,000.

TUMBLE OUT—TUMBLE OUT!

man did not come to the Fort, but waited at Delaware City for his son. Mason has had an experience of six months and eight days, in various prisons, upon the charge of smuggling goods to the South. He was arrested near his own house, and in his own carriage. So far as I have noticed his movements, he is a quiet, unassuming man, and popular among the prisoners. He promises to go and see my wife, and to let her know how I am getting along.

Thursday, 13th.—Cunningham appeared in the rooms, at an early hour, this morning, making certain mysterious memoranda, which we eventually concluded meant nothing more than a new enrolment of our names. This became more evident when, in the course of the evening, this blustering little fellow called the roll in an irregular, and promiscuous manner, indicating that he had by some mishap lost that important document, and had not as yet had time to make out another. We do not know, sometimes, whether to be amused, or provoked, with this self-important "acting sergeant." Though cringing before the General—when he gets among the prisoners, his airs and manners constantly remind one of the fable of the frog and the bull; or, perhaps, the idea is better represented by the monkey with two tails. He certainly "magnifies his office" to the fullest extent; and his order to "roll out, roll out, all you that want to take a walk, and be in a hurry about it, too," is quite as much as some of our high-minded Southerners can endure. The fellow seems to think he is popular, and tries his hand at jokes and smart sayings; but many a secret dart is hurled at him, and woe to the upstart, if any of "our boys" should meet him in Dixie.

Mrs. Belt and Mrs. Ball — wives of two of our fellow-prisoners—came to the Island to-day, and gave an unexpected joy to their husbands. They secured the privilege through a pass from Secretary Stanton, obtained, I believe, by Mr.

Bradley, of Washington. The General was, himself, very courteous on the occasion; allowed their husbands to be with them all day; invited Dr. Arnott in to see them; and even indulged in sundry *bon mots*, on the occasion. The ladies are stopping at New Castle, and will probably go back and forth for a few days to come.

It is said, that nine Confederate prisoners made their escape from the barracks, last night. The opportunity for escape seems to be very favorable, just now — the nights being dark, and the new Delaware guards being specially "verdant."

Dr. Wolsey came in, this afternoon, and formally introduced a Dr. Harris, of Philadelphia; his object being unknown. Perhaps, it was simply to give him a sight of the "political rebs."

A good meeting to-night, with an exhortation, singing, and prayer.

Friday, 14*th*.—Have had another bad night, with my complaint; was up several times, and at about four o'clock took a seat at the head of the stairs, and got into conversation with the sentinels. The first—whose watch was just expiring—was a simple, good-natured sort of fellow, from the neighborhood of Greensboro', in the lower part of Delaware. He seemed to know very little about the nature of the struggle in which we are engaged. In all probability, he was one of those who joined the Home Guard hoping to be allowed to stay among his own friends, and in his own neighborhood. He spoke of many about Whaleysville, and Berlin, who were my old acquaintances, and gave me the *status* of several, concerning whom I had received no previous mention.

After this young man left the post, another, from near Georgetown, took his place. This youth was quite as raw as the other, and not so pleasant in manners. He was disposed to talk, however, and showed some little conceit about his political views; but he appeared to listen to what I had

to say with considerable interest, and I succeeded, presently, in touching a chord to which he joined in sympathy, and I made the most of it. After this, he heard me with earnest attention, and the poor fellow appeared to be very thoughtful, as I pressed several important considerations. A pause occurring, he asked me if I would show him the way to the water-closet. He then deliberately laid down his musket, and walked with me through the passage to the rear of the building. I was astonished at his simplicity, and unmilitary bearing, and could not help thinking, how easily I could have turned the weapon against him, or by fastening the door I might have escaped, passing myself off as a sentinel, or, in some other way, using the musket to my advantage. I had no disposition, however, to impose upon him, or in any manner to treat him unkindly. It was enough to express my astonishment, as I did to both of these Delawareans, at seeing them in an attitude of military opposition to their brethren of the South, who are of the same origin, habits, and interests with themselves, and taking sides with foreigners, and abolitionists, in a war of fanaticism.

It appears, that numbers of our Southern boys escape every night. Twenty-seven are reported to have gotten away last night, and the thing has been going on for several days, if not longer. They get off on rafts, or by swimming the river. I heartily wish they could all succeed,— for they certainly have a hard time of it in their dirty condition, on half allowance, with no money, and working *daily* for the advantage of their enemies, in a saving of hundreds (if not thousands) of dollars.

I have been sick, the whole day, and have kept my bunk very closely. Have not had much pain, but feel very weak. Missed my good wife, very much, and wished she could be with me a little while, to give me some nice toast, and milk, and to afford me such attentions as she knows so well how to do, when I am unwell at home. Received a letter from

her, which cheered my heart, and brought tears of deep emotion at the expression of her faith, and desire for my usefulness whilst shut up in the prison. Thank God for such a wife! — hoping that we may be allowed to see each other at no distant day.

Was obliged to omit our evening worship, which I regretted exceedingly—this being the first time since I came into the prison. Was glad to find some of the prisoners assembling in No. 4, where they spent half an hour in singing.

Saturday, 15th.—A sick day! On the bed most of the time; very weak, and my voice considerably affected, but did not have much pain. Tried to conduct the evening services; but found much difficulty, and came near fainting after the prayer. More uncomfortable on account of the warm weather, and before retiring found my undershirt thoroughly wet from perspiration. Went to bed dreading the heat and mosquitoes.

Two of our poor Southern boys were picked up to-day about eight miles from the Fort, having been drowned in attempting to cross the river. Several others have been caught in the attempt to escape, and punished by confinement in the cells.

The Tennesseans (a hundred or more in number), were drawn up to-day, by order of Gen. Schœpf, with a view to testing them in regard to the oath. The brave fellows unanimously refused to take it; but expressed a willingness to be put upon a parole not to take up arms again, until regularly exchanged. What arrangement was ultimately effected I do not know. The Tennesseans were probably selected for this experiment, in consequence of the Yankee notion that that State is on the stool of repentance, and is about to return to the Union. A vain delusion, as I verily believe!

After all, it is astonishing how few of the prisoners have taken the oath, when it is remembered that the original number in confinement was nearly 10,000. Only a small propor-

tion of these have renounced their allegiance to the Confederacy; and they, it now appears, are generally worthless characters, who have never had the confidence or respect of their comrades in arms. They have been put under Dutch officers, and seem to have a hard time.

Sabbath, 16th.—Passed another dreadful night with the heat and mosquitoes. Got up before day, and spent an hour or two in conversation with the Delaware sentinels — most of whom, I think, would gladly renounce their military life. One of them expressed himself decidedly opposed not only to the war, but to the false attitude which he occupies in regard to the questions at issue between the two sections of the country.

Felt very unwell; but thought it my duty to try and preach in the hall at ten o'clock, which I did from Rom. vi. 23, *"The wages of sin is death."* Labored somewhat, and felt considerably fatigued, but the congregation seemed interested.

Last night made some remarks appropriate to the close of the week; and expressed a hope that all would be disposed to remember, and sacredly keep the approaching Sabbath. Was gratified to find a disposition to comply with my suggestion, in the general quiet of nearly all our company, their abstinence from profanity, and in their reading the Scriptures and full attendance upon the preaching. In No. 5, several young men assembled for reading, and twice in the course of the day they went over several chapters, reading regularly in rotation, each taking a verse.

My subject to-night was based upon Rev. xxi. 7, *"He that overcometh shall inherit all things."* God gave me special assistance, in the effort to present a Scriptural view of the glories and beatitudes of Heaven. I think a deep impression was made, and I look earnestly for the fruits.

Capt. J. W. Long, of Arkansas, was brought into our apartment this evening from the barracks, where he had been quartered among the "rebel" prisoners. He was originally

from Mississippi, but raised a company from Arkansas, and was captured at Vicksburg. He was passing himself off as a private, with the hope of being sooner exchanged. Having been long a prisoner, he meditated an escape, and had given "a galvanized reb" two hundred dollars, and his watch, worth as much more, to aid him in getting off. The plan, as he supposed, was matured; and he was invited by the fellow to walk down the bank with him, to see how nicely things were arranged for his escape that night. The rascal had set a trap for his arrest. Several Federal officers were in waiting at an appointed place, where he was instantly seized and brought to our apartment, to be sent, with others, to Johnson's Island.

Quite a change took place in the weather after dusk this evening, and at bed-time we had a heavy rain-storm, accompanied by high wind. It did not last long, but our rooms got a good ventilation, and we all felt much refreshed.

Monday, 17*th*.—Slept well last night, and felt greatly improved to-day, from the change in the weather, and the cessation of my complaint.

Several new men came in to-day — one of them, a political prisoner, named Cooper, who was arrested at Smyrna, in this State; and two others, Charles Dawson and Capt. Topp, from the barracks, where they had been hiding themselves as privates, hoping to be exchanged. Dawson, who is from Loudon county, Virginia, was betrayed by a letter addressed to him by a friend as *Lieutenant* Dawson; the other was informed on by a "galvanized" man, who had probably been bribed to hunt up secreted officers. Cooper came into my room, inquiring very familiarly for "Dr. Handy." At first, I supposed, from his attire and certain remarks, that he was a young minister; but was soon undeceived, and discovered him to be a student of law, lately settled in Kent county, Maryland, but originally from Kentucky. He had mistaken me, it would seem, for my kinsman, the Rev. Wm. C. Handy, son-in-law of the Rev.

Dr. Breckinridge, with whom he had met at Danville. He speaks of long confinement, and hard usage.

Our walk, this afternoon, was the most comfortable we have yet had, being allowed to walk back and forth a distance of about one hundred yards; and the weather being pleasant, we enjoyed it considerably. Noticed, that the rushes had been cut down for a distance of several rods along the river bank, to prevent prisoners from hiding themselves with a view to escape.

Have had no supplies from my wife, or others, for more than a week.

No falling off at worship.

Tuesday, 18*th*.—The old men of our company are, generally, the first to arise in the morning, and much to the annoyance of the younger and more indolent members of the imprisoned corps. Capt. Jackson, and Mr. Rouse give more trouble than any others, on this score — the first in the discharge of his duty as General Superintendent; and the other, weary of the night, to have a long talk with the sentinels, about farming or something else, in tones so loud as to waken everybody in all the seven rooms. These old gentlemen have been sharply reproved by their juniors, for these interruptions of their morning slumbers; but they mean well, and I have no sympathy with those who make no allowance for age and circumstances.

The detected officers—Philpot, Harwood, Long, Dawson, and Topp — all left this morning, under guard, for Johnson's Island. Our short acquaintance was very pleasant, and we regretted to part with them, although hoping they may be more comfortably situated at their new prison. Had they not started so soon, one of their number would, probably, have availed himself of the first dark night, for another route of travel.

The galvanized men have been getting their uniforms

to-day, and I presume they will soon be mounted as cavalrymen, to oppose the cause they once professed to love, and to make battle against their own flesh and blood at the South. Weak and silly men, how much are they to be pitied! All feel, however, that they are a "good riddance," as they have been known almost to a man to be not only of no use, but positive nuisances in the Confederate army. When I first noticed these men I felt sorry for them as ignorant and deluded ones, driven by a terrible pressure into the ranks of the enemy; but now it appears that want of principle and self-interest has had much to do with the change; and that although they have had to pass through terrible straits, they are more concerned for present comforts, than for the future good of their native South.

I find that fifty men escaped from the barracks on last Sabbath night, and that forty-four made their exodus on Monday night. Of all this number only four were caught and returned to the Fort, and these were taken up by a schooner, having drifted far down the bay. One poor fellow was promised his liberty on condition that he would help in loading the vessel; but the treacherous captain, on his arrival at the Smyrna wharf, hastened to the authorities and had him arrested. Nothing daunted, he told them he should try it again on the first opportunity. The ninety men who got clear saved themselves by swimming on boards to the Delaware shore. The opportunity was afforded, by neglect to place a guard at one of the privies near the water.

Gen. Schœpf, and Capt. Ahl went through the barracks, to-day, in search of disguised officers; and although they were diligent and particular, failed to recognize a single man bearing a commission. Of those who got off recently, one was a Major, four were Captains, and several were Lieutenants.

Dr. Stocker being seized with violent cramps this afternoon, was carried to the hospital.

The butter-tub from my wife came to hand, after several

days of delay, not more than one half filled, and without a covering. I have no doubt it has been robbed, but was glad to get a jowl, a few potatoes, and a bottle of vinegar. Was gratified to hear, through a letter from my wife, that all are well.

Clothing and money are now forbidden to be sent to the prisoners. Why this embargo I know not — unless to make our situation as uncomfortable as possible, and to degrade us, in the eyes of visitors and spectators, as a ragged and filthy set. Notwithstanding the order, Wright has been allowed to receive a box from Mrs. Spottswood, of New Castle, which did not come too soon—for he was beginning to exhibit an appearance more fit for the dunghill, than even for the cells of a prison. It was amusing, at roll-call, to hear the name of our fellow-prisoner sounded as *Mister* Wright instead of the mere surname, as in the case of all the rest of us. So much for a clean shirt and new clothes.

Everybody seemed to be in attendance at worship to-night. Made some remarks on the subject of the temptation in the wilderness; and endeavored to make a practical application while holding up the example of Jesus.

My daughter Virginia's birthday.

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Wednesday, 19th.— The weather has been much cooler, making it decidedly more pleasant; but the change has been so sudden, that some of us have taken cold. Though my own health is better, I still feel indisposed, and find it difficult to read or study, and have kept my bed nearly all day.

My mind has been so much occupied with the strange scenes around me, and the troubles of the South, that I have thought but little of my dear family while in prison, except in a general way. I have prayed earnestly for all, and my wife and older children have been specially remembered; but

all my reflections have been of a desultory character. Little D—— has engaged more of my thoughts than any of the others, in consequence, perhaps, of being in constant observation of the fell disease which took him from our embrace. Strange to say, I had actually lost sight of my darling little Charley, until this morning, when he suddenly came into my mind while trying to recall which of the little ones had been left in Sussex. How strange are these experiences, and how little characteristic of ourselves under more favorable circumstances! My wife and children are all dear to me, and I am unconscious of any partiality in my affections, or unsuitableness of devotion in any case.

Messrs. Rouse, S———t, and H———s were released today, after taking the "oath of allegiance," and left on the different boats — Rouse for Wilmington, expecting to spend the night with Mr. Bright, and the other two for Delaware City, where they will take the canal route for Baltimore to-night. It is astonishing what an effect the departure of these men has had on the minds of those who were imprisoned with them about five months ago. Nearly all of them (and there are a number yet remaining) appear to be ready to "follow suit" and take the oath, as soon as they conclude there is no other way to get out of prison. Mr. Rouse has generally advocated the measure as patriotic, inasmuch as nothing could be done for the South while in confinement; and that the oath being forced, and in his opinion not binding, it is better to take it and go home to help the cause. In the cases of the other two, nothing else could have been expected — the one being a deserter from the Confederate army, and the other having run away to avoid conscription. I have no doubt, however, that they both desire the success of the South, but they prefer to keep out of danger, and have no idea of the solemnity of an oath.

Took occasion to say something at worship, about the manner and means of deciding questions of duty — hoping

to inspire our company with proper principles in regard to the oath.

Thursday, 20th.— It has been just one month to-day since my arrest in Sussex, by Capt. Ellison. The time has passed with astonishing rapidity, and I can hardly realize that I have been thirty-one days in duress. I have gotten along much better than I had anticipated, and have much for which to be thankful. Through the attention of my wife, and kindness of friends, I have had plenty to eat of such things as have been wholesome. My bed, though hard, has given me some nights of sleep; I have been treated with the utmost respect and kindness, by my fellow prisoners; the officers of the Fort have offered me little annoyance or molestation; I have been perfectly free to conduct religious services, every day; and God seems to have blessed my labors. Confinement, noise and sickness, with the wickedness of many around me, have been very trying; but I have suffered nothing, in comparison with some here who were imprisoned at Fort McHenry, Harper's Ferry, and at other places where they were treated with the utmost brutality and cruelty.

The "galvanized rebs" have been going to and fro all day, dressed up in their new cavalry uniforms. It has been disgusting to notice their silly admiration of themselves, and the pains which they have taken to secure the observation of their old comrades. It is true, that they look like another set of beings, but they are objects of universal contempt. Even the Federal officers have been heard to express their want of confidence in these miserable men; and they have the execration of all the South. One of their number has been ascertained to be a Yankee deserter, and some of the officers swear they will have him hung.

The time of the 6th Delaware Regiment has expired, and they are exceedingly anxious to get off; but they are still retained, waiting for a regiment from Washington, which is to

take their place. They have been threatening to throw down their arms, but have been scared from this purpose by an order for their imprisonment should they persist. I have had conversations with many of these poor fellows, and find them generally to be simple minded, honest men, who have been duped, and deceived by prominent leaders at home; and that they are greatly mortified at finding themselves associated with Yankees, Dutchmen, and abolitionists, in opposition to their natural brethren of the same latitude.

Made a few remarks at worship, on the duties of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, intended to prepare the minds of such as might be disposed to keep to-morrow, as a day set apart by President Davis for that purpose; but avoided making any reference to the matter, by which public attention would be called to the subject. After worship, expressed a willingness to have private prayer in any of the rooms to-morrow, where the inmates would like to make a recognition of the day.

Received a valuable box from New Castle, containing clothing and eatables, chiefly intended for certain prisoners at the barracks. I presume I am again indebted to my old friend, Mrs. M. W. Rankin, for articles suited to my condition.

Lieut. ————, of North Carolina, another detected officer, was brought in to-day, having been betrayed by one of the galvanized corps.

Friday, 21*st*.—This was the day set apart by President Davis for fasting, humiliation, and prayer; and I have no doubt, that it has been devoutly observed by thousands of God's people at the South. We could not observe it in a public manner, in prison; but it has been remembered, and respected by all our company. At nine o'clock in the morning, I was invited into No. 2, to offer prayer, which I did, after reading aloud the President's proclamation, and making a few suitable remarks. All the inmates of the room were present; and though only one of them (Capt. Rawley) is a professor of re-

ligion, they entered heartily into the services, and responded audibly to the petitions which were offered in behalf of the South, her leaders, and her armies — all endeavoring, as I believe, to humble themselves before God, on account of numerous and aggravated sins.

About ten o'clock, I was requested to go into No. 5, to conduct a similar service. Here, not one man is a professing Christian, though one or two have formerly been members of the Church. The proclamation was read, and after a few remarks, an earnest prayer went up to the throne of the Heavenly Grace — all devoutly kneeling, and manifesting a real interest in the exercises.

After dinner, the occupants of the other rooms desiring some service to be held for their accommodation, I proposed that, instead of going through the several rooms, all who desired to join with me in another prayer should assemble forthwith in No. 6. Tibbetts having arranged the seats, the room was quickly filled, and without shutting the door as we had done in the two former cases, we united in similar services. I believe it was a sincere offering, and trust that God will hear our prayer and accept our humble confession.

At eight o'clock, we had the usual service in the hall, with a full assemblage and an apparently devout attention. I think this has been the most quiet day we have had since I have been in prison. Cards have been omitted; there has been little or no swearing; and as good behavior has prevailed, as could possibly be expected among two score of men, many of whom have been hitherto unaccustomed to restraint, and of wild and reckless habits. Will not God smile upon this attempt to serve Him; and will not our Heavenly Father hear the prayers of the thousands, with whom we have this day joined in earnest appeals to the throne of His Heavenly Grace!

Received a letter from my friend and relative, Capt. James M. Gilliss, of the U. S. Naval Observatory, announcing the death of my brother-in-law, Prof. Joseph S. Hubbard. He

died on the 16th inst., in New Haven, Conn., of typhoid fever. This is a sad event, and adds another to the list of my sorrows. He was an accomplished officer, and a good man; and though our views were utterly dissimilar, on the great questions of the day, he was no doubt honest in his convictions, and we could agree to differ, without dispute, or interruption of friendly relations.

Went to bed with a severe headache, occasioned, I presume, by fasting. Was much disturbed by loud conversations in the several rooms; and tossed for a long time upon my hard bed, troubled by mosquitoes and anxious thoughts.

This is said to have been the warmest day of the season.

Saturday, 22*d*.—Several of our company received cheering letters, to-day, from friends at home. Wright and Rawley, especially, are buoyed up, and are looking for a speedy deliverance. It is astonishing, and interesting, to notice what little things have an effect upon the spirits of the prisoners, and how they are elevated or depressed, by a single line or word, from an absent friend. I sincerely hope that the expectations of some who are now upon tip-toe may be fully realized, as they have long and severely suffered.

Two more men were brought in to-day, from the barracks, charged with being rebel officers. The first—J. B. Alexander—was reported by some of the galvanized men as a Lieutenant; and the second—G. W. Noe—as a Captain. It is quite likely that the charge against Alexander is correct, so far as his rank is concerned; but he is probably from some other regiment than the one specified by his accusers. Noe, I am satisfied, is only a private, as he strongly avers. They are destined for Johnson's Island.

Received my basket, after a delay of four or five days. The articles not being of a perishable nature, will do very well though not fresh.

Prayer and remarks, as usual, in the hall.

Sunday, 23*d*.—The hottest day we have had this summer; no breeze stirring; the water smooth; and the prisoners going about, with just enough clothing to hide their nakedness, and no more.

The Purnell Legion came to the Island at about 12 o'clock last night, and stacked their arms immediately in front of our window. They are a rough looking set, and have the appearance of men who have seen some service. The Legion was raised by my brother-in-law, Hon. W. H. Purnell, of Baltimore, as a sort of Home Guard; and was for some time on the Eastern Shore of Va.; afterwards on the Baltimore & Ohio R. R.; and more recently they have been stationed at the Relay House, about nine miles from Baltimore. A majority of the Legion were, at one time, captured at Catlett's Station, in Virginia, and underwent an imprisonment of seven months at Richmond. They were, I think, at Gettysburg and Antietam, and seem to have suffered a great depletion of their ranks, since they were mustered into service. It is a strange coincidence, that I should be under the military surveillance of a body of men, organised by my wife's brother—a person for whom I have always entertained the highest regard, and who will acknowledge himself indebted to me for some of the most desirable advantages of his early life. How strange the times!

God gave me special assistance in the morning, whilst endeavoring to expound and enforce that encouraging Scripture: Isaiah iv. 7, *Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord and He will have mercy upon him, and unto our God, for He will abundantly pardon.* The truth was received with great attention, and I cannot but think some seed has been sown, that will ere long spring up and bring forth fruit to the honor and glory of God.

My subject, at night, was one of great interest and importance: Gen. v. 3, *My Spirit shall not always strive with man.* The congregation was profoundly attentive, and the sentinel

at the head of the stairs expressed himself as much gratified; but the heat was oppressive; I felt dull, and labored hard. It is a comfort however to remember, that often when I have had the least personal satisfaction in preaching, the sermon has been attended with unusual blessing.

Our company were allowed to walk out this afternoon, as usual; but I did not go out with them, lest my example should encourage those who have no regard for the Sabbath. Some two or three of the young men generally go in swimming, and usually make no exception on the Lord's day. I am glad to hear, that they abstained to-day.

There has not been so much Sabbath breaking to-day. Sometimes, all kinds of work seem to be going on. I have seen the men in crowds, carrying boards, rolling barrels, hauling dirt, fishing, swimming, &c., just as on other days. With the military, Sunday is the great day for cleaning up, parade, and general display. This evening, we have had more drumming and fifing, than usual; and long after we had retired, we were annoyed by the noise of the band, serenading in the Fort yard. Can God prosper these Sabbath breakers? There is sin enough of this kind, at the South; but it seems to be greatly aggravated in the armies of the North.

Monday, 24th.—We have had a delightful breeze all day, and feel much refreshed by the change in the weather. Found it a good time, to scour our room, shake the blankets, and have a general cleaning up. These duties, to-day, devolved more particularly upon Shreve, Atwood and myself; and we undertook them with great pleasure, for the sake of the exercise, excusing Tibbetts who is generally active in these matters; but to-day he was not disposed to lend a helping hand, as we were out of the usual routine.

After "setting things to rights" about the room, tried my hand at washing an undershirt, and a pair of stockings; and succeeded wonderfully, in the absence of hot water, and good soap.

Several deserters (captured as Confederate soldiers, and who have lately taken the oath with the "galvanized" men,) were, to-day, sent to Washington under guard. They are likely to meet with summary punishment for their vacillation, and want of principle.

Thorn, and Wright were released, this afternoon, by taking the "oath of allegiance." They admitted, that the terms were hard; but urged, that after six or seven months of close confinement, they were willing to do anything to get back to their families. They left the Fort, shabby, and moneyless; but hoped to find friends on the way; and went the rounds of the prison saying "good-bye," with joyful hearts.

Poor Ambrose, who was expecting a box of clothing from Wilmington, was much disappointed, this afternoon, on opening a box, brought up by one of the Yankee convicts, to find that it contained nothing but some stale bread, and cast-off clothing. He soon recognized it, however, as a trick of some of our wild young men; and bore it with great patience, though he had engaged to pay a quarter to the porter.

Old Capt. Jackson, who has been ill for several days, with dysentery, was this morning removed to the hospital, where he will be near the physicians, and get better attention than he could have here.

Lieut. B., son of C. B., Esq., of Baltimore, came up into the hall, after most of us had retired, and (being under the influence of liquor) chatted away, for an hour or more, to our annoyance and loss of sleep. He appeared to be in the best possible humor, and offered to do all he could for the comfort of our corps.

Tuesday, 25*th*.—Spent most of the forenoon on the bed; felt tired and unwell; was anxious about my family, and longed for a release. Was surprised, by a call to visit the office of the General. Thought some one had been reporting certain free conversations I have recently held with soldiers of

the Purnell Legion, hailing from the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Found the room full of young officers, curiously listening and watching. After a pleasant shaking of the hand, the General desired to know if I was ready to "take the oath, and be released?"

"I can't do that, General," I replied, with mildness, but promptly.

"Then," said he "I can't release you; and no one can do it, except the President."

"Could I not be sent South?" I inquired; "or could I not be released, under a pledge to do nothing detrimental to the Government of the United States, while remaining in the Federal lines?"

"Sit down," said he, "and write me a statement of what you are willing to do, and hand it to me by 10 o'clock tomorrow morning."

I thanked him, and promised to comply with the request; but before I left the room, the General politely inquired about my health; and finding that I had suffered a good deal from indisposition, he presented me with a parole of the island, and suggested that I should make immediate use of it. This was quite an unexpected boon, and was of course gratefully acknowledged.

After returning to my room, and receiving the very cordial gratulations of all the company, took a walk with Capt. Ball. Went to see old Capt. Jackson; found him very sick, and in a peculiarly tender and pleasant frame of mind. Talked, and prayed with him — the old gentleman shedding tears as I proceeded in the prayer. I fear he is in a very critical condition, as to the body; but I trust he is, spiritually, not far from the Kingdom of Heaven.

Had a pleasant service in the Hall; and went to bed thankful to God for all his mercies to a poor worm. Before retiring, cut a pound cake sent me a week or ten days ago by my wife, or some other kind friend; and invited a number of the less favored ones, to join me in discussing its merits.

Wednesday, 26th.—Had another bad night, with mosquitoes and bed bugs; and with burning feet and hands, tossed uneasily on my bed, wishing for morning.

Availed myself of my privilege to perambulate the island. Took a general survey, in company with Capt. Ball, of all the most interesting localities. Improvements are going on in every direction; and, ere long, the "Pea Patch" must become a little Eden! At present, however, everything is in embryo. The General has a sweet cottage, in the northern part of the island, with a fine fruit and vegetable garden, and an open meadow in front. Two other cottages, built very much in the same style, and situated close by, are occupied by subordinate officers. Heavy clusters of grapes were hanging on the vines at the General's, and several dwarf trees labored under the weight of luscious pears.

Most of the improvements now in progress, are intended for the accommodation of prisoners; and they have not been commenced before they were needed.

Visited Hospital No. 3, to see Capt. Jackson. Found the old gentleman in a very weak and low state of body, but earnestly enquiring about the interests of his soul. Prayed with him, and was pleased to hear him respond *Amen*, with a full heart, at the close of almost every sentence. In the course of a few hours, I was sent for to go and see him again; and now he seemed to be rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God. I asked him, if he thought he could make a full, and unreserved consecration of himself to Christ; and whether, if living, or dying, he was willing to trust in Him. He said he was, and agreed, whilst I should engage in prayer, to make the dedication. I then prayed with, and for him, endeavoring to use such language as suited the circumstances; while he made, as I believe, a full surrender, and entered into an honest covenant with the Lord. His heart was full; the tears streamed from his eyes; and he appeared to be very happy.

This is a wonderful conversion, considering the advanced

age, and former life of the subject. He admits, that he has been a great sinner; and realizes the mercy of God, in sparing his life, and sending him to prison. Said he could, heartily, forgive all his enemies; that he had lost the fear of death, and that he desired to increase in the knowledge of Divine things. Thanks be to God, for this conversion of a man more than three score and ten! And, is it possible that I, a poor sinner, have been made the humble instrument in this great work! "Not unto me; but unto Thy Name, oh God, be all the glory!" But, how thankful am I, that my Heavenly Father sent me to this prison, and shut me up within these walls, to hold forth the Word of truth to some who in all probability would have continued strangers to the glad sound. The Captain says, that it was a singular providence that I came; and thinks others will ere long rejoice with him. Oh! that this good work may go on, until all our company shall feel the quickening energies of the Holy Spirit!

During my rambles, this morning, fell in with several Confederate physicians,—twenty-four of whom are now on the island, most of them belonging to the army of Gen. Morgan. Had some conversation with them, in regard to the condition of the hospitals, and the health of the island. An article has recently appeared in the Philadelphia papers, signed by four of Morgan's physicians, announcing the excellent sanitary arrangements at this Fort, and netting the average of deaths at only three a day. Great credit is given to Gen. Schœpf, for general management, and to the physicians in charge, for skill, and attention. Dr. Marshall (Medical Director, and Chief, of the Physicians in Morgan's corps) informs me, that this newspaper statement is wholly without foundation, in fact; and that the men who signed it, did so to secure personal comfort to themselves, whilst in confinement. He says that Dr. G——-, whose name is at the head of the signatures, is not what he represents himself to be; and that neither he, nor his associates, have visited the hospitals; nor are they able to give any

statistics derived from personal observation; but that having become pets, with the authorities at the Fort, they have a fine time at their own table, which is well supplied with vegetables, and other things sent by the Commandant.

Dr. Marshall says the true state of the case is, that there is a great deal of sickness, great scarcity of medicines, very little attention to the patients, and that the daily number of deaths far exceeds the statement in the paper. He says that twenty-four men were sent away for burial, day before yesterday, and eighteen on yesterday; and that the carpenter informs him, that he had made 1,000 coffins during the last two months. He also states, that there are five cases of small pox on the island; and that the poor fellows are lying in tents, without mattresses, and in a miserable condition. Dr. Marshall and the other Confederate physicians are rendering all the aid they can in the way of prescriptions; but he says, that these are unheeded; and that the sick men, often, lie until the daily return of the Doctors, without a single dose of medicine.

Dr. Marshall's testimony is corroborated by what I hear from other sources. Mr. Belt,—an excellent Christian man who belongs to our room, but who has been sick at Hospital No. 3, and is now remaining there, as a nurse,—says that it is almost impossible to get medicines for the sick; and that they have been dropping off, every day, in great numbers. Capt. Jackson was lying in our room, for days, without the notice of a physician, though repeatedly sent for; and even after he was prescribed for at the hospital, he was obliged to wait a whole day, before the medicine was furnished by the steward. A poor boy from North Carolina, who was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, was retained at the barracks for two weeks, in a condition of great filth, and suffering, before he was taken to the hospital; and before they took him there, he was first robbed of his blankets, then of his oil cloth; and with his wounds undressed, and offensive beyond endurance, he was left to die. Somehow or other, he at last secured some notice,

and was sent to No. 3. I saw the poor sufferer, myself; and such an object, I scarce ever looked upon before. Emaciated; his head shaved to free him from vermin; a dreadful hole entirely through his right shoulder, and the left fearfully swollen; he was sitting on the side of his iron bedstead, the very picture of grateful recovery from desertion, and neglect. Mr. Belt has been attending to him; and he is now doing tolerably well. The appearance of the boy presented to my mind an indescribable burlesque upon humanity. A broad smile rested upon his thin face; he complained of no present suffering; and seemed really to be happy in his improved circumstances. His mind had taken hold of the subject of religion, and he expressed gratitude to God for his spared life.

Met with Col. Waring, at the steamboat wharf, in company with a couple of ladies from Baltimore, who were about leaving after visiting certain relatives at the prisoners' barracks. The Colonel tells me he has a prospect of release, in consequence of a heavy pressure by his numerous Union friends at Washington. His case is one of the most trying of which I have heard. Himself sentenced to imprisonment for the war; his family banished; and his property, worth some two or three hundred thousand dollars, entirely confiscated.[1] He is a noble, and generous hearted Marylander, about fifty-six years of age, and a perfect gentleman in his manners. The charges against him are sympathy with the South, harboring rebels, and directing contraband mails. He has been allowed a parole of the Island; but is greatly restricted, even in minor privileges. He tells me, that he had once tried to get up to hear me preach, and had succeeded in entering the hall, but was immediately sent for, and ordered away. He showed me a letter, recently received, from Miss Julia Jefferson, of New Castle, in relation to a box of clothing for distribution among the prisoners, which he was not permitted to answer.

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[1]So reported.

I think, nearly every person in our apartment attended at prayers, to-night, influenced, no doubt, by the news of Capt. Jackson's conversion. I endeavored to make some improvement of the matter; and believe the whole company rejoiced in the result; whilst there were those present, whom it was reasonable to conclude. were hoping for the same blessing upon themselves.

We had hardly gotten through with our solemn worship — and were sitting quietly in our rooms—before the ludicrous cry of *Fresh Fish! Fresh Fish!* was heard resounding in the halls, and a new comer was ushered into No. 6, with the inquiry by Sergeant Cunningham, of "How much more have you in here?" Not liking the looks of the stranger, we became very clannish; and some of our party plead the already crowded condition of the room. We invited the man to sit down, however; and, in two minutes, a crowd pressed in, eager to see the new comer, and to know the charges against him. The man was about fifty years of age, well dressed, and carried a cane, and carpet bag. The usual questions were put, by the inquisition; and every effort made, to discover the unknown. But, he was wholly non-committal, answering abruptly, indirectly, and with witty cuts that raised the laugh upon every one who had the temerity to push an enquiry. Some became angry, and gave him short thrusts in return; others stood by, waiting to see what he had to say; while one or two continued to question, with the determination to bring him out. But the fellow was too much of a Yankee; and would neither tell who he was, where he came from, who brought him, what was his attitude, or what he expected; but he was loquacious, sarcastic, humorous, and gave us half an hour of good cheer, and then left us, at the call of Cunningham, for other quarters, below stairs. We concluded, after the departure of this mysterious character, that he was a crazy, or intoxicated Yankee, who had gotten himself into some difficulty with the Lincoln government, and that he had been sent from Washington, for imprisonment at the Fort.

I have, to-day, had the good fortune to get a letter from my daughter, Virginia, dated at Richmond on the 14th. It came by flag of truce, *via* Old Point, and brings pleasing intelligence from my children at the South, from whom I have not heard, before, for several months. She informs me that the prayers of Christians in Richmond are offered in my behalf, at the union meetings.

Went to bed anxious, and excited, and could not sleep.

Thursday, 27th.—Visited Hospital No. 3, and found Capt. Jackson very weak and low, after a disagreeable night. His mind, however, seemed to be stayed on Christ; and he expressed his determination — God helping him — to stand fast, until death.

Found a young man at the hospital from Northwestern Virginia, whose father is a preacher among the "Disciples of Christ." He has been sick for months, and is still in a feeble and precarious condition; and was suffering for the want of sufficient covering, the supply of which is, at this time, wholly inadequate to the demand. This young man is about nineteen years old, and was, once, a professor of religion, but since his connection with the army, has wandered far from God. He is again penitent; says he has made a new covenant with the Saviour; and that his mind is, now, composed and hopeful. This case is only one of a thousand, perhaps, where the influence of wicked associations estranges the heart from God; but alas, how many, unlike this young man, ever return to their first love. In mercy, God has visited him with sickness; and the sanctified affliction has, indeed, proven a blessing in disguise.

Contracted a headache, from walking in the sun; and was obliged to seek my berth. Felt somewhat better, in the afternoon, and took a walk up to the old barracks, in the western part of the island. Felt some hesitation in passing the guards, as the idea prevails, that the political prisoners are not allowed

to walk in that direction, nor to have communication with the prisoners of war. Was determined to make the trial, and passed on, hoping to obtain an interview with some of our Portsmouth boys, who were reported to be on the island. In crossing one of the bridges, found a young Englishman belonging to the Purnell Legion. Had about fifteen minutes' conversation with him. He said he had been in this country only six months; that he joined the Legion for want of employment; that he had found himself on the wrong side; that the people of England and France both sympathized with the South; and that he intended to cross the lines, just as soon as he could; but that he had to be very quiet. I gave him some words of encouragement, and as I bade him good-bye, he expressed the hope that we might meet again.

Passed by several sentinels, through a stable-yard, down the whole length of the new barracks, and by a dirty looking hospital; and presently, found myself in the midst of hundreds of "poor rebs," who were crowded together, apparently in the most disagreeable confusion. The whole area, between the river and the old barracks, was filled with squads sitting here and there, or standing in close proximity at various points. The bank of the canal was literally swarming with men engaged in washing; and everything had the appearance of dirt, and disease. Passing on, a young man whom I did not at first recognize, but presently found to be Elliot of Portsmouth, spoke to me very pleasantly, and called my name. I told him, that I had walked over to hunt up our Portsmouth boys, and to see who were in the barracks. Leaving me a moment, he soon returned with a half-a-dozen young men, who severally introduced themselves as Brooks, Moreland, Grant, Valentine, &c.—each giving me a hearty shake of the hand. I had before met with Bromley, and Neville, and had hoped to find Robt. Daughtrey and Reynolds, but they did not make their appearance. I was glad to see the poor fellows, who little resembled themselves, in their dingy clothing; and after

a hasty talk, I was obliged to leave them, as a great crowd was gathering, and I apprehended the loss of my parole. Told them, I would be glad to preach to them; and that I had no doubt, liberty would be granted, should they ask for it—which they said they intended to do. I have a lot of shirts and drawers sent to me by Mrs. Rankin, of New Castle, for distribution among some young men, who can't be found. I shall, therefore, give them to these poor fellows, who are much in need.

The new barracks, immediately in front of the Fort, and just opposite our window, are now nearly completed. The building, which is between 500, and 600 feet long has been put up, entirely, by our Southern soldiers, who have been promised 40 cts. a day for their labor—those who have worked as laborers, and hands. Hundreds have only received an extra meal, and, possibly, a plug of tobacco. The work has really been a benefit to them, but it has been to me a sore thing, during my confinement, to notice how these men have labored, and to think of the thousands of dollars saved by such means to the U. S. Government. Hundreds have refused to lay hold—having means enough to buy what little necessaries they may require for health, and comfort; but others are forced to help their enemies, in order to get enough to eat. The regular rations consist of one cracker, and a cup of poor coffee, in the morning, and a small piece of meat with a cup of soup at dinner. Sick or well, this is the allowance, both in quantity and kind; and the general complaint is, that whilst it might be enough for a very delicate man, if properly prepared—yet it is *not* enough for a well man, and very many eat it only because they are obliged to do so, or starve. A young man named Jones, whose father lives in Tennessee, and is said to be worth $150,000, was observed at work to-day, carrying shingles. A son of the celebrated Thos. A. R. Nelson, of the same State, is among the laborers, and like nearly all the rest is shabby, dirty and ragged.

I find that money is plenty among the prisoners; but as it is all Confederate scrip, it is of no value whatever, for present use. Many of the men have thousands of dollars upon their persons, and are often glad to give from $20 to $30, for a one dollar greenback. A fellow prisoner who has $3,000 with him, and who I judge to be a man of wealth at home, almost begged me, this morning, to let him have two one dollar greenbacks, for a couple of $20 Confederate notes.

The manufacture of rings, and breast-pins, from gutta percha buttons, is one of the means resorted to by the prisoners to raise money. The number of these trinkets made is no less astonishing, than the variety of patterns. Some are set in gold; others in pearl; but the most of them are inlaid with silver, ingeniously fastened with rivets, bringing prices ranging from 10 cts., to $1. I have procured a number of them as prison relics, for my children, and friends.

It seems, that such of the "galvanized men" as had given their names for the new cavalry company, are in trouble, on account of some misunderstanding as to what State they are to be accredited. They were to have been called the "3d Maryland;" though, I am told, the name of not one Marylander appears upon the rolls — but the uniforms are furnished by that State. Little Delaware insists, that they were raised upon her soil, and, therefore, belong to her. The quarrel has disrobed the fellows of their jackets; and if the difficulty is not adjusted, their pants will, in a day or two, be taken from them. What child's play, among the military wiseacres! The galvanized infantrymen received, this afternoon, an instalment of their bounty.

Received a basket of good things from Mrs. L. G. Vandegrift, of New Castle County, Del.

Services, in the hall; half an hour spent in writing; and then to bed.

Friday, 28th.— It is reported, that two men made their

escape from the barracks, last night. They were twice fired upon; but it is thought, that no effort was made to strike them, as the members of the Purnell Legion are, many of them, true Southern men at heart.

Rumor states, that all of the officers' wives have been ordered away from the island. No reason is assigned for this measure. Gen. Schœpf, who left the island, day before yesterday, on a visit to Wilmington, returned to the Fort, this morning. The visits of this dignitary are very closely watched, as every absence from the Fort is interpreted to have some connection with the release of prisoners.

Spent the forenoon in writing; and did not walk out until after dinner, when I made another visit to Hospital No. 3; and extended my walk to two others, hoping to find a young man by the name of Howard, from Kentucky, whom I had been requested to see. Had another interview with Capt. Jackson; found him delirious to some extent, but able to speak clearly about his hope in Christ. In answer to the question: "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" he replied: "*Yes I do, with all my heart.*" Noticing, that the old gentleman was looking upward, very intently, Mr. Belt asked him, what he was thinking about. "I am thinking," he said, "about God, and my eternal destiny."

The Captain is evidently failing fast. God grant, that he may have a safe, and happy entrance into the world of light!

In moving around among the sick, I found two professors of religion — one a sailor, of Northern birth, but lately from New Orleans; and the other a young Presbyterian, from Middle Tennessee. A youth named Stewart, from the neighborhood of Norfolk, manifested great concern in regard to the interests of his soul. All the others appeared gratified, as well as these, to have me talk, and pray with them.

Received a box from Miss Julia Jefferson, containing many little comforts for myself, and a small lot of clothing for distribution. It was amusing, to see the men trying on the coats,

vests, &c., and on going into the passage to hear certain mischievous ones crying "fresh fish!" as if the newly clad were strangers who had just been introduced.

During my walk this afternoon Gen. Schœpf sent for me, to visit his room; but not returning until late, he had left his office, and I failed to see him. I sincerely hope, this call may have something to do with my release.

Not more than one or two were absent from worship to-night.

Weather cool; and fine prospect for a good sleep.

Saturday, 29*th*.—Got up early this morning, hoping to be released. Though not perfectly confident, felt sufficiently well assured to brush up, and black my shoes, desiring should I leave the prison, to make as good an appearance as possible, after *forty days* of confinement. Presently, a sergeant came to the room door, and called for Dr. Handy. Stepping into the passage, the fellow handed me an endorsed envelope, inquiring at the same moment:

"Do you know that handwriting, Sir?"

"That is my handwriting," I replied, immediately.

A conversation then took place, in regard to a letter which I had sent to my wife, by private hand, to be mailed at New Castle, or Delaware City. Assuming an air of wonderful self-importance—

"Don't you know," said he, "that it is against the rules to send letters from the Island without inspection?"—demanding, also, by whom I had sent it.

I told him, that I had committed no crime; that I had done nothing more than he, or any other person would have done, under similar circumstances; and that the letter was to my wife, and had been sent in that way, because it contained some things which I did not conceive to be important enough to be brought to the eyes of the Commanding General. The understrapper, evidently magnified by the big job which had

fallen into his hands, continued in an insulting manner, to catechize me about my reason for directing the letter to a third person; shook his head incredulously, when I told him that it was directed to my wife's brother; and intimated, that I had been guilty of criminal correspondence; and, that I would have a hard time of it, if I did not give the name of the carrier. I gave him no satisfaction, and he left me swaggering and threatening as he retreated toward the office of the General.

In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes, the sergeant returned with a manner somewhat altered, stating that the General wished to see me. As soon as I entered his office, Schœpf asked me by whom I had sent the letter; and reminded me of my parole, intimating that I had been guilty of a breach of faith.

"General," I replied, "it is my wish to act honorably; and I do not know, whether it would be proper to give information which may involve others in difficulty. This thing is done, as you are aware, every day; and I have violated no pledge, inasmuch as my parole only binds me as it regards escaping from the Island. I appeal to you, Sir, what ought I to do? Would it be right, to betray the person who has favored me?"

He thought it would; and said, that it would be worse for me if I did not. Ascertaining at this stage of the conversation, what letter it was, and that no evil could result from an acknowledgment, in part, I asked, if I could speak with him, privately. Whereupon, the sergeant, and a lieutenant who was present, took the hint, and left the room immediately.

"I sent the letter, by some ladies who were on the Island, a few days ago."

"Who were they?"

"They were strangers to me, and I do not even know their names."

"Well now," said the General, "there is nothing wrong in this letter; and had you sent it to me, it would have passed. Here it is — you can send it back to me, and I will mail it for you."

Thus ended the interview; and I returned to my room, safe and sound, with my parole still in my pocket — the loss of which was the only evil I feared. The only reproof offered was, "Don't do so any more." Altogether it was an exciting, and rather unpleasant affair; but I felt no compunction whatever, for sending the letter, as I had done several others, in a private way — being under no pledge, or obligation not to do it, and suffering confinement against my will. Now, however, having chosen to say, "I will not send any more *letters* in this way," of course I shall be true to my word.

After this little excitement, I walked out to the hospitals, and visited the sick in several of the rooms, at No. 3 and, also, by request of Lieut. Alexander called into No. 1 to see a Mr. Taylor of Kentucky, with whom I conversed, and prayed, apparently much to his comfort. Though not a professor of religion, this young man has intimated his wish to become a Christian, and spoke of his morality and piety, as *a Mason.* He invited me to come and see him again.

Found Capt. Jackson sinking fast, and generally delirious, except when aroused. The subject of religion was the only matter upon which he showed any clearness of apprehension. I spoke to him, as to a dying man; and asked, if he were afraid to go? He said he was not, and that, through Jesus Christ, he had hope of Heaven. In reply to the inquiry: "What message shall be sent to your friends in Virginia?" "Tell them," he replied, with peculiar emphasis, "to put their trust in God their Maker." Before leaving the old man, I made a short prayer by his bedside—at the close of which, he responded, emphatically, *Amen!*

Found a very sick man from Alabama by the name of Brown, in one of the rooms. He seemed glad to have me talk and pray with him; and confessed himself to be a great sinner. Indeed, all with whom I conversed, received me, gladly, and listened with attention to every word of counsel. The change in the weather has given several of them a "back-

set;" and the scarcity of blankets has caused much suffering. This evil, I understand, will shortly be obviated by an issue of 10,000, which are to be distributed through the barracks, and hospitals.

R. Lloyd, one of our men who was removed to the hospital a day or two ago, was robbed last night, of all his money, and a lot of gutta percha rings made by himself, to take to his family as prison relics. I feel sorry for him, as he is a clever fellow, and has been a good soldier, even to the loss of his health, and voice. He has not been able, for many months, to speak above a whisper.

A musket, in the hands of the sentinel at the head of the stairway, went off by accident, this afternoon, sending a ball through the ceiling above; but, providentially doing no further damage. The noise attracted a crowd, but they soon retired.

During my ramble, to-day, met with young Dashiell, son of Geo. H. Dashiell, of Norfolk Co., Va. He has been sick, and being so differently clad from his usual habit, I could only decide, that I had seen him before; and did not recall him, fully, until after we had separated. We had some ten or fifteen minutes' conversation, in which I reminded him of the goodness of God, in sparing him through many dangers, and his obligation to devote his spared life to His service—to all of which he assented.

The usual services in the hall; and early to bed.

Sabbath, 30th.—A Confederate soldier was shot last night, by one of the "galvanized" sentinels. He was waiting his turn, at the rear, when the guard fired—the ball penetrating his skull, and killing him instantly. The guard justifies himself, on the plea that he thought the man was trying to make his escape. Two of the convicts, who *did* make such an attempt, were discovered, and brought back without injury to either.

Early this morning, we received news of the death of old Capt. Jackson. After breakfast, I walked down to the hospital, to see the body; and to learn what I could about his decease. He died in peace, at about 12 o'clock. I hope, and believe, he has gone to the "home of the blest." The corpse had, already, been removed to the dead-house; and I did not go to see it. Returning to my quarters, I gave notice, immediately, of a funeral sermon, at 10 o'clock. Every man was in attendance, at the hour appointed; and I endeavored to improve the event, in a discourse from Ps. xc. 3: *"Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, return ye children of men."* I hope it was not an unprofitable occasion. Perhaps, it was the first funeral sermon preached at Fort Delaware for a Confederate prisoner.

Just as I was closing the services, a sergeant came running hastily up stairs; and after the benediction, informed me, through Tibbets, that Gen. Schœpf wished to see me, at his office, without delay.

Now, thought I, surely the hour of my release has come! On entering the office, I found both it, and the adjoining room, filled with military men, most of them standing, and the whole party engaged in animated conversation.

My entrance was not noticed, at first; and I made my way directly to the Commandant, who seemed to be absorbed with his visitors.

"You wished to see me," I remarked — with difficulty catching his attention.

He was just replying, "I did not send for you" — when two officers approached, and were announced as Brig.-Gen. Tyler, and Col. Don Piatt — the latter holding in his hand a paper, which I instantly recognized as the document penned by myself several days ago, and sent to Gen. Schœpf, at his request.

"I have been requested by some of your friends," said Piatt, "to see you about this paper;" and without further introduction he continued hastily:

"There are three items, here proposed, as conditions for your release, based upon the idea of a Southern Republic, which is not admitted by my Government."[1]

"Why, Sir," he added, in a coarse and profane style, "you are all rebels, and ought to be hung, every one of you."

His object was, evidently, to brow-beat and frighten me, into measures; or perhaps to magnify himself, as I stood before him, a defenceless minister of the gospel — his confederates turning, for a moment, to hear his abuse, and acquiesce in his bravado.

"My position, Sir, as a prisoner," I replied briefly, "does not allow me, at this time, to debate so grave and important a question."

At this point the conversation turned; and Gen. Tyler advancing, I inquired —

"Can I not be sent South?"

"That is just what we intend to do with you," said the military governor —"we don't intend to keep you here, supported at the expense of the Government."

I was proceeding to ask, whether I should have the privilege of seeing my family before the order was executed, when the Colonel demanded:

"How came your family in Delaware?"

I replied that I had left Portsmouth on a pass, very kindly, and unconditionally given me, by Gen. Dix; and that my object was to bring my wife to see her mother, from whom she had been separated for five years — the mother and daughter both being in poor health. He treated my answer with contempt, sneered at the very idea, and uttering a damn, repeated:

"Yes, to see her mother,— to see her mother!"

"Then you are from Virginia," said Gen. Tyler. "That makes the matter worse; you may be here as a spy."

[1] See Appendix C, for letter to Capt. James M. Gilliss, U. S. N., which repeats the three conditions here referred to.

"Not at all," said I. "I came as a peaceable man; for the benefit of my family, and with no other motive;" and was proceeding to make a brief statement of my true *status*, when the General, and the Colonel, both "let loose" upon me, each encouraging the other; bullying, and dogging me in a manner which I regarded not only as undignified, and unkind, but wholly unbecoming the circumstances under which I appeared before them.

In reply to a remark, that my position was precisely that of hundreds of good citizens in Delaware, and elsewhere, who were undisturbed; and that I had neither said nor done more than they, Gen. Tyler remarked:

"I sent you here, on account of your position and influence. You are capable of doing more harm than others. You have shown disrespect to the flag that has protected you; and now you must take the consequences."

Gen. Schœpf, who had been silent during most of this conversation, now remarked:

"I told you, Doctor, that there was no way of being released, but by taking the oath."

"General," I replied, "you are aware that I am a Virginian; and I must stand or fall with my own State."

"Oh," he rejoined, "Virginia is fast tumbling to pieces. She must soon yield to her fate."

Something was said about my having sworn allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, with some other remark that I did not catch.

"I have never taken an oath of allegiance of any sort," I replied.

"Then you can take this oath," said the General; adding, (for what intent I know not, unless to help my conscience,) "Suppose I present a pistol at your head, and say I will kill you unless you take the oath, you would do it, I know."

I did not wish to enter into any argument; or to say one word calculated to make my condition worse, and simply replied:

"General, I am conscientious in the position which I take; and I wish to act as a Christian man, and in the fear of God."

The officers were now evidently getting tired of me. They had not succeeded in drawing me into an argument; nor had they extorted a single word of violence from my lips. I may have appeared to great disadvantage as I stood before them, hat in hand,—for I had not been invited to take a seat; and, perhaps they were gratified with their own fluency in abusive language—and especially the vulgar Colonel, with his rodomontade, and profanity.

The conduct of Gen. Schœpf was in striking contrast with that of Tyler, and Don Piatt. He was courteous, and I thought sympathetic, from the beginning. His tones were mild, and his address kind; and before leaving the room, I took occasion to hand him a copy of my published sermon on "*Our National Sins,*" as expressive of my views as a peace man. He received it with politeness; and folding it up, placed it in his breast-pocket. At this point, one of the officers proposed a walk on the parapet; so, bowing respectfully, I left them, and in a few minutes after, saw the three in close conversation, on the top of the Fort,—Gen. Schœpf gesturing with considerable animation.

Such was my Sabbath interview, with the men who hold me in prison, on the fortieth day of my confinement. What will be the result I know not; but, I cast myself on Him who careth for me; and who can "deliver me out of all my distresses."

Held our usual services in the hall, at 8 o'clock—my subject of discourse being *Conscience;* and the text, Prov. xx. 27; "*The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord, searching all the inward parts of the belly.*"

I ought to have mentioned that Capt. Rawley left us on Saturday afternoon, after taking the oath of allegiance. A friend who had been instrumental in obtaining his release, was in waiting at Delaware City. He went off rejoicing; and I

really felt glad for him, as he had been a prisoner for about six months, and had suffered greatly, by sickness, and close confinement. He has been treated with great injustice, in having been released at one time; and then, in a few days, returned to prison, after paying two hundred dollars for his short season of liberty. At Fort McHenry, he was put in a filthy stable, with over one hundred and fifty Yankee convicts — there being little or no light or air, and all manner of wickedness perpetrated by his wretched companions. During his sickness, which continued for some weeks, he had to give a man one dollar a night to watch him, and keep him from being trodden to death by the reckless crowd. As Capt. Rawley was the only professor of religion in our company, except myself, I shall miss him much. He is a good man, but I think erred in taking the oath.

A young man named Simmons, from Baltimore, was brought into our apartment, this afternoon, from the barracks, to be sent home, to-morrow. His father is said to be a Union man, and has made some arrangement with the Government, to redeem his son from the Confederate Army He appears to be decidedly with the South, and says he will not take the oath.

We were ordered to-night to extinguish our candles, at half-past nine o'clock.

Monday, 31*st*.—Spent some time, this morning, in writing, although it is difficult to fix the mind, under present circumstances. I have one or two very important letters, yet, to write; but it is so irksome to attempt anything requiring continuity of thought, or accuracy of expression, that I really dread the task, though there may be misunderstanding, or loss from the neglect.

Visited the hospitals, again, to-day. Found that Mr. Brown had been removed from the small room, which he has been occupying, and that he had been placed on the bedstead occupied by Capt. Jackson. He will, now, be more comfort-

able; but he is, still, in a miserable condition. The poor fellow, having no use of the natural passages, is passing his water and excrement through the mouth. He is deeply convicted of sin; and is anxious to find the Saviour. When I talked with him, on Saturday, he was unwilling to let me leave him; and begged that I would remain a little longer, to talk and pray with him. Of course I did so. In answer to the question—

"Do you feel yourself to be a sinner?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "the worst sort."

I left him, to-day, apparently in a better state both of mind and of body, though very low, and still unsatisfied. He has requested me, should he die, to write to his father a full account of his condition.

Visited Mr. Taylor, again, in one of the tent hospitals, and found him still feeble, with no clear apprehension of the plan of salvation; but acknowledging the importance of the subject, and desiring to know more about it.

In the same hospital, I found three men in a state of delirium; and each of them very differently affected. One poor fellow, as soon as I began to talk with him, deliberately arose from his bed, and exclaimed, "You are the very man I want to see." He then began to tell me something about a fracas in which he had been engaged; and said he, "I was hung the other day, and I want you to tell me whether I am dead or alive, for I don't know." He also imagined himself in a fire, and talked otherwise so strangely, that I pitied him exceedingly, and told him, that he was very sick, in a hospital, surrounded by friends, and physicians, who wished to take care of him. "Well, that is what I wanted to know," he said, and then laid down contentedly.

In moving around among the sufferers, I find enough to make the heart sick. Suffering of every sort, and so little means to afford help! The physicians have their hands full; and are, perhaps, doing the best they can. Some are unskilful; and others inattentive, or without due sense of responsi-

bility; but their position is arduous, and every allowance is to be made. I think one of the principal deficiencies is the want of stewards, and proper persons to mix and administer the medicines. Sometimes a sick man lies from one to three days, without being noticed by a doctor; and then after the medicine has been prescribed, it is given to the patient or not, according to the inclination, or memory of the attendants; and often the wrong medicine is administered, or in the wrong proportions, or at improper intervals. Old Dr. Arnott, the chief physician, seems to rely on giving the patient good nourishment, and generally so directs—often without feeling the pulse, or looking at the tongue; and under the circumstances, he may be right, for the sick man is no doubt often killed by the maladministration of the prescribed medicine.

Learned, at the hospital, that a petition was sent in to the General, yesterday, by the prisoners at the barracks, requesting that I be allowed to preach to them. What reply was given, I could not ascertain; but no order or permit was sent to me, affording so great a privilege. Nothing would give me greater pleasure, than to proclaim the Gospel to our noble Southern boys; and, especially, would I be pleased to hold forth the Word of God, to those who have heretofore sat under my ministry at Portsmouth—a number of whom are now on the Island. Was informed, that some of the Confederate prisoners made application for permission to come and hear me, yesterday, in the hall; but they were told, that they could hear a Federal Chaplain, in another place.

The Rev. Mr. Paddock, an Army Chaplain, called in to see me this afternoon, whilst I was out walking, and left a number of religious newspapers, and small books for distribution. I was glad to get the package, notwithstanding the war matter, and wrong teaching mixed up with many good articles, in the papers. For the sake of the good, I felt perfectly willing to risk the evil; as our company are generally capable of exercising a right judgment on the important ques-

tions at issue. I have, greatly, felt the need of good reading matter, since I have been here, not only for my own use, but for circulation among the prisoners. How glad would I be, to have a heavy box of books, from the depositories at Richmond, or Petersburg.

IV.

September.

Tuesday, 1*st.*—I have been suffering a good deal with headache, to-day; and have kept my bunk, most of the time. These attacks are occasioned partly by cold, and partly by the want of sleep. The mosquitoes, and bed-bugs are almost intolerable. Often I am tossing, to and fro, nearly all night, wishing for day; and then, only to be relieved by a change in the character of my distress.

Prison life is becoming very irksome; and I begin to realize its debasing influence upon the mind, as well as its ill effects upon the body. Continuous thought is almost impossible, except in regard to one's own trials, and the dreadful state of the country. I find it almost impossible to read the Bible with composure. Everything around is of a distracting nature; we are in the midst of noise and confusion, from morning until night; and even after we have gotten to bed, there are, always, a few noisy fellows who are swearing, disputing, or frolicking until almost midnight, and some until morning hours. It is the unanimous opinion, that a great change has taken place, in regard to these matters, since I came to the prison; but it is bad enough yet; and my heart sinks within me, when I notice the prevalence of sin around me.

"I JUST WANT TO PAT YOUR GOOD HEAD."

Visited the hospitals, as usual. Poor Brown is still very ill—but probably a little better. Quite as anxious, as ever, on the subject of religion; but expressing difficulty about fixing his mind. After a prayer, I was about leaving him, when he raised his lank and brawny arm to my head, and drew me down. I asked what he wanted to say. "Oh," said he, "I just want to pat your good head." I feel a deep interest in this man, and pray God to spare his life.

Had another interview with young Dashiell, who is now a convalescent at Hospital No. 1. Gave him a shirt, and pair of drawers, sent by Mrs. Rankin; and have also furnished him with some little articles from my own store. How glad would I be, could I go around and deal out delicacies to the sick, and talk and pray with those who are suffering. It is delightful, to find every one eager to hear the truth. There is certainly a religious influence pervading the minds of all our Southern soldiers, notwithstanding the irregularities that too generally prevail.

Wednesday, 2*d*.—Twenty-five convicts were brought to the Island, this morning—but from what point I do not know. Most of them are said to be deserters; and several are sentenced for five years — others for the war.

The water has been pumped out of the moat, just half way around the Fort, leaving the mud exposed, and causing a horrible stench, which I fear, at this season of the year, may bring on sickness, if the evil is not speedily removed. The design is, to wall up the banks—a work that will require months. Scores of prisoners, and soldiers have been availing themselves of the opportunity to catch the fish lying upon the mud, and floundering in the pools; and many a poor fellow has had a good mess of cat-fish and eels, to-day, whilst others have preferred to convert their game into cash, an article exceedingly scarce with most of our prisoners. They have certainly paid well for their booty, by wading in black, and filthy mud, up to their knees.

Wier, and Richards left the Fort, this afternoon, after taking the oath of allegiance; as all who have been released, since I have been here, have been obliged to do. They are both Delawareans, very genteel young men, of strong Southern proclivities, and have left with the good wishes of all the company. Wier has promised to visit my wife, and post her as to my doings in prison.

Wrote to my daughter Virginia, and put the letter in the hands of the proper officer to be sent by flag of truce to Richmond. Requested her to see certain gentlemen, and have them make an effort for my exchange, with any other minister of the Gospel (if such can be found), in confinement at the South. Shall greatly rejoice, if such an exchange can be effected.

A Mr. Alexander, from Lexington, Virginia, was brought in from the barracks, to-day, charged with being a Major. He is a very sensible and intelligent man.

The papers give us good news from our Confederate Navy — the Vanderbilt sunk; two gunboats captured on the Rappahannock; the steamer Louisiana taken on the Chesapeake Bay; and the Currituck, a large transport, has fallen into Southern hands. Well done for the navy! Hope it is but the beginning of better things.

In the hall, to-night, tried to make a suitable improvement of those words of Hezekiah, *"Oh, Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me!"* A quiet and impressive time.

Thursday, 3d.—Spent the forenoon in writing, and in conversation, with Mr. Alexander, whom I find to be a very clever fellow, and a nephew of my old preceptor, Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Princeton. He is a member of the First Virginia Cavalry, has seen a good deal of service, and has some fine anecdotes of the war. He was captured with a wagon-train in Pennsylvania, and has been a prisoner in Fort Delaware about two months. He is not an officer, as alleged, and insisted upon by the authorities here, who have not yet learned how

an intelligent man and a gentleman can occupy the position of a private.

Mr. Alexander informs me, that his intimate friend at the barracks, is William Pitts, of Berlin, Maryland,—brother to Mrs. Mackey, wife of the Rev. Wm. D. Mackey, of Snow Hill. Jack Pitts has been a prisoner here, but got off with the sick, who were sent to Richmond some weeks ago.

Having received from my wife a basket of corn, potatoes, tomatoes, a fine piece of lamb and other good things, I concluded to give an entertainment; and accordingly invited some six or seven persons, to dine with me. These, together with our regular mess, made up quite a company. My object was to give some of my neighbors, who have had very little opportunity for comforts, at least one good dinner. Tibbets had everything in fine order, and all regarded it as a splendid affair. It really did me good, to see how my companions enjoyed the meal. Alexander, who was one of the party, gave us an account of the destitution at the barracks. He says the men are hungry, from morning until night, and are actually starving by slow degrees; that the one cracker, and morsel of meat which they get, twice a day, with a little coffee, and soup, are not enough for the sustenance of hearty men; and that the cooking is so hard, that the delicate ones can scarcely swallow the food at all. The coffee, and soup have, generally, been made—until recently—from the water in a ditch, which has served as a receptacle for all manner of filth—even to the washings of the vessels used by the sick.

Found Mr. Paddock at the hospital, this morning, distributing peaches. It was affecting to witness the eagerness, with which the poor fellows received their one peach apiece. The truth is, they are suffering for nourishment, and for such delicacies as suit the palates of sick men. I believe, that scores have died for the want of proper food. The young man from St. Mary's county, Maryland, is very low. He is a Roman Catholic, expresses strong confidence in Christ, and seems ready to die. Brown seems to be a little better.

After leaving the hospitals, and whilst seated in the shade near by, I noticed two young men, gathering water-melon and cantelope rinds, which had been thrown away by some one who had been enjoying the fruit, a moment before. They looked sick and feeble; and I inquired what they were going to do with the rinds, charging them at the same time not to eat them, as they were carefully trimming them and paring off the outer skin. They replied, that they were going to pickle them, as the best thing they could do, in their present necessities. Oh, how I pitied the sufferers, and wished that I were able to help them to a little fruit, or a few vegetables. This was the first time I had ever witnessed such a craving for succulents.

Five prisoners — a chaplain, surgeon, lieutenant, and three privates, arrived to-day, and were assigned to quarters. The first two joined the surgeons in their tents, outside the Fort, the lieutenant coming in with us, and the privates being sent to the barracks.

Capt. Ball has been quite indisposed, for several days. To-day he is quite sick, and has had to send for Dr. Forrest, one of the Confederate surgeons, who has prescribed for him. He is very nervous, and seems to be completely worn out by long confinement. He has resolved to take the oath, although he revolts at the very idea. Our services were delayed until quite late, in consequ nce of his illness. Parker, Wightman, and Welsh are all complaining.

Two men, privates in the Purnell Legion, were poisoned last night, by some mistake in the administration of medicine — an ointment having been taken internally. One corpse was carried to the boat, this morning, and the other this afternoon — both in military style; these being the first funerals of the kind that have taken place since I have been on the Island.

Friday, 4th.—Another letter from my wife, affording comfort in my imprisonment, which perhaps she cannot appreciate.

What a blessing that I am not denied this privilege; and how much have I to be thankful for, in the improved health of the various members of my family. Bless the Lord, oh my soul!

Made my usual visits to the hospitals; found some improving, and others worse, as to their bodily health; and all gratified to have religious advice and prayer. It is really astonishing, to observe how readily accessible is every man, without exception. Testaments and good books are lying about the beds, and all who are able, love to read them. The poor man, from Maryland, whom I saw brought in a few days ago, is very ill, but seems to be trusting in Christ.

The sick men in the tent hospitals were removed, to-day, from the southwestern part of the Island, to new and comfortable quarters near the old barracks. I hope the change may be for the better. There is still a great scarcity of medicine, which should certainly be remedied as soon as possible.

While walking around, this evening, a little after 6 o'clock, a sentinel approached me, with a message from the Provost-Marshal, stating that an order had been issued, directing all convicts and prisoners to be in their quarters at six. I told him that I had a special pass from Gen. Schœpf, allowing me to walk until 8 o'clock; but he refused to look at it; and though I insisted, he was satisfied with the delivery of the message of the Provost, and left me whilst I was urging him to inform that officer of the character of my pass.

The Purnell Legion are quartered in the new barracks, immediately opposite our window. They are a jolly set, and are occupied every evening, until bed-time, in fiddling, dancing, singing, and other amusements. Sometimes, it seems as though they would tear down the very building above them.

Spoke, to-night, on the subject of personal afflictions; and urged the company to look for help, to a source that is higher than man.

Saturday, 5th.— Made the acquaintance of the Chaplain,

who came to the Island day before yesterday, and find him to be quite a pleasant man. His name is Frierson, and hails from Mississippi. Have invited him to preach for me to-morrow morning; and he has consented to do so, if the way be clear. Mr. Hand, the lieutenant who came with the Chaplain, is a very genteel young man, sensible and modest. He has been suffering, since the battle of Gettysburg, with a severe wound between the shoulders.

The Marylander at Hospital No. 3, died this morning, a few moments after I left his bedside. In reply to an inquiry, he tried to give me a message for his friends; but I failed to understand his words. His confidence appeared to be unshaken to the end; and he expressed perfect willingness to die. Perhaps this testimony, which may be all that his friends will ever get, will reach them, and afford some comfort. I think his name was Grey. He deferred coming to the hospital, entirely too long.

Wrote several letters to my wife, and to friends in Delaware.

Sabbath, 6th.—According to promise, Mr. Frierson came up this morning, and preached in the Hall, in my place. He addressed us, on the subject of afflictions, in a short and interesting sermon; after which I made a few remarks. Was pleased to give my little congregation some variety, as I have now been preaching, and exhorting, for about forty-seven days.

At night, I preached from II. Cor. v. 3: "*We walk by faith and not by sight.*" God gave me special assistance, and the attention was profound. I believe an impression was made which will not soon be effaced. Oh, how glad would I be, to see some present result, in the conversion of souls. My heart yearns toward the impenitent; and I long to be instrumental in some great good, during my imprisonment.

This has, probably, been the most quiet Sabbath we have had, since I have been in prison. There has been very little

work going on, out of doors; and the prisoners have been unusually still. Services have been held in different places around us, but at what points, and by whom, I have not been able to learn.

Monday, 7th.—Had a conversation with Mr. Frierson, about alternating with him in our services in the Hall. Found him ready to take hold, if no impediments were thrown in the way. He went immediately to see Gen. Schœpf, in order to arrange this matter, and to obtain permission to visit the barracks. The last subject was first brought to the notice of the General, and meeting with a very positive refusal, the other was instantly dropped. Throwing up his hand, and snapping his finger and thumb repeatedly together, said the General: "I can't let you go to the barracks, Sir. You don't love your country. You can have a certificate to go to the hospitals; but you can't go to the barracks." The interview was so unpleasant that the Chaplain retired without further words.

Visited Hospital No. 3, and found poor Brown just breathing his last. Endeavored to arouse him, and to ascertain what were his hopes; but it was too late. The case of this man has greatly interested me, and I had hoped, that he might live, and become a useful Christian. God has seen fit to order it otherwise. In the hands of a righteous God, I trust he has passed safely into the eternal world. When I asked him, a few days ago, if he could put his trust in Christ, he replied, "If I can't trust Him, who can I trust?" I intend to write to his father, according to his request.

The few persons who still remained at the old hospitals were removed, at about noon, to the new buildings at the other end of the Island. Some of them are very low; and others still feeble, and not out of danger. The poor fellows are, all, suffering for something to eat, the food furnished at the hospitals being utterly repulsive. They get arrow-root,

and corn-starch; but these are improperly prepared; and they frequently lie for hours, or days, longing for something they cannot get. I chipped up some dried beef, a few days ago, and took it around for distribution, greatly to the delight of nearly every man in the rooms. It is thought numbers die for want of proper nourishment. One poor fellow, who had gotten a good deal better, in his anxiety for some change, bought a lot of wild purslain, and boiled it up for greens, which produced a relapse, and killed him very soon. He died yesterday morning.

Mr. Belt, who has been staying at the hospital for some five or six weeks, came back yesterday. He left our room an invalid, but has been well for some time, and has with a very benevolent spirit, been devoting himself to the care of the sick. He is a Christian man, and a member of the Episcopal Church, who suffers his light to shine, and by a daily example, is doing good.

A Mr. Thomas, of Florida, and Lieut. Lee, of Arkansas, were brought in to-day, as officers, to be sent with others, after a while, to Johnson's Island.

Tuesday, 8th.—Capt. Ball, who has been sick for several days, is now much better, seems more cheerful, and is anxiously waiting a release. He, and I, are the only persons on our floor who have "paroles of the Island." We find this privilege not only agreeable to ourselves, but very useful to those about us; as we are delegated to do all the purchases, at the sutler's. We, thus, save the company a considerable per centage, which has, heretofore, been paid to a Yankee convict, who has frequently not scrupled to take advantage of his employers. This sutler shop, by the way, is a convenience as well as a great nuisance. The establishment furnishes many articles of necessity and comfort, which we cannot obtain elsewhere on the Island; but the charges are exorbitant, and there is no spirit of accommodation, whatever. I have pitied

the poor prisoners, who are gruffly spoken to, allowed no choice in the purchase of articles, and ordered off as soon as the supply is obtained. Competition would set matters to rights, but a monopoly seems to be encouraged, and a fortune is being made by one—or *more*.

Saw Gen. Schœpf go into the back door of the sutler's establishment, this morning, and occasionally see him enter the lager beer saloon. He is said to be very fond of lager, and hereby a reason may be afforded for the variableness of his temper. I make no charges, however, as I have had no personal observation of his habits.

Had an interesting conversation with Capt. J. B. Alexander, Porter, and others, on the subject of death, the immortality of the soul, and future punishment,—having been appealed to as umpire in a discussion among these gentlemen. They heard my views with respect and attention, and I think an opportunity was afforded for considerable impression. God bless the result!

Saw two convicts chained together, as a punishment for attempting an escape. They are the same, who were referred to in another part of this journal. The punishment is cruel—both hands of each being confined, and the inconvenience and pain very great. Other punishments equally barbarous, are frequently inflicted. The ball and chain is an object of common observation—numbers of the poor fellows are going to, and fro, all the time, with this annoying weight appended to their heels, and not unfrequently carrying other burdens in addition. The noise of the balls is heard every hour, in the apartment below, ever reminding us that we are prisoners, and that they who treat their own thus, can have no scruples upon the slightest pretext, to deal with vengeance upon their enemies. I am glad to find, that one of the severe punishments, formerly in vogue, has now been abolished. Until recently, it was customary, to put the refractory convict astride a cannon, on the parapet, with his hands tied behind, and

his legs fastened underneath, leaving him for hours, to punish in the hot sun. A man who was thus tortured, before I came to the Island, f ll back in agony, and was taken up for dead. This catastrophe put a stop to the business.

Some of the young men had quite a frolic this morning, with Uncle Jimmy (J—— W——), which had liked to have resulted seriously. There is something about this worthy, but somewhat eccentric person, which invites to practical joking. The boys were just in the humor for sport; and worried the "old gentleman," exceedingly. He could stand it no longer, and rushed upon the ring-leaders, with desperate intent. But his good nature soon took its accustomed place in the ascendant, and they fortunately escaped; but they have now reached the *ne plus ultra*, and had better let him alone for the future.

We received news, to-day, of the Federal occupation of Knoxville, and of the negotiation of Commissioners at City Point, in relation to an exchange of prisoners.

Wednesday, 9th.—Quite an excitement prevails on our floor, and among the surgeons, in relation to the probability of an early exchange of prisoners—Mr. Lincoln having announced that the late cartel shall not be interrupted by the indisposition of the Southern Government to enter upon an indiscriminate exchange for negro captives. It is astonishing to notice, how the feelings of all around are influenced by the slightest reports in regard to this subject. Sometimes there are the highest hopes, and again all are in despair. We are shut out from all reliable intelligence, and can have no means of ascertaining the purposes of the Richmond Government; but there is a prevailing impression, among the political prisoners, that they are neglected. Some, who have been lying in prison six months or more, seem to be completely worn out, and cannot understand, why, after the sacrifices made at home, and since their confinement, not one cheering word reaches them from the South. For myself. I think that there is some

impediment, which from our standpoint, it is impossible for us to see, and that the Government is not without interest, but unable to do what it would. Certainly those who have spoken, and labored for the cause, subjecting themselves to the hate and abuse of the Federal Government, though they may never have moved in the ranks, are yet entitled to as much sympathy as those who have exposed themselves on the field of battle.

I find that our religious services are continuing to effect important changes for good. Several young men, who have been hard swearers, have resolved to give up the practice; and, for a number of days, they have adhered to their purpose. The card-playing is also nearly broken up, and I have strong hopes, that it will be entirely abolished. My views on the subject were solicited in No. 2, a few days ago; and the matter was examined with earnestness and interest. An impression was evidently made, and the effect continues. It is gratifying, also, to find, that some two or three backsliders are being reclaimed. A man in No. 4, heretofore a hard case, has recently come to himself, and has taken hold with zeal, in the work of reclaiming others. He has made open acknowledgment of his late defections; and says, God helping him, he intends to do his duty in future. He once maintained such a vindictive spirit, that he had resolved upon taking the lives of two men who had injured him. He now regards his imprisonment as a means intended by the Almighty, for good; and his chief desire for release is, that he may give pleasure to his family, in his great reformation. He says all he desires for the future is to get home, go to farming, attend closely to his own business, harming no man, and living in the fear of God.

The ring business has received a new impetus, on our floor. An astonishing number of persons are engaged in this work, either merely to have something to do, or to make, with their own hands, some little memorial of prison life, to be presented to friends and kindred. Our principal adepts in this business

are Lucas, Robert Lloyd, Atwood, J. B. Alexander, and Shreve. Some of their specimens are truly beautiful, and will be highly valued by those who hold them. Mr. Belt, who is quite a mechanical genius, amuses himself in preparing models of plows, cultivators, and other agricultural implements — some of which will, by-and-bye, be patented by our Confederate Government, teaching the world that some things can be done at the South as well as at the North. He has a model for a cultivator, with two shovels for turning the earth, first from the corn, and then back again, which must supply a very important need, and come into general use.

A novel sight was presented, this afternoon, in the case of a young man by the name of Antony Joseph, who was paraded through the Fort yard, and around the barracks, with a barrel over his head, and a placard in front, with the inscription: "*A thief who steals sugar from the sick.*" The fellow, who is from Alabama, had been a ward-master at one of the hospitals, and is the same who stole the money and rings from old Captain Jackson, and Robert Lloyd. The punishment, though very degrading, was perhaps not more than he deserved; as he is an old offender, and has been guilty of almost every variety of meanness. It is said, that he took liquor prescribed for the dying, and administered laudanum to put to sleep various persons whom he wished to rob. It was an odd sight, to see him marching along, barefooted, preceded by a drummer, and followed by a soldier with a musket. I hope the effect will be salutary upon others.

Have been suffering all day, with violent pains in my neck and shoulders, resulting from cold, occasioned by sleeping with my bed under a draft from the window. We are obliged to submit to various inconveniences, arising from the variety of notions and habits — that which suits one, being altogether unsuitable or displeasing to others. I have always tried, as far as possible, to yield my own convenience, and comfort, to those around me.

Thursday, 10th.—Took an early morning walk; and found twelve dead bodies being carried to the boat, for interment, on the Jersey shore, where the Government has purchased, and laid off, about two acres as a cemetery.[1] Rev. Messrs. Paddock, and Way were in conversation, on the bridge, over the moat, on the northeastern side of the Fort. As the ambulance came along, I inquired whether there would be any objection to my attending the service. They thought not; and the Provost-Marshal coming along, gave full permission. So, in company with Mr. Frierson, I walked on — the four ministers going on the boat. There were but few persons to witness the service; and perhaps no one on the boat knew anything about the poor fellows who had died so far from home and friends. The service, as conducted by the Federal chaplains, was very short, and the boat moved off as soon as it was closed. After it was all over, eight or ten Confederates came along, expecting to be present, and regretting their disappointment. I was glad to have this opportunity; but felt sad, as I gazed upon the rough, ill-made coffins, and witnessed the coolness, and indifference manifested in the whole scene.

The two chaplains were polite, less reserved than heretofore, and seemed disposed to have Mr. Frierson and myself join them in their work, at the hospitals, and barracks. Nothing would gratify me more, I assured them, than to spend all my time, in laboring upon the wide and rich field before us. Mr. Paddock said, he would speak to the General about it; and I have some hope of extending my usefulness among the hundreds, who would gladly hail me, as a minister of Jesus Christ.

A Mrs. Smith, formerly, I think, of Washington, who has lately visited the Island, had a very plain talk with Gen. Schœpf, and expressed great surprise that he, a Hungarian,

[1] More than *one thousand prisoners* had been buried on the Jersey shore prior to July 11th, 1863. See letter of Rev. W. H. Paddock, Chaplain U. S. A., to Hon. Geo. H. Stuart, in the Second Annual Report of the U. S. Christian Commission.

should have taken sides with the North in this great controversy. The General, who is always polite to the ladies, is said to have taken it admirably, and remarked, that he had hoped the war would end without the subjugation of the South; but that recent developments indicated that such would not be the case,—yet he believed that Charleston would never be taken.

A feeling of gloom seems to pervade our company, caused by the news of the taking of Knoxville, and Chattanooga, and in consequence of other late disasters to the Confederate arms. These reports may prove untrue, or should be taken with great allowance. My hope is in God! He will do that which is right, and for the best; His name shall be glorified!

Received two large baskets from Delaware City, and got two men, with a guard, to go with me to the wharf, and bring them to the Fort. Found many things for a good supper, and invited several friends to come and partake with me. We had two small tables — Thomas and Alexander sitting with us at the first, and Welsh and Alkire at the second.

The singing last night, and to-night, was greatly improved, in consequence of an hour's practice, before prayers. To-night, the good old hymn of Cowper, "Oh for a closer walk with God!" was sung with great zest.

Friday, 11*th*.—Counted twelve coffins on the wharf, each enclosing a dead body to be taken to Jersey for burial. Three or four persons are generally put into one grave, and although cards are tacked upon each coffin, designating the individual, sometimes they are rubbed off; and I am told, that they are very careless about trying to discover the names of the deceased.

The Confederate surgeons, who have heretofore been occupying tents, have now moved into a small frame building, which has been hitherto used as a hospital. Having been fitted up with bunks, and yellow-washed, it affords a much more comfortable shelter than the surgeons have hitherto enjoyed. They desired to have a partition in the building, and were

proceeding to have it erected, when Gen. Schœpf discovering the plan, vetoed it at once; scolded severely, and threatened to have the man who dared propose it, sent to the barracks. Strange, that he should have been excited about so small a matter, the design being simply to have a private apartment, for the convenience of such as do not wish to be disturbed by the noise or disagreeable habits of those of a different temperament from themselves. On taking possession of the house, several wild fellows imbibed freely, and thus had what they profanely called a "christening."

Had a conversation with Mr. Frierson, about the propriety of commencing some religious service without delay, in his new quarters. He is trying to make arrangements to do so; but has some impediments, which I hope he will be enabled to overcome. He has ascertained, that several of the physicians are pious men, and has this to encourage him.

Met with one of the galvanized men, under circumstances that gave me an opportunity of learning something definite, in regard to the views and feelings of these poor fellows, who seem to be shunned alike by "Yankees" and "Rebels." He took the oath, he said, to get out of the war; and because his own section (North Alabama), was in possession of the Federals. He had found himself mistaken, however, in relation to the prospect of relief; and was in no better condition than before. His feelings were as true to the South, as ever; and so, too, with two-thirds of his comrades—many of whom, after they had done the act (taken the oath), sat down, and cried over their folly.

Got a box of second-hand clothing, from Mr. Bright, of Wilmington. I distributed its contents, to such of our fellow-prisoners as were in need. Many of our number were brought here, with just such clothes as they happened to wear at the time of their arrest; and as some have been confined from three to six months, they are, now, sadly in want. Was glad to find a good lot of tracts at the bottom of the box, most

of them bearing the imprint of the Presbyterian Board of Publication.

J. B. Alexander took his departure this afternoon, having been released through the influence of a relative in Washington, who brought an order from Lincoln himself. One of the clerks, who saw the autograph, says it was a perfect curiosity as to penmanship and general appearance. It was written on a scrap of paper, in schoolboy style, and covered with blots. It was genuine, however, and was respected accordingly, by delivery of the young man to his uncle, as soon as he had taken the oath. This is not the first time he has done the same thing; and he will, no doubt, be in the army again before long. Cooper, also, left us to-day, after taking the oath.

Saturday, 12th.—Fourteen coffins, lying on the wharf this morning, exhibited the mortality of yesterday.

Henry W. Long, a citizen of Sussex county, Delaware, and a resident of Baltimore Hundred (where I used to preach years ago), was brought into our apartment, and took up his quarters in No. 4, with Griffith and Lovett. He says, Delaware is all right for the South, if she could only be allowed an untrammelled, and honest expression; but there is no liberty; and every man is afraid to speak loud enough, to be heard by his nearest neighbor. He thinks the Home Guards, lately dismissed from this place, have gone home, "all right," and that they will vote right, when an opportunity is afforded.

Had a conversation with three young men, who have been detailed to bury the dead. One of them, named Scott, from Mississippi—a member of Bankhead's Brigade—handed me an envelope from Miss Julia Jefferson, upon which she had written my name, when visiting the cemetery in Jersey, and stated that she wished me to furnish him with certain articles of clothing, when she next sent a box. This young lady is a true friend of the South, and will be remembered with grati-

tude by scores of our brave Confederates, who are now suffering imprisonment.

Scott says that the average of burials is about twelve, a day. He also states, that the sickness is occasioned, in great measure, by the imprudence of the men themselves. In their eagerness for change of diet, they are continually catching catfish, that feed about the sinks; and with these fish, they make half-cooked messes and gorge themselves to excess. The boiled meat, furnished by the Yankees, is also very bad for the bowels. All this, with change of weather and scarcity of clothing, and blankets, has greatly aggravated the tendency to disease.

Capt. M——, of the Purnell Legion, who, some days ago, insulted a lady who had been visiting a relative, in prison, has been arrested; and is held for trial by court-martial, having been offered his choice, as to the trial or an immediate resignation of his commission. Shame to this Maryland man!

An article has appeared, in the Washington *Star*, stating that two unconditional Union men, Wm. Williams and Robt. Hollingsworth, of Loudoun county, Virginia, have been arrested by Col.. Elisha White, and forwarded to Richmond, where they will be held as hostages for my room-mates, Capt. H. A. Ball, and Mr. A. C. Belt, of the same county. This arrangement suits the feelings of Messrs. Belt and Ball very well, if it leads to a fair exchange; but they are somewhat apprehensive, that it may cause the cords to be drawn a good deal tighter, and perhaps, result in a longer imprisonment. They are, nevertheless, much gratified to find that they are not forgotten, and appear to be more cheerful, and hopeful.

The corner-stone of an Episcopal Church was laid on the Island, this afternoon, with considerable pomp and parade. All the military were in attendance, together with numbers of stragglers, and several ladies. The services were conducted by Bishop Lee; assisted by the Chaplains attached to the

Fort. I was not present at the ceremony, as I supposed the military were simply moving out for a review; but I am told, by Mr. Frierson, that the address was very good, and the services interesting. The stone was laid in the usual manner, with deposits of a Bible, newspapers, coins, &c. Do not know, why it should have been an Episcopal Church; as it is intended, I suppose, for the use of men coming from all denominations, and the Chaplains must represent various churches.

My friend, Dr. Fromberger, informs me, that he is now required to spend his nights on the Island. His duties are arduous; but he is conscientious, and has the confidence of the hundreds of poor sufferers under his charge.

Sabbath, 13th.—I endeavored to vary the character of my sermons, this morning; and preached on the subject of *Mysteries*, from John v. 3, "*How can these things be?*" Heretofore, I have been as practical as possible, and tried to confine myself to the fundamental truths of religion, using especially those considerations which have been best calculated to bring to conviction, repentance, and to Christ. To-day, my object was to remove the scepticism of some, who are stumbling over difficulties. Preached nearly an hour, with comfort to myself, and I trust with profit to the congregation—having an interruption of about ten minutes, towards the last, caused by the clanking, and rolling of the irons attached to the convicts, who were coming into dinner.

At night, preached from Job xxi. 7, "*Why do the wicked live?*" Was again disturbed, by the noise below stairs, which is frequently an intolerable nuisance; but we dare not say anything, lest it should be made worse.

Most of our company took the usual walk. I did not go out; but tried to occupy the recess between services in reading. Had considerable difficulty, however, on account of the loud talking, and newspaper reading, which were constantly going

on. But I have no reason to complain, as I am told the Sabbath behavior is wonderfully improved, since my coming to the Fort. The card-playing is now wholly given up, for the day; there is no audible swearing; and the general deportment is good.

Am glad to hear, that the inmates of No. 3 continue their good resolution, in regard to the observance of the Third Commandment. They have formed themselves into a sort of society, for the suppression of the vice of swearing; and have bound themselves, by a penalty, to lose one ration on each offence.

Tibbets, who has been doing a good service as sexton, now finds a valuable assistant in Mr. Belt, who is always trying to be useful. Our friend B. has also initiated a singing-class, and considerable interest has been awakened on the subject of church music. Several of the young men have been practising with zest, and we are likely to have a much better time in future, in this interesting department of worship.

Monday, 14*th*.—The mosquitoes, and bed-bugs are still very annoying. Had another troublesome night, and arose this morning, with reluctance.

Noticed twelve coffins on the wharf, to be sent to Jersey; but am told, that the number of deaths, yesterday, was sixteen — four bodies having been retained for want of coffins.

Whilst talking, this morning, with a poor bare-footed "Rebel," the Provost-Marshal noticed the conversation, and approaching the spot where we stood, asked the young man if he were not a prisoner of war, and ordered him away immediately. He made no remark to myself; but I have reason to believe, that he kept a close eye upon me, and that he probably regards me as a mischievous person. In this instance, I was talking to the poor fellow about getting him some clothes. He had asked me, if I could not get him a pair of shoes; and stated that he had no clothing, but what he wore at the time—

his pants being a pair of cast-off Yankee blue, and his other garments scanty, and much worn. Would that it were in my power, to furnish these noble fellows, with such things as they need. They have much to discourage them, but are generally standing firm, and seem willing to do, or suffer, anything for their beloved South. It gives me great pleasure, whenever I can get a chance, to furnish them with whatever good news I have picked up, and to cheer, and comfort them, all I can. In the barracks, they are completely shut out from all sources of information—the policy of the Government evidently being to make their condition as degrading, and as disagreeable, as it can well be, and yet the name of humanity and civilization be retained.

A vessel-load of corn was rolled into the Fort yard, this afternoon, by the "rebs." Every now and then, a barrel-head would burst out, affording the men an opportunity to fill their handkerchiefs, or pockets, which they did with avidity. This arrival, doubtless, creates great joy; as the prisoners are sick of hard crackers, and have been longing for the ash-cakes and Indian pones of the South. At the hospitals, especially, I have seen the sick, wishing anxiously for corn-bread — a comforting memorial of "home, sweet home."

More "fresh fish," this afternoon, and a good haul from that inexhaustible source — the barracks. The names of three young men thus promoted are R. D. Green, —— Russell, and —— Inman, all charged with being Lieutenants.

Mr. Frierson tells me, that he has been unable to make the desired arrangements for religious services among the surgeons. Most of them would, probably, take great pleasure in having some regular means of grace; but others are not only perfectly careless, but opposed to everything of the kind. The attempt to have preaching, on yesterday, was entirely frustrated, by certain sportsmen, who spread out a table, and commenced their usual routine of cards. These same fellows have been "spreeing it," very freely, to-day; and two of them have dis-

graced themselves in a fight. Gen. Schœpf, having been notified of their excesses, has revoked a permission he had granted, to provide themselves with one gallon of lager beer per day; and now, perhaps, they will behave themselves better. Strange, that educated young men should disgrace themselves in this style.

Three of our Confederates were shamefully bayonetted, yesterday, by an ill-natured sentinel, simply because they pressed rather hard, in passing to dinner, or at some other necessary call. The men had done nothing more than usual; and the thrust, each time, was unknown to those behind. One of them is said to have been very badly hurt.

Received letters from two of my children — Gertrude, and Moses — who are both greatly troubled on account of my imprisonment.

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Tuesday, 15*th*—Visited the wharf, to get the report of yesterday's deaths among the prisoners of war. Found *eighteen* coffins, ready to be sent to the Jersey shore; and, in the distance, saw Chaplain Way reading the funeral service. Had an interview with one of the hospital stewards, who was on his way to the office, with his daily report; and found, that the true number of deaths yesterday was fifteen — three of the coffins at the wharf containing the bodies of men who had died the day before. Two deaths were from small-pox.

Had the pleasure of receiving two large baskets of vegetables from my wife, and a box of clothing from Miss Julia Jefferson. The latter was intended for the use of our young men from Portsmouth—some of whom are in great need. Saw Capt. Ahl, about my going to the barracks to distribute the articles. He said, that it would be necessary for him to consult with Gen. Schœpf, before making a reply.

Several more officers, (whose names I did not hear,) came in from the barracks. Quite a stir among the prisoners, on

account of the prospect of several of our number, leaving for Johnson's Island, in the morning.

The attendance at prayers, to-night, was so large that we had some difficulty in seating the congregation. Extended the services; and tried to adapt my remarks to the expected separation of to-morrow. The meeting was solemn, and was closed with the doxology, and a benediction.

Wednesday, 16th.— Eleven officers left us, this morning, for Johnson's Island, in charge of Capt. Ahl, accompanied by a guard of four men. We regretted, exceedingly, to part with this large detachment from our number, and especially with such men as Thomas, Price, Lee, and Hand,— all of them worthy fellows. Thomas is from Florida, and is an intimate friend of Capt. J. T. Bernard, son of my excellent friend and brother, Rev. O. Bernard, of Portsmouth. He regretted to leave, having some hope of being sent to South America, as he is physically unable to do anything more in the service. He was hoping, also, to have the return of a valuable watch and chain, which were taken from him by an officer in charge, when he came to the Fort. Price is a Mississippian, of excellent habits, and a first-rate Southern man. After he had joined the army, his mother commended him to God, and said: "Thomas! I had rather, far, that you should die an honorable death, on the battle-field, than be lounging about home, doing nothing." Lee, and Hand are, both, amiable, and genteel young men; the first from Arkansas, and the other from North Carolina. Hand was severely wounded at Gettysburg, whilst occupying a peculiar position in repeating orders.

Witnessed a horrible spectacle at Wharf No. 3, which I visited to count the coffins ready for interment — a drowned man swollen to a most unnatural size, and with both eyes and his lips entirely destroyed by fish and crabs. Blood appeared about the neck; and the hands, which were thrown up, were bleached to snowy whiteness. One hundred and thirty-five

dollars and thirty cents were found in his pockets; but nothing could be found identifying his person. He was dressed in blue, and was supposed to have been a Federal soldier. As I gazed upon this loathsome object, involuntarily rose to my lips the exclamation, *What is man?* Nine coffins on the wharf.

Capt. Ahl having given me no reply, in regard to the distribution of the clothing, I applied to the General, who requested me, to furnish him with a list of the names, promising to send for the men. On handing him the list, he asked me to select two of the most reliable, and sent a sergeant to bring them up. Availing myself of the opportunity, I gave the names of Robert T. Daughtrey, and Arthur W. Harvey, and soon had the pleasure of seeing these young men in my room. I prevailed upon them to stay, and take dinner with me—and being pretty well supplied, in my larder, at this time, gave them some extras, which they seemed to enjoy. Had several hours' conversation with them; told them whatever I thought would interest them about home; and sent them back to the barracks, with a box full of clothing for their needy companions—besides various articles in the way of vegetables, cakes, &c., for themselves What a pleasure it is to help these home-folks, not only as the almoner of others, but from my own little store.

A young man, named Williams, came in from the barracks, just too late to be sent to Johnson's Island. He is a Lieutenant; has been in fifteen battles; and has been wounded three times in the same leg. His father, who is a tobacco planter, in Warren county, is not yet informed of his whereabouts. He has been endeavoring to hide his grade, and was afraid of being betrayed by correspondence. Two of his brothers have fallen in battle. A mulatto man, for whom his father gave $1,900, is going at large, on the Island, far better dressed than his young master, and is, no doubt, making money. The servant, who is a good blacksmith, says he is determined to get back home, as soon as he can, and that he

will never again desert the South. I have, frequently, seen this darkey, and have been attracted by his fine appearance.

Walked out with Mr. Frierson, and spent a half hour or more, in conversation, under the trees, near the residence of the General, and in full view of the new hospital. Returning, took a survey of the site of the new church, which is likely to go up with considerable rapidity. Most of the laborers employed are convicts, and I counted five who carried the ball and chain.

Found Chaplain Paddock, on the wharf, just leaving for Philadelphia, to see his son, who has been severely wounded by the cut of an axe. He tells me that after great effort upon the part of the father and many political friends, this son has secured an appointment in the Naval School, which he will, probably, lose if he is not well enough to report by a certain day, not far distant. What a difference in tastes! May no son of mine ever enter the army, or navy, as a business for life—especially since the lesson of the present war! Mr. P. is a good man, and is questioning whether the providences of God may not be interfering to shut out his son from the purpose in which he is so much interested.

No. 2, having been entirely vacated, by the egress of the officers, the inmates of No. 7 (Daniels, Alexander, Porter, and Lucas), immediately left their old quarters, and took possession. They have greatly improved the room, by tearing away all the bunks on one side, still leaving berths for twelve persons. Alkire, and Jones have left their friends in No. 5, and seem more comfortable in No. 7.

A person having hinted to me that some of our company would prefer the services to be confined to three evenings, instead of every evening in the week, I thought it best to test the matter, and instead of an exhortation, at worship, talked to the company on this subject. Stated that I wished to do whatever was preferred, and assured the prisoners, that my only object was to maintain a sort of regular

family worship, and to save souls. I requested them to take the subject into consideration, and let me know their decision. Tibbets, eager to have the thing settled, at once, called for an expression of opinion, by rising—to which a prompt response was made, by the simultaneous rising of every man in attendance—only two or three (including the person who desired the alteration), being absent. Much feeling has been exhibited; and I am urged to proceed as usual.

Went to bed with a cold in my head.

Thursday, 17*th*.—Got hold of a number of good tracts, publications of the Presbyterian Board, and of the American Tract Society; and have endeavored to circulate them. Most of these were put into my hands, by Mr. Alexander, who received them from friends in Princeton. Among others, I found several copies of that sweet hymn:

"Just as I am, without one plea."

I handed it around the room, and requested the young men to commit it to memory, assuring them, that they would never regret it, but that it might some day afford peculiar comfort. As a present inducement, proposed to "treat" every man who would thus treasure and recite it to me personally.

Who knows what good may come of this? Why may it not save some soul?

I find, that there is a Methodist local preacher among the convicts, who has been holding nightly meetings for some two weeks past, and has been encouraged by excellent results. This man, whose name is Andrew Brauer, is from New York, and was sent to Fort Delaware, with some forty others of his regiment, for refusing to do service after the expiration of their stipulated time. I heartily wish him God speed! He is said to be a very exemplary person, and has the entire respect of the degraded men around him.

Gave a sort of informal sermon, to-night, on the subject of

Regeneration. Presented some views, which were evidently new, to a number of my congregation. All were respectful, and attentive; but I saw that some were disposed to cavil. Returning to the Hall, before bed-time, found two or three young men, engaged in discussing several items of my discourse. A number of questions were proposed, and difficulties and objections urged, which led to a prolonged conversation with S. and P. Talked with them, and others, until near midnight, endeavoring to clear away some mists, and pressed the doctrine of a radical change of heart, and the necessity of a personal interest in the blood of Christ. Urged them, to beware of a spirit of unbelief, and to come as little children, and learn of Christ. Tried to convince them, of their own impenitence and hardness of heart; and left them, with an earnest desire for their eternal well-being.

The improved moral tone, among our political prisoners, is more and more apparent. The card-playing is stopped—at least, for the present; loud swearing is seldom heard, and several have altogether relinquished the habit; no liquor is introduced into the rooms, even by stealth, except for medicinal purposes; fights, which I am told, were common before religious services were commenced, have ceased altogether; and although the young men enjoy themselves occasionally, with necessary exercise, we have very little boisterous romping; and, with very few exceptions, there is a constant attendance of all the company upon the evening, and Sabbath services; one man has been converted in his old age, and we have reason to believe is now in Heaven; several backsliders have been reclaimed, and a number are evidently inquiring. For all this, God be praised!

Eleven coffins on the wharf, this morning, for interment; and the sickness apparently abating.

Weather lowering, with strong indications of the equinoctial storm.

Friday, 18*th*.—Could not sleep, until long after midnight, and felt reluctant to get up at the call for breakfast. Kept awake, by the noise of wind, and rain, and the expectation of an attempted escape of some of our number, who deferred the matter on account of the high wind, and strong current.

Had an interview with Chaplains Way, and Bradford, in their own rooms. Found them courteous, and interested in their work. Mr. Way loaned me a copy of Ely & Bedell's Collateral Bible, which I shall prize highly, on account of the large print. Mr. Bradford furnished me with a few good tracts, and we separated as brethren.

Confined to the house, nearly all day, on account of the weather. Rain incessant, and the tide higher than I have ever seen it before. Apprehensions are expressed of a general inundation of the Island. Spent most of the day in writing, for myself and others.

Welsh, Parker, and "Johnny Reb" have each committed the hymn, "Just as I am," and have recited it perfectly. Others are trying, and will presently succeed.

In consequence of the rough weather, the *eight* coffins ready for interment, to-day, were left on the wharf, to be carried over the river, to-morrow.

Expounded the 3d Chapter of 1st John, to attentive hearers; read a number of pages in Macaulay's Life of Wm. Pitt, and retired at about 9 o'clock.

Saturday, 19*th*.—Weather, this morning, very damp, and cool. *Sixteen* bodies on the wharf, for interment—eight having been left from yesterday, as stated above.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., the steamer New York hauled up, in the vicinity of wharf No. 3, occasioning great joy to hundreds who are anticipating an exchange. Another large steamer arrived in the afternoon; and, to-morrow, many of our brave boys hope to bid adieu to the miserable barracks, which will ever hereafter be associated in their minds with hunger, cold, sickness, and death.

Had an interview with Dr. W. M. Cleaver, one of Morgan's physicians, who has been favored by Gen. Schœpf with extra quarters inside the Fort. Informed him of my old parishioners, the Cleavers of Delaware City. He thought they might be relatives, and said he would like to get a parole to visit them. The Doctor, who is very much of a gentleman, is a resident of Lebanon, Ky., and an acquaintance of my old friend, Rev. G. W. Kennedy, who once preached at that place. He repudiates much of the conduct of Morgan's men, and thinks they did many disgraceful things in Indiana. He has applied for a parole, of a few weeks, to visit his sick family; but has been refused by the authorities at Washington, although it is said his wife is an "unconditional Union woman."

An instance of the manner in which our Island mail is watched, came to my knowledge, to-day, in the case of a young man from Pennsylvania. He had joined the Confederate army from principle, and is now a prisoner at the barracks. His friends, at home, wrote, urging him to take the oath, and return to them immediately. He replied that he could not do so; and that in case the South should fail, in this great contest, he would go to Mexico, and join the French army. Gen. Schœpf sent for the young man, and asked him how he dared to send such a letter to the office.

"I have only written my sentiments," he replied.

"You are not to do any such thing," was the rejoinder; "and if the offence is repeated, I will put you in the cells!"

Oh Liberty! Liberty!

We were very much surprised, to-night, by a visit from "Sergeant" Cunningham, who seemed to have no other object, but a talk on the subject of politics, and the state of the country. I forbore, for some time, to take any part in the conversation—as many suggestions were advanced contrary to my taste and feelings. When I could withhold no longer, he grew very positive, and dictatorial; and said things quite unbecoming his relationship to myself and companions as prisoners; was very

pedantic, and insulting; and when I spoke plainly, in regard to the Lincoln administration; the comparative information of the people of the North and of the South, on political subjects; and the present attitude of affairs, he took advantage of his petty authority about the rooms, and presently left in a bad humor, and evidently with no pleasant impressions in regard to myself. I regretted this singular and unexpected obtrusion, and went to bed anticipating trouble, as the result of my candor.

Sabbath, 20th.—After breakfast, I walked out for a few moments, to get a farewell look at the noble fellows who were about to take the steamer, for Point Lookout. Seven hundred and fifty dirty, ragged, bare-footed or half-shod prisoners were standing in sections of four, with blankets, canteens, and some other scanty equipments, waiting to advance in companies of fifty, to go aboard the Osceola; and thence, to the larger steamer, for a journey, as they all hoped, to Dixie. Why they should go first to Point Lookout, nobody knew; but it was understood, from reliable sources, that the movement was initiatory to an exchange at City Point. I desired to send a message to my friend, Rev. Thomas Hume, of Richmond; and succeeded in finding a Mr. Deane, formerly of Portsmouth, who knows him well. Gave this gentleman my name on paper, and whispered my words in his ear, charging him to *remember*, which he promised to do. Gave the brave fellows a few words of cheer, as I passed along the lines; and returned to my room, in time for morning service.

My text this morning was 1. John i. 9, "*If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*" Had the usual full attendance, and close attention to the Word preached. Less noise below stairs, than usual, and I preached rather too long.

At night, made some impromptu remarks from Luke xv.,

"*I will arise and go to my Father,*" intending to impress the great importance of *resolution*, in renouncing sin, and returning to God.

After the evening service, Cunningham came in and stated that he was marking the roll in the rooms, instead of calling the names, as usual. I spoke to him politely, and asked him how he was. He replied, "Not in such a humor for debate as I was last night," and continued, "I feel a little mean over that business. It was not magnanimous in my position to talk to prisoners as I did."

"I have no doubt," I replied, "that you and I, both, would have felt better if the conversation had not taken place."

He assented; and I gave him full credit, for the acknowledgment; and thus we were both relieved, of a very unpleasant thing—he apprehending, perhaps, that he might be reported for obtruding himself upon the prisoners; and I, that he might carry to the men in power, some news that would only serve to rivet our bonds the tighter. I cannot but think, however, that he was truly sorry, for his conduct, and intended, whatever were his personal apprehensions, to make the *amende honorable*.

Twenty-six bodies of Confederate prisoners were carried over to Jersey, this morning—one of them being that of a man who had attempted to escape, by swimming the river. He was washed ashore, with several canteens attached to his person. His eyes were eaten out, indicating that he had been drowned several days.

Monday, 21*st*.—About two hundred and eighty galvanized men left, this morning, for parts unknown. They went off, on the Major Reybold, attempting to give three cheers as the steamer left the wharf; but it was a feeble attempt, and the band came to their relief, to the tune of "Hail Columbia." These men are intended for the cavalry service, and look well in their new uniforms; but it is the general opinion that they are

not to be trusted by their new masters for any efficient service. It is believed that many will desert on the first opportunity.

The number of deaths reported, this morning, for the day previous, was *twenty*. Three of these perished, at the barracks, from sheer debility, and cold, on their way from their bunks to "the rear." The mortality is fearful, and not likely to decrease, unless some better arrangements are made for the supply of proper food, medicines, and attention. Very little difference is made, between sick and well men, in the article of diet, even at the hospitals, and none, at all, at the barracks. Boiled fresh beef, and a watery soup keep them with a constant diarrhœa. There are five or six hundred men in the hospitals—and room for no more. Many apply for admittance who are sent back to their quarters, where they have no beds, only a blanket or two, no regular nurses, and no night vessels for the sick. Dr. Fromberger, and our own Confederate physicians, as they have opportunity, are kind and attentive; but there is a strange scarcity of medicines, and prescriptions are not honored, one half the time. The hospital patients fare somewhat better; but it is bad enough even with these, notwithstanding the fine airy rooms, and the presence of employed nurses. Dr. Foster has already relinquished his practice at the barracks for want of medicines; and Dr. Marshall, who has one of the hospital wards, says he will have to do the same. For this miserable state of things, who is to blame? There is guilt somewhere.

Found a young man at the Dispensary, this afternoon, who is a brother of Dr. Hilary Pitts, of Berlin, Maryland. Was astonished to find him in the Federal service, as the family are noted in Worcester for their Southern sympathies, and decided States Rights principles. He was once a member of the Purnell Legion, and has been at the Fort, only about two weeks. He gave me considerable intelligence from friends in Maryland.

The weather continuing cool, an order came to put up our

stoves. We had notice in No. 6, in sufficient time, to secure one of the best belonging to our apartment, and I believe there was an intention to favor us; but being a little dilatory, we failed altogether, and may now have to wait for weeks, though all the other rooms are supplied.

Had a shorter service than usual, in the Hall; and went to bed, at about half-past eleven, after writing several letters, not to "the loved ones *at home*," but to the members of my severed family, in Delaware and Maryland—and would gladly have written to those in Virginia, could I have been certain about the safe receipt of the letters.

Had letters to-day from my wife, and daughter G. Both of them are much concerned about my imprisonment, and seem to be unusually despondent. My wife has made every effort to get a pass to visit the Island; but no attention has been paid to her applications, either by Gen. Schœpf, or those above him in authority. This is the more surprising, as other ladies are coming, daily, to see their friends.

Tuesday, 22*d*.—A row took place, last night, among the surgeons — several of them having imbibed rather freely. The worst of it is, that they have continued under the influence of the jolly god, all day. I saw two of them cutting up all sorts of antics, this afternoon, on the bank of the canal, and expected, every moment, to see them tumble in; but they suffered only several heavy falls, on the grass, and wallowed over, and over, like boys in a wrestling frolic. One of their number was too far gone to enjoy this sport, and laid, like a dead man, on the ground, a few yards from the quarters. This spree has greatly mortified a majority of the medical corps; and I am told, that a written remonstrance has been prepared, to be handed to the bacchanalians as soon as they shall be sober enough to appreciate its import. These occurrences, which are becoming quite frequent, are making a bad impression, and giving the enemy a very suggestive argument, in relation to the habits

of our young men. Most of the surgeons, now confined at the Fort, are intelligent and high-minded men, repudiating the conduct of such of their number as indulge in these reckless habits.

Dr. Marshall informed me, this morning, that Mr. T——, the sick man from Kentucky, whom I had frequently visited at the tents, before his removal to the new hospital,— was exceedingly anxious to see me. Having no permit to visit the new building, Dr. Arnot was appealed to, to know whether it would be allowed; but he could take no responsibility, and it was concluded to submit the matter to Gen. Schœpf, through Chaplain Way. Meeting Mr. Way a few moments afterward, he agreed to see the General and report to me to-morrow. Too bad, that so much hesitation and delay should be necessary before a languishing patient can confer with a minister of his selection, in regard to the interests of his soul.

Had a pleasant walk with Col. Waring, and rejoiced to learn, that he has received encouraging letters in regard to his release. Gen. Schœpf has granted him permission to visit the "rebel cemetery," on the Jersey side of the river; a privilege which will afford him an opportunity to be useful, in seeing that the poor men are properly interred, as well as afford him a pleasant variety of recreation and exercise. The old gentleman is quite a favorite, on the Island, with both Yankees and rebels. His social habits, gentlemanly bearing, with his known wealth, and great suffering at the hands of the Federal Government, all contribute to secure respect and friendship. Like myself, however, he does not care to come, too frequently, in contact with the officials,— though they seem to seek his companionship, and Dr. Silliman, and certain lieutenants have secured him as a partner in their mess. The Colonel appears to be a devout Christian. He is a close reader of the Bible and prayer-book, and is not ashamed at the hour of prayer to kneel in the presence of others.

Met, this afternoon, a young man named Sloan, who hails

from Texas, and is a prisoner at the barracks. Introducing a conversation, he soon informed me, that he was thinking of joining the Yankees, and remaining at the North. In reply to an inquiry as to his motives in doing so, he said that he was a native of Ohio; that his parents were dead, and he had no interests at the South. I found, however, that he had been in thirteen battles; had suffered much from wounds and imprisonment; and that he was hoping, by the change, to be released from the war, and thus relieved from further trouble. I advised him, as to the folly of his intended course; showed him that he would not better his situation, among the Yankees; and that his scars, which after the war might be a power, and promotion to him at the South, must be entirely lost; and that after all, he must die a "turn-coat," and uncared for, either by Federals, or Confederates. He appeared to be impressed by these suggestions; and left with a pledge that he would stick to the South.

The newspapers of to-day, give us great encouragement in regard to affairs at the South. Even the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (so noted for perversion and mendacity), is obliged to admit singular reverses, and a great slaughter in Northern Georgia. The details are meagre; but sufficient are given to show the tide of events—and a new spirit has been infused into our worn-out prisoners, inside of the Fort.

Fourteen deaths were reported this morning, and I learn that there are *twenty-six* cases of small-pox in the hospitals assigned to this class of patients.

Wednesday, 23d.—Spent about three hours, this morning, with a doubting Christian, in conversation on certain doctrinal points of great interest. In order to present my views on these subjects (which he had been desiring for days to hear), I omitted my usual walk, and entered upon the talk, not with a view to discussion, but to answer questions, and to bring out the truth. The time, I trust, was well spent, as there was no

disposition to cavil, and the conference was conducted in the best spirit. The conversation elicited the fact that this good man was not satisfied as to the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, and was discriminating, very positively, between the teachings of the gospels, and the epistles. Under the impression that the New Testament writers had given to the world a fallible record, he seemed to be unwilling to take their testimony in regard to any doctrines not specifically referred to, by our Saviour. He admitted the force of a number of propositions which had never before occurred to him; and appeared to be better satisfied with some of those "hard things" which Peter said his beloved brother, Paul, had written, and "which they that are unlearned, and unstable do wrest, as they also do the other Scriptures, to their own destruction."

Chaplain Way called to inform me, that he had obtained an interview with the General, in relation to my visiting the hospitals, and that he had consented to allow me the privilege. Mr. Way said, that the matter was freely discussed, at the house of the Commandant last night, and that considerable hesitation was manifested, partly, because he did not see the necessity of the thing, and partly, because he had understood that I had been praying for the Rebel Confederacy. Mr. Way told him, that I had preached upward of sixty sermons, long and short, during my imprisonment; and that according to my own testimony, I had never once introduced the subject of politics. What else was said, I know not, except that the Chaplain assured the General, that it was a matter of no consequence to him personally, whether I was permitted to go to the hospital or not, and that he only suggested it, because there was much to do, and the men wanted me. In presenting this plea, the name of Mr. Frierson was also mentioned, and a request presented in his behalf. It was abortive so far as my good brother was concerned, but said the General, "take Handy, and go."

Accompanied Mr. Way to the hospital, and had a long interview with T——. Found him deeply convicted of sin, truly penitent, and faintly hoping in the mercy of God. It appeared to be a matter of poignant regret, that he had deferred the interests of the soul, to so late a period. He said no more about Masonic religion, manifested much interest in the conversation, and entered earnestly into the spirit of the prayer, which was made by his bed-side. His prayer-book, and a little volume, which I had given him, were lying closely by him; and it was evident, that his whole mind was deeply exercised about his eternal interests. I think he has made his peace with God.

After leaving poor T——, my eye fell upon two intelligent looking young men, lying near together — one from Mississippi, and the other from Kentucky. I turned toward them, and had a pleasant talk, especially with the Kentuckian, who admitted, that his mind had often been concerned on the subject of religion, and that, at one time, he had spent about two months, in seeking the salvation of his soul. Finding him rather disposed to excuse himself, and throw the blame upon the Almighty, I tried to show him his great error; and pressed the importance of persevering effort, at the foot of the Cross. Being rather unwell, I now returned to my quarters.

An unpleasant affray took place, this morning, between S—— and T——, which resulted in blows. The occasion of the quarrel was an order from T——, who has lately been superintending the "Privy Corps," directing S—— to take his turn in the daily routine. The latter objected, hard words ensued, and S—— struck T—— twice. Both were guilty; and I think both regret the occurrence. It was an unfortunate affair; and I regret it the more, as it is the first thing of the kind that has occurred in our apartment since my imprisonment.

Several of our company are quite sick. Alexander, Porter, Parker, and Williams, are all complaining of ill-health.

The Baltimore *American* gives a detailed account of the

battle of Sabine Pass — two gun-boats destroyed; upwards of 100 sharpshooters captured — besides many other prisoners; and a very important expedition completely broken up. All greatly encouraged.

Thursday, 24th. — Spent the entire forenoon at the hospital; and conversed, and prayed with a number of poor fellows, who were evidently delighted with the opportunity of joining in prayer, and consulting with a minister from the South. T—— expressed himself more fully, and decidedly in regard to his state; and though he evidently desired, if it were God's will, to live longer, he said if he must die, he would like to go at once. He shed tears, and responded earnestly, as I prayed at his bed-side. Before I left the ward, he received a box from his friends, which cheered him much; and though he could not eat anything, he was delighted to have others around him partake of the treat. He requested me, should he die, to have his grave correctly marked, so that friends could find his body; and asked me to write to his sister, whose address he gave me.

I found a man from Northwestern Virginia, who had been suffering a full year, or more, with chronic diarrhœa, and who is gradually wasting away. He informed me, that he had been a professor of religion, but had been led off, and that he was a great sinner. He wept bitterly during my conversation with him, and entered into the spirit of the prayer. The sympathy, and encouragement which I tried to give him, appeared to help him, wonderfully; and he cordially invited me to visit him again.

A Mr. K——, from North Carolina, gave me an interesting testimony in regard to himself. He said, he was not a Christian, but wanted to be. He had, frequently, been sick, and had always during his illness promised himself to do better, when he got well; but he had invariably forgotten, or neglected his promises, on the return of health. He now felt,

deeply, the importance of a change of heart, and desired the blessing of God. Covering his head with a handkerchief, he joined, heartily, in a prayer, and requested me to come and see him again.

Had another talk, with the two young men from Mississippi, and Kentucky, who are lying not far apart. They were well enough, to converse on general subjects; but took pleasure in hearing some suggestions about personal religion. The Kentuckian introduced a question relative to the introduction of sin into the world; and asked my views, which I briefly stated, with the advice, to indulge little in speculations, at least until the great matter of his individual interest in Christ was settled. He took the hint, kindly; and both of the young men urged me to continue my visits. The Mississippian wished me to bring him something suitable for a convalescent to eat.

The most affecting case, that came under my observation, to-day, was that of a rough, but honest-hearted Mississippian, who was suffering from fever, and was evidently apprehensive of the result. I think he said, he had once been a professor of religion, but had relapsed into grievous sin. Adapting the conversation to the case, he heard every word with eager attention, and, as I thought, joined with me in the prayer; but, at the close, he said: "Mister, I didn't feel it. What do you think is the matter? I'm afraid I'm fooled! I'm afraid I'm fooled!" How did my heart yearn towards this man; anxious, yet mourning over his hardness of heart and fearing he had been deceived.

On my way to the hospital, this morning, met with Rev. Mr. Stanley, formerly of Elizabeth City County, Va., but now of Prince George County, Maryland, who, in company with his wife and daughter, was hunting up his sick son. This young man is a member of the First Maryland (Confederate) Cavalry. In the afternoon, I found the same gentleman leaving the Island for the night—the ladies remaining with the sick son, and brother.

Gen. Schœpf, noticing Col. Waring, in conversation with Mr. Stanley, who was an old acquaintance, called him aside, and requested him to be less familiar with visitors; and reminded him, that he should be satisfied, to pass at will on the Island. There was no unkindness in the manner of the General on this occasion; but the incident shows, how cautious even a commanding officer must be, lest he incur the displeasure of higher authorities.

The lager-beer saloon is doing a large business. Crowds, of from fifty to one hundred, are always hanging about the door, waiting, each man his turn, for a drink. A sort of bar is fixed up, in front of the building, with a space large enough to admit only one or two persons at a time—all passing in one way, and going out another. The soldiers having been, lately, paid off, much of the money goes into the hands of the liquor-seller; and, thus, whilst he is enriching himself, drunkards are staggering about the Island, in every direction.

All money coming to the Fort, for prisoners, passes into the hands of the commanding officer; who doles it out, at will, to the needy owner, in *sutler's checks*, which can only be expended at the window of that voracious vender. Dr. Smith, a surgeon attached to the Morgan Corps, recently had fifty dollars sent him, which were offered to him, according to this arrangement. He declined to accept the checks, and told the General, he could keep the money, if he didn't choose to let him have it. He was subsequently sent for, and allowed to purchase clothing in Philadelphia, provided it were done through the sutler. What shall we think of the men whose principles of patriotism are so nearly connected with the condition of their purses![1]

Samuel Cleaver, of Port Penn, visited the Island, this morning, to see his namesake, Dr. Cleaver, who had dropped

[1] Was informed by the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, some time after my release, that fifty dollars were sent to me by Wm. S. Hearn, Esq., of Brooklyn, who had been one of my early parishioners. The money never came into my hands.

a few lines of inquiry about relationship. They spent most of the forenoon together, and seemed to be enjoying the interview when I met them perambulating the "pea-patch." Had some minutes' conversation, with my old parishioner, and left him with a promise to see me at my room before his return to Delaware City. He failed, however, to do so, in consequence of some difficulty about the necessary permit.

Fourteen bodies were coffined for interment, to-day. The number of deaths, however, was sixteen—two having been left for *post mortem* examination. As soon as the person dies he is carried to the dead-house; and sometimes, when the number is large, the bodies are piled up in a state of nudity, and every man is put into his coffin, as naked as at the moment of birth. Is not this a species of barbarism?

Friday, 25th.—In consequence of some opposition expressed by the gentlemen of our room, did not visit the hospital, to-day. They are afraid I may come in contact with small-pox, and bring it inside the Fort. I wish to do what is right, for my own sake, as well as for theirs. I must think of the matter, and act wisely.

The number of interments, to-day, was *fourteen*—a frequent number during this month. The sickness, however, is thought to be rather on the wane. Two small-pox cases were taken from the barracks, this morning; and there are now, twenty-five men ill with the disease, but, so far, it has not proved very fatal. Dr. Woolsey, who has had the disease, is the physician in charge of this ward.

Had a very polite inquiry from the General, this morning, in regard to my health, as he passed me, in my morning walk. A small matter—but worth something; and I am willing to give it its due value, as to good intentions, and kind feeling.

Capt. Ball, who is the general news-collector for our apartment, came this morning loaded down with good tidings,

about the doings of our brave troops in the vicinity of Chattanooga, and Knoxville. The tide appears to be turning; and I trust, God has good things yet in store, for the South. Everybody seems to be encouraged; and I sincerely hope these providences may receive a grateful acknowledgment, from all our people.

The frolicking surgeons are on the stool of repentance. Several of them say they will never drink a drop, again. One of them came so near being shot by a sentinel; and another having been near death, from the poison of the liquor, they begin to reflect with shame.

Have felt unusually anxious, and restless, to-day, about my release. Am willing to stay here, just so long as God shall choose to order it, and give me a field of usefulness; but, I feel deeply concerned for my scattered, and dependant family. The providences of God have been distinctly marked in all that pertains to my present troubles; and I would not have had them otherwise. Yet I would like to see the loved ones at home, and to be permitted, once more, to take the oversight of their comfort and support; and to guide them as heretofore, with God's blessing, in temporal and spiritual things.

Saturday, 26th.—We have had quite an excitement, occasioned by the removal of a second lot of prisoners to Point Lookout. About seven hundred and sixty men got off: all in full hope of a speedy exchange. They were mostly Champion Hill men; but among them, were many Marylanders, who had been captured at Gettysburg. The whole crowd were ordered out, early in the morning, and were in expectation of immediately embarking, when they were, suddenly, remanded to their old quarters, until the steamer could go to Wilmington for water. In the afternoon, the boat returned, and before night, was speeding down the bay.

It was amusing, and provoking, to notice the movements

of the Yankees, before the departure of the steamer. Two clerks sat by a table, at the head of the wharf; and every man's name was called, in the presence of Capt. Ahl, Commissary of Prisoners, certain other officers, and a guard of several men. Each man, as he responded to the call of his name, hurried on to the boat, carrying a box, bundle, carpet-bag, and other accoutrements, less or more. Sometimes there was no response to the name called; at another time, an answer would be given, under suspicious circumstances, and several men were turned back, who were, evidently, moving off under "false pretences." It is known, however, that many shrewd fellows "flanked," taking the places of absentees, or more criminally substituted themselves for others who could not hear, or were not quick enough in coming up to the stand.

The business of bringing up the regiments, was assigned to a comical, stiff-legged, swaggering Yankee convict, who carried a club, and magnified his office as commandant, pocket searcher, and general blusterer. At a distance of from twenty to fifty yards, he would elevate his stick; hasten down to the squads; and bring them in place, to the singular order, "Hack out—hack out there!" Then he would hurry down the line, rear and front, hunting for tin cups, knives and forks, and such other booty as the needy "rebs" had stowed away, for present use. He succeeded in getting quite a pile of these articles; but failed to secure many more, which were cunningly passed from one to another as the search proceeded. The grotesque appearance of this red-striped, impudent Down-Easter, as he hopped over the ground, with somewhat less celerity than he once ran from rebel muskets, ordering, and driving gentlemen, whom in ordinary times he would have thanked for a job of horse cleaning, was ludicrous, yet humiliating, and provoking in the extreme. Instead of assigning an *officer* to the business of forming and advancing the regiments—this ill-bred fellow was substituted, as though ex-

EMBARKATION FOR EXCHANGE.

pressly to insult and degrade our noble and care-worn veterans. At the barracks, where he occupies a sort of police post, he is known only by the nick-name of "Hack-out." His treatment of prisoners is said to be intolerable, as he goes to and fro, knocking, with his club, any who may be so bold as to make the least resistance to his imperative commands.

Some of the best mind and blood of the South went off, to-day, clothed in rags and dirt; and many poor fellows were entirely barefooted. I saw one, whom I knew, personally, to have several thousand dollars about him; and yet he would have been as little likely, as any other, to be selected by one ignorant of the fact, as a man of wealth. He stood in the ranks like all the rest, in his coarse, and half-worn homespun; and was only distinguished from them by an old-fashioned swallow-tailed coat, and a huge tin bucket, which he carried in his hand.

Mr. John McD. Alexander, who was taken from the barracks, several weeks ago, and sent to our apartment as a Confederate Major (and who after it was ascertained that he was not an officer, was allowed to remain with us), went off with his regiment, though suffering with jaundice, and very much out of order for such a trip. His was the last name called, of the seven hundred and sixty. He promised, as did, also, several other acquaintances, should they get to Richmond, to see various friends there, for me; and to urge their influence towards effecting an early exchange for some political prisoner, at the South. I have sent word, especially, to Rev. Drs. Read, and Hoge, and to Major Charles Ball, and J. R. Tucker, Esq.

I have not visited the hospital, to-day, in consequence of the fear existing in the minds of some of my fellow-prisoners, in regard to the bringing of small-pox into the apartment. In the course of the afternoon, however, Mr. Way brought me a permit, regularly made out, as follows:

"Pass Rev. Mr. Handy in the hospitals at will.
A. SCHŒPF, Brig.-Gen.
"This pass is to give the sick an opportunity to get spiritual advice. A. SCHŒPF, Brig.-Gen."

This pass has put rather a different phase on my position; and I shall now have to think a little more, about what may be my duty. A wide field of usefulness is opened up; I seem, too, to be invited to occupy it, at once, as Mr. Paddock is absent from the Fort, and Mr. Way is going to leave, temporarily, to-morrow. I would do my duty, and rejoice in the privilege.

Only *five* deaths were reported, to-day.

Sabbath, 27th.—After breakfast, sought an interview with Mr. Frierson; walked with him to the hospital — having requested Mr. Belt to take my place in the usual Sabbath morning services, by reading a sermon and taking the lead in the lesson and singing. We were just beginning to take the rounds in No. 4, when Rev. Mr. Paddock came in, and requested us to return with him, to his quarters, to see the Rev. Dr. Hall, who was visiting the Island, as a Commissioner from the Sanitary Association of New York. After an introduction, and some general conversation, arrangements were made for preaching in all of the twelve wards, by Messrs. Hall, Bradford, Frierson, and myself. We returned immediately, and went to work,— Mr. Frierson and myself going together. I commenced the services, by a short sermon, in No. 4; he followed in No. 3, and I continued in No. 6, which, with the reading, and personal conversation, occupied us until 12 o'clock. In each ward, I publicly, and distinctly, announced the fact, that we were Southern ministers, and prisoners; and that having been allowed to visit the hospitals, we had come in to sympathize, and advise with the sick, on religious subjects. I requested them to call upon us, as they had need, as from time to time we should pass through the hospitals.

It was interesting, to notice how anxious all were, to catch every word of the plain, short sermons, and to hear such Scriptures as we had selected, for their comfort and encouragement. It being now about dinner-time, we resolved to attend to the remaining wards, in the afternoon. In this purpose, however, we were frustrated, by an unexpected action on the part of our associates in prison.

After dinner, it was formally announced to me, by Messrs. Belt, and Shreve, that the company had considered the propriety of my continuing to visit the hospitals; and were unanimously of opinion, that I ought not to do so, during the prevalence of the small-pox. It would not do to rush directly in the face of this decided expression; and I had nothing left me, but to confer with Mr. Frierson, and agree with him as to our future course. Several of the surgeons, with whom he is messing, having expressed the same feeling, it was, at once, agreed to withhold our visits, until Providence should give us further light. We, both, felt it to be a great trial; but have no doubt, that God will turn the disappointment to some good account.

On approaching the hospital porch, this morning, the very first *sick* man we saw, was just coming out of the door, with the loathsome small-pox upon him; and was being directed to the ward assigned to the victims of that fell disease. I learned, also, in a few moments afterward, that young Brownley, of Portsmouth, had been taken to the same ward, but a short time before. A few days ago, I visited him, knelt by his bed-side, and have a distinct recollection of catching his breath, as he lay in a state of fever. Under the circumstances, I thought it best to be vaccinated without delay; and Mr. Frierson, with several of his medical room-mates, submitted to the same operation — which was performed by Dr. Smith, a very modest and pleasant young physician, from Farmville, Va. He also accommodated several of our political prisoners, in the same manner.

The number of small-pox cases has now reached about forty. Several of the patients have been taken immediately from the barracks; and others have not been discovered, until they have been several days in the hospital. It has not yet assumed the confluent form; and the number of deaths have been comparatively few. Vaccination is doing its accustomed good work. I cannot think the disease will become very prevalent. Drs. Smith, and Morgan, Confederate physicians, have lately vaccinated about 1,200 "rebels."

I am told that Mr. Belt did his part well, in conducting the morning service. Though not accustomed to appear, thus, in public, he not only read the sermon, hymn, and chapter; but, for the first time in his life, led in public prayer. He appeared deeply to feel his responsibility, as the only professor of religion in our company; and, I think, this will be the beginning of a new life for him.

Preached a desultory discourse, to-night, on the subject of *Prayer;* repeating at the commencement, a number of familiar and appropriate Scriptures, as a sort of foundation. Did not succeed as well as I had hoped—though the attention seemed to be good. I think several Yankees were listening on the stairs.

Dr. Goode, one of the Confederate surgeons, who has been absent on parole for fourteen days, returned, this evening.

Monday, 28th.—A dull day; and I have been suffering considerably, with headache. Confinement does not suit me; I long to breathe the air of liberty, once more. To be thus circumscribed is contrary to nature, impairs health, and debases the mind. I had once hoped to do something in the way of studying and writing; but, now, find it impossible. Some of our number make out to "kill time," by reading novels, but I have no taste for such trash, under any circumstances. Others are always busy, working on gutta-percha, sawing bones, or contriving prison comforts. It is wonderful,

indeed, to see what they accomplish, in this way, and how contented many of them seem to be, in the midst of their labors. My friend, Mr. Belt (Cousin Campbell, as he is familiarly called), is at the head of our artists, and enjoys himself, very much, in this way. Among other things, he has constructed a writing-desk for myself, which attached to the wall may be raised or lowered by means of a prop, affording me great comfort, in scribbling these notes, or writing letters to my family, and friends.

A new-comer made his appearance, to-day, in the person of Dr. McKnown, a dentist, of Smyrna, Delaware. I find he is a native of Massachusetts, but a "Copperhead" of the straitest sect. He "goes in for the South, tooth and toe nail."

Nine bodies buried to-day.

Tuesday, 29th.—Awake long before day—and no more sleep afterward. Got up feeling quite unwell, and continued out of order all day. Felt low-spirited, and longed to be with my family.

Mr. Way returned from Wilmington, after a temporary absence. Informs me that he had an interview with D. M. Bates, Esq., who says, he will see Gen. Tyler, about sending me South, after a short parole to see my family, in Delaware. Thinks, I ought to be satisfied with going South, without the parole—which I certainly shall be, if nothing better can be done. It would be a great trial, however, to be debarred an interview with my wife and little ones.

Received a very unexpected invitation, this morning, from a private in Capt. Ahl's battery, to preach to the company, to-night, at their quarters. Ascertaining that the officers not only assented, but desired it, I agreed to do so. Was ready at the hour; but upon recollecting, that my pass only allowed me to be out until eight o'clock, thought best to postpone the matter until Gen. Schœpf could be consulted, and an arrange-

ment made which would be more in accordance with official orders. Regretted the disappointment to the men; but promised to be ready for them, as soon as they should open the way.

An unpleasant, and rather undignified affair occurred to-day, between Gen. Schœpf, and Capt. M——, of the Purnell Legion. The latter officer has been under arrest, for some weeks past, for insulting a lady; and the General has been the principal witness against him. M—— has, consequently, persistently refused to recognize his superior officer, even when first spoken to by him. To-day, the General met him and raised his hat—to which salute M—— made no reply. The General, indignant, immediately put his hand on the offender's head, and threw his hat to the ground. M——, incensed, returned the insult, by knocking off the hat of the General. The result was, that the inferior officer had to go to the cells. Schœpf is not justified by popular sentiment; whilst M—— is condemned as a low vagabond, not only for insulting the lady referred to, but for an attempt, at another time, upon a deaf and dumb child — the daughter of a sergeant on the Island.

An oyster-house and refectory was opened, to-day, for the first time, for the accommodation of the multitude who may not be satisfied with public fare, and for strangers visiting their friends on the Island. This will be a great convenience to soldiers and prisoners and will put dollars into the pockets of somebody else.

Ten bodies interred to-day.

Wednesday, 30th.—Was introduced, this morning, to the Rev. Dr. Samuel J. Baird, of New Jersey, author of the *Elohim Revealed*, who visited the Island to look after the comfort of his nephew, a Mr. Kyle, of Mississippi. He found the young man at the barracks, bare-footed and shabby enough. Was invited, by Mr. Way, to join the Doctor at

dinner; did not do so; but called with Mr. Frierson, who was acquainted with Rev. E. Thompson Baird, brother of the guest. The Doctor is a member of the Christian Commission, and a very modest and agreeable person. Enjoyed the interview, and was gratified with the opportunity of making his acquaintance.

Noticed about one hundred "Rebels," perhaps more, drawn up in double ranks, receiving shoes, and stockings, at a storehouse, from the hands of Gen. Schœpf, Capt. Ahl, and Provost-Marshal Hawkins. I presume these men have all been "galvanized;" as I saw about as many, some hours after, with new Yankee uniforms, marched down to the river, to be scoured off, preparatory to an early exit from the Fort.

The Nashville returned this afternoon, with the officers and men, who lately escorted our Confederates to Point Lookout. Saw Capt. Multowski, who had charge of the prisoners; but obtained no news concerning their prospects.

Dr. Haynie, one of Morgan's surgeons, has lately put forth the following effusion—which is worth transcribing as a specimen of our Island poetry, and for the important local history involved:

LINES.

Oh, here we are confined, at Fort Delaware,
With nothing to drink but a little lager beer;
Infested by vermin, as much as we can bear—
Oh, Jeff, can't you help us get away from here?
And it's home, dearest home, the place I ought to be;
Home, sweet home, 'way down in Tennessee!
Where the ash and the oak and the bonnie willow-tree
Are all growing green, 'way down in Tennessee.

Oh, take off my fetters, and let me be free
To roam o'er the mountains of old Tennessee;
To bathe in her waters, and breathe her balmy air,
And look on her daughters, so lovely and fair.
And it's home, &c.

Spoiled beef and bad soup is our daily fare,
And to complain is more than any dare.
They will "buck" us, and "gag" us, and cast us in a cell,
There to bear the anguish and tortures of hell.
And it's home, &c.

The room for eating is anything but clean,
The filth upon the benches is plainly to be seen;
The smell of putrefaction rises on the air,
To fill out and refill our bill of fare.
And it's home, &c.

The sick are well treated, the Southern doctors say;
The losses by death are scarcely four per day —
It's diarrhœa mixture for scurvy and small-pox,
And every other disease of Pandora's box.
And it's home, &c.

Oh, look at the graveyard on the Jersey shore,
At the hundreds who ne'er will return more.
Oh, could they come back again to testify
Against the lying devils who lived to see them die!
And it's home, &c.

Our kindness to prisoners you can't deny;
It's no Dutch falsehood, nor a Yankee trick —
We have the proof on hand, on which you may rely,
From Southern surgeons who daily see the sick.
And it's home, &c.

Oh, speak out, young soldiers, and let your country hear
All about your treatment at Fort Delaware —
How they worked you in the wagons, when weary and sad,
With only half rations, when plenty they had.
And it's home, &c.

Then cheer up, brave boys, our country shall be free;
Our battles will be fought by the brave Gen. Lee —
The Yankees will fly, in trembling and fear,
And we'll return to our wives and sweethearts dear.
And it's home, &c.

We have news, by the grape-vine telegraph, of the defeat of Burnside, at Knoxville, and of a second rout of Rosecrans, more disastrous than Chickamauga.

Only *six* coffins interred to-day.

V.

October.

Thursday, 1*st*.—Whilst passing the wharf, this morning, heard some one call my name; and turning, noticed a gentleman, and two ladies sitting in a small boat, awaiting permission to come ashore. I hurried across to the boat, and found Mrs. Benjamin Smith, of Baltimore, her daughter, and a Mr. Hudson, of Kentucky. Introducing themselves, I found the ladies the same who had visited the island some weeks ago; and that they had, probably, at that time learned who I was,—though I did not make their acquaintance. They were in great trouble, about getting to see a son and brother — Mr. S. C. Smith, a private in the 7th Virginia Infantry. Finding that they had some knowledge of Capt. Ball and Mr. Belt, (for whom they inquired), I hurried off to bring the Captain, who had a parole of the Island; and after considerable running and hunting, succeeded in getting him to the wharf. The morning was foggy and damp; and the ladies sat for more than an hour, anxiously waiting, until they could get a permit to land. The sentinel refused to send word to Gen. Schœpf, or any other officer, or even to take a letter, or in any manner to give information that they were in waiting. Capt. Ball hastened to Capt. Ahl, and in the meantime, Dr. Fromberger came with a permit for Mr. Hudson; but informed the ladies, that he had no authority in regard to *them*. Happening to be acquainted with Mrs. Smith, he told her that her son had left for Point Lookout, on last Saturday, with the 750 who went off at that time. They were thus disappointed, and went back to Delaware City, with various stores intended partly for him, and partly for the sick at the hospital.

On leaving the wharf, with Capt. Ball, the sentinel complained, insolently, that we had interfered to serve the ladies;

wished us to know, that *he* had charge of the wharf; demanded of Capt. Ball, if he had not ordered him not to go after Capt. Ahl; and stated it was on account of those very ladies, that the order had been given to permit no more landing of females, without passes, either from the Commandant of the Fort, or from the Secretary of War. Thus these people refuse common civilities, to ladies, visiting sick relatives in prison; and insult other persons, who would supply their lack of decency and good breeding.

Saw a poor fellow undergoing a heathenish torture, by the suspension of his arms above his head,—his hands being tied with a rope, and the rope fastened to the limb of a tree,—thus stretching his person to its full length, with no ability to rest himself, even for a moment. The man proved to be one of the lately "galvanized rebels," who had been furnished with a Yankee uniform, which he chose to sell for *two dollars*. The presumption is, that he had become ashamed of his tergiversation; and hoping to sneak out of the error, sold the clothes, at a discount, for the sake of a little ready cash, to buy a few comforts. Guilty the man, no doubt; but how much less guilty is the officer, who without a law designating the mode, chooses to gratify his own love of torture, by inflicting a punishment so inhuman, and so degrading? The miserable victim in this case, was hung up at the foot of wharf No. 4, which is one of the most public places on the Island; and exposed to a near view of the many who cross the bridge at that point. Truly, "man's worst enemy is man."

About two hundred galvanized men left the Island, on the steamer Osceola, probably to be reshipped at Delaware City on the Ericsson boat, for Baltimore. These are the same fellows (or most of them) who took the oath and were rigged up, yesterday, for the United States service. It is really questionable, whether these last are more to be pitied or blamed. A panic seized upon many, at the barracks, on account of the terrible mortality now prevailing; and a report which is in-

dustriously circulated, that the President of the Confederate States feels no interest in the men now imprisoned at Fort Delaware—regarding them as a cowardly set, and not expecting an early exchange, they claim that this is the only hope left them of saving their lives. I feel for them, in this dilemma; and scarcely wonder, that weak-minded and frightened as many of them are, they should so decide.

The number of interments, to-day, was *fifteen*—an increase of nine since yesterday. The average through the month just closed, I think, has been about thirteen per day. During the yellow fever, at Portsmouth, when some twelve or fifteen were dying daily, we thought the mortality fearful. The number never exceeded thirty; and one day of last month we had *twenty-six* at the Fort.

Friday, 2*d*.—Saw a lady and two gentlemen, who came to the wharf, this morning, in a small boat (hoping to see some friend), turned back to Delaware City. These instances seem of almost daily occurrence. Only the favored ones, or such as come ostensibly, or really, with the purpose of persuading the young men to take the oath, are allowed to land. Those who come from the North, have little difficulty in getting passes, but those who come from the "loyal" States of Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, must prove themselves well before they can enjoy this privilege.

A large steam frigate, supposed to be the Powhatan, passed up the river, towing an iron-clad, intended, perhaps, for repairs in Philadelphia.

Got a larger mail than I have ever received, in any one day, since I have been in the Fort; and among the letters in hand, is one from my daughter in Richmond, being the second received from her during my imprisonment. She tells me that my good friends, Rev. Drs. Read, and Stiles, and Maj. Ball, of Loudon county, were intending immediately, to confer with Judge Ould in relation to my exchange; and that every

possible effort would be made, to secure the result. This encourages me much. My friends, at the South, now know that I am here; they know what I have suffered on account of my principles; and I wait to see what interest they will take, in my behalf. An oath of allegiance to the Lincoln Administration would open my prison doors; but I disdain the proposal; and distressed, as I am, about my dear family, I must stay here, a good while longer, before I shall see it to be my duty, to accede to anything so disagreeable to my own feelings, and which is, so evidently fraught with ruin to all their, and my hopes for a temporal future.

Private Winniford came in after tea, and requested me to preach for Ahl's Battery, informing me that the necessary arrangements were all made, and that he wished me to go with him to the quarters, at once. An officer who came with him assuring me that all was right, I requested Mr. Belt to conduct the services in the hall, and forthwith repaired to the place. I preached from Prov. v. 7—*Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness*—to a quiet and respectful auditory of one hundred men, and received the thanks of a number, who came up after the sermon, and spoke to me.

As we go into our bunks, to-night, the weather is stormy, and blustering, making it hard on the sick; and I presume, that we may expect a continuance of the late ratio of mortality. To-day, *sixteen* deaths are reported. One of the bodies was carried across the river, yesterday, for removal to Maryland. Of the sixteen, one was a Yankee.

Saturday, 3d.—A court-martial has been sitting, to-day, for the trial of Capt. M——, of the Purnell Legion, who has been playing the rake, on a large scale — not only among the few females on the Island, but with strangers who visit sick relatives at the barracks. If reports be true, he must be a grand rascal, indeed, offering insults even to female children, and in one instance to a deaf mute. Two ladies, from Kentucky,

were decoyed into his room, under the pretence of showing them around; and whilst one of them walked out with a brother officer, he locked the door, and pushing the stranger on the bed, offered her the grossest insults, and would have no doubt violated her person, had she not successfully resisted and procured timely help. The sentence of the court has not yet transpired, but he will of course be dismissed the service, and ought at once be handed over to the civil law.

About a thousand North Carolina prisoners were called out, this afternoon, to receive clothing. A more wretched looking set of men, I have never seen — dirty, ragged, bare-footed, weak, sick, and tottering, they sat or laid about the grass, between their quarters and the General's residence, until called up, in squads, to get the several articles assigned them. Every man carried with him, whatever knapsacks, haversacks, blankets, canteens, frying-pans, boxes, fishing-rods, or other "nick-nacks," he possessed; and after getting a shirt, drawers, shoes, and perhaps some other articles, according to his need, passed on to the old barracks, recently vacated by the fifteen hundred men who have gone to Point Lookout. I presume this distribution of clothing, is in accordance with a provision of the cartel; and it is certainly a god-send in a time of necessity.

The beer drinking continues, and fights among the Yankee soldiers are the order of the day. Not much damage is done, however, as the participants are generally taken to the guard-house, and allowed time to sober off, to take a fresh spree on the morrow.

Sunday, 4th.—At the request of Mr. Frierson, and a number of physicians, I preached this morning, at 11 o'clock, to the Confederate surgeons, in their own quarters. Nearly all of them were present, including those who mess inside the Fort. I have never had a more attentive and respectful audience, in my life. Felt a degree of embarrassment from this very fact, together with the close proximity of my congrega-

tion, as I stood before them. The individuality of their several faces, as they looked upon me with countenances expressive of earnest inquiry, disconcerted me in an unusual manner. Was gratified to learn, before the close of the day, that notwithstanding the difficulties, the sermon had made some impression. Dr. Foster, who came into my room in the evening to see a patient, encouraged me by the remark that the explanation I had given of my subject, presented a clearer view than he had ever heard before, and removed some important difficulties from his mind.

Mr. Belt took my place in the hall, and gave general satisfaction, with one of Dr. Alexander's sermons, and also in the prayer and Scripture selection.

At night, addressed my prison congregation, at greater length than I had intended, and without a text, on the *Excuses offered by the sinner for neglect of the great interests of the soul.* Felt aroused, and greatly in earnest. In the final appeal was moved to tears, and several of my hearers, I thought, were weeping with me. Mr. Belt closed with fervent prayer; and I have no doubt, all felt, that God was with us. Oh, for some speedy fruits from this sincere effort to glorify God! It pained me to find that several of the inmates of No. 3 (for whom I had been hoping) were not present during the service, and that their door was closed, although we were worshipping in their immediate neighborhood. How impossible for the unregenerate to persevere in any good resolutions.

A box came from Miss Julia Jefferson, with clothing to be distributed among sundry prisoners of the Fourth Texas, and other regiments. The articles are accompanied by a good lot of peaches, and sweet potatoes, for my own comfort. This faithful almoner, and her associates ought ever to be remembered by the boys from "Dixie."

A bachelor Irishman, who has lived for about fifteen years on the Island, and whose duty it has been to ring the bell, attend water-gates, and perform similar duties, was found this

morning, in the sluice leading from the moat to the river, on the northeast side of the Fort. He must have been drowned, on Friday night, while attending to some duty during the storm.

Monday, 5th.—Mr. Frierson tells me, that there was no card-playing all day, yesterday, at his quarters; and that a prevailing quiet was observed, until bed-time—the day being closed with a sermon, by himself.

The small-pox appears to be on the increase. Eight cases were brought from the barracks, into the hospital, early this morning. Some have died of the disease, and the number still ranges at about forty. The virus which was put into my arms, about a week ago, has had no effect; and to-day I have tried some new matter, imported to the Island by Col. Waring.

The physicians assure me, that there are not less than *fifteen hundred* sick and invalid men at the barracks, and in the hospitals. Upwards of six hundred of them are tolerably well cared for, in the new and airy buildings recently erected for hospital purposes; but their sufferings in the close, filthy, and crowded barracks, must be very great. If the poor fellows could be taken out, and marched around the Island, once a day; or were they even allowed to come out, and recline at will on the grass, in the open air, it would be a great relief, and a benefit to their health. I was glad that the attention of the Commandant was called to the state of things, this morning, by the sight of a poor "reb," who was being transferred in a dying condition, from his noxious quarters, to the hospital. The General, at once, gave orders for a larger accommodation, and directed that each of the sick wards be supplied with a sufficient corps of nurses.

Five or six hundred men turned out, this afternoon, to unload a sloop, which had just arrived with building materials for the church — all of which were prepared in Philadelphia, and are now ready to be put together, for a handsome little temple, which must be completed in a very short time.

The interments yesterday were *eight;* and to-day there were *fourteen.*

Tuesday, 6th.— Felt unusually well; and realized the connection between a right state of body and a cheerful mind. With good health, and a good conscience, there must always be a happy face, even in the day of trial. Got two letters from my wife, which increase my comfort; besides replying to her, wrote to Portsmouth, for the first time, during my imprisonment.

My wife tells me, that a union has, at last, been effected between the two branches of the Presbyterian Church, in the South — a result which I have long ardently desired, but scarcely hoped to see. This news cheers my heart more than I can express. Its effect upon the Church, and the general interests of religion will be incalculable for good. God be praised!

Two men, belonging to the burial corps, have managed to make their escape. It was accomplished, I think, whilst the Osceola was stopping, for a short time, at New Castle. Guards were placed around the town, for the night, to prevent their egress; but the precaution failed, and the boys are safely on their way to Dixie.

The number of escapes since the battle of Gettysburg, is truly astonishing. How many have gotten off, it would be impossible to say. Some think the number is not less than one thousand; others put the estimate at five or six hundred. One thing is certain—many have gone; and they continue to disappear, every week, either singly, or in squads.

I have learned, from an eye-witness, that Appleton, the man who killed the Georgian some six weeks ago, committed the deed in cold blood. The poor fellow was standing on the seat of the privy, with his head elevated above the fence, when the brave Delawarean put his gun through an opening in the boards, and aiming at the head, blew out the brains of the un-

suspecting and defenceless prisoner. The murdered man, whose name I have not learned, was a member of the Third Georgia Regiment, which, under the command of Col. (now General) A. R. Wright, was at one time encamped at Portsmouth. There seems to have been no particular investigation of the case, as the Georgian was reported to have been trying to make his escape.

Eighteen coffins remained on the wharf, to-day, from 8 A. M. until a quarter past 2 P. M., waiting to be carried to Jersey, for interment. Two of the boxes contained the bodies of men who had died from small-pox; and I noticed crowds standing about them, at intervals; and frequently saw persons leaning against them. With such indifference to sanitary regulations, how can it be otherwise, than that we should have sickness and death to an alarming extent

Wednesday, 7th.—The first excitement, to-day, was the launching of a small boat, the property of the Provost-Marshal. The circumstance, though trifling in itself, attracted considerable attention. Crowds gathered around, as though it were a wonderful event. The best of it was, that Col. Waring, and Gibson were invited by the Provost to take a ride with him; and thus a couple of prisoners had some little change from their usual dull routine.

Mr. Paddock furnished me with late copies of all the religious papers published in New York and Philadelphia,—large bundles of which are distributed among the prisoners, under the direction of the Christian Commission. Although they contain much objectionable matter, and frequently evince a bitter hatred of everything Southern, they have, nevertheless, much readable matter, and are little calculated to do mischief. The venom is so glaringly apparent, that few persons are simple enough to swallow it, without the proper precautions. It is, sometimes, very unpleasant, however, to notice the marked hostility of professedly Christian editors and correspondents

against the noblest and best spirits of the Confederacy. When such men as Stonewall Jackson, and the Rev. Dr. Stiles are abused as fanatics; and the Rev. Dr. Moore vilified, because being a native of Pennsylvania, he cannot think as do his Black-Republican friends; and Bishop Hopkins is protested against, by numerous clergy of his own church, because he has boldness and honesty enough to preach the Bible doctrine, on the subject of slavery,— it is time to inquire, where is the piety of the North?—What, the source of delusion, that has opened the flood-gates of error upon thousands of human minds, measuring principle by geographical lines, and squaring every rule of righteousness by self-interest and the worship of dollars and cents? How strange is the day in which we live!

Received, as a present, from the Rev. Dr. Baird, of New Jersey, a fine large-print Bible — for which he has my hearty thanks. This good brother became apprised of my necessity, when here about ten days ago, and has remembered me, much to my comfort.

The burials to-day, numbered *eleven.*

Thursday, 8th.—Found *seventeen* coffins on the wharf this morning, and learn that the sickness continues unabated. We have several patients on our own floor. Belt, Porter, Alkire, Parker, and others, are all complaining, more or less. Messrs. Belt, and Porter are seriously ill. Our physician is Dr. Foster, of Lexington, Ky , a very gentlemanly and agreeable surgeon, belonging to Morgan's command. The Doctor has been active at the barracks, and seems always ready to obey a call. His testimony accords with that of the other physicians, in regard to the great deficiency in the supply of medicines. He has personally handed to Dr. Silliman a list of twenty-one different articles needed immediately. Strange that a United States Medical Director, in charge of a hospital at one of the most important posts in the country, should suffer himself to be ignorant in regard to a matter so essential to a humane and

faithful discharge of official duty! Perhaps his frequent withdrawment from the Island (he is often absent), may sufficiently account for the deficiency—but, who in that case, is to blame for the increased suffering, and mortality?

The "Rebels" have been hard at work, all day, unloading vessels, pumping water out of the moat, assisting in the erection of the church, and in all other sorts of work, required at their hands. Truly the Lincoln Government knows how to use its enemies to the best advantage! Is it, indeed, the Government?—or do the contractors pocket the thousands saved by the valuable labors of these ragged but efficient operatives?

Forty-two deserters from the Yankee Army came in, this evening, and were assigned to their places with the convicts in the Fort-yard. As they entered, a general shout was raised in Co. Q, on the principle, I suppose, that misery loves company.

Friday, 9th.—Clothing was distributed, to-day, to the Virginia, Mississippi, and Alabama regiments, which were marched out, in front of the General's residence, bringing with them, as usual, all they could call their own. Each man, received (if in need of the articles), two shirts, two pair of drawers, one pair of pants, and one pair of shoes. Many were almost naked; but not quite so bad off as the North Carolinians, who were supplied a few days ago. Before drawing the new clothes, crowds went to the river and washed.

The sickness is still on the increase. Many are lying ill, at the barracks, and the hospitals are all full. New cases of small-pox are reported, every day. The most fearful results are apprehended. In our own apartment, Mr. Belt continues to be quite ill; and several others are complaining. Several strangers are visiting their sick sons—among whom are Messrs. Hudson, and Cantwell, of Kentucky, and Worthington, of Maryland. Fortunately for their boys, they are with them, day and night. Many a poor fellow is dying for the want of

such attentions. Never in my life did I see and appreciate so much the importance of good nursing; nor feel so deeply the value of those attentions which can be given only by affectionate parents or other kind relatives. "Home, sweet home," is the burden of thousands of anxious hearts, at this moment; and multitudes on this Island are now sighing, day and night, in their fever and pains, for the comforts they once knew, but which they will never know again. How sad to notice all this suffering, and then, day after day, to count the scores of coffins deposited upon the several wharves; hear the short, hurried service, over the bodies they contain; and to watch the little steamer across to the Jersey shore, with a cargo of corpses to be deposited in piles, and in unmarked graves. The poor soldier! How meagre his reward on earth; and if he has not fought under the banner of Jesus, what his present distress but a prelude to an eternity of despair!

Mr. Frierson has received an intimation, that through an arrangement effected for the exchange of Chaplains, he will be allowed to leave for Richmond, on to-morrow.

A valuable lot of files, pearls, sets, and other materials (such as are used by our prison jewellers), was put into my hands for distribution, as the donation of a benevolent mechanic in Philadelphia. They were handed over to Lucas, Stevens, Atwood, Floyd, and others, who supplied themselves as they wished, and the remainder were sent to the ring-makers at the barracks.

Saturday, 10th.—Having prepared a long letter, last night, to be sent by Mr. Frierson to my children at the South, I hastened over to the General's office in company with Captain Ball, who also had a letter for Richmond, to have them examined—nothing doubting, and rejoicing in so direct an opportunity. The Captain, in his haste, was the first to approach the Commandant; and being the first, also, to be refused, saved my sensitive nature an indignant rebuff. He was hold-

PERAMBULATING THE ISLAND.

ing up the letter, and proceeding with his request, when the General, without waiting to hear, turned red in the face, and repelled him immediately, with the crusty sentence: "I know nothing about it—take it to the clerk. I can't attend to it." Thus the old gentleman was compelled to retire, chagrined and disappointed. Noticing this rough treatment, as I stood in the door, only a few yards off, I turned with disgust from the scene, to seek another channel of communication, and regretting a promise by which I had committed myself to send no *letters* by the "underground route." It was a pleasure to me, however, to be able to get off eight or ten religious journals, of the latest dates, for my friend, the Rev. Dr. Converse, of Richmond; and several other gentlemen — who were under no pledge to the contrary — availed themselves of the opportunity to forward their unexamined epistles.

A novel sight was presented, to-day, in the evacuation of the barracks, and the marching of the six thousand prisoners (more or less), around the Island. They were paraded four abreast, and made a complete circuit of the Fort, allowing a wide area, and excluding that portion of the "Pea Patch" occupied by the hospitals, and barracks. They came out with all their property on their backs, or by their side, ragged and dirty, and many of them shoeless and shirtless. A company of galvanized fellows, inveigled into the Lincoln service with money, new clothes, and promises, exhibited a striking contrast, in their comfortable black overcoats, as they occupied a central position, in the circumferal line. Why they should have been thrown into the procession, except for the sake of the contrast, I know not.

Various reasons have been assigned for this unusual demonstration. Some think the object was to make an accurate count of the number of prisoners in the barracks; others say that some of the men have been "flanking" in the distribution of clothing, and that the design was to ascertain, precisely, what each man had, and to make a proper appropriation of

the stock; but the true reason may have been to give the men a good airing, and to afford an opportunity to clean up the quarters.

As the crowd of Southern boys were perambulating the Fort,—four deep, shoulder to shoulder, sick and feeble (as many of them were)—nothing was more apparent, and suggestive, than the ease with which they could have fallen upon the four or five hundred Yankee soldiers who guarded the Fort, and in a few hours have made themselves possessors of the post, and all its appurtenances. Such a move, indeed, was contemplated, at two different times,—*first*, before the removal of several hundred officers to Johnson's Island, and *afterward*, prior to the exit of some twenty-five or thirty others. According to the first plan, Gen. Archer was to have taken the command, and in the other case, Col. Wicks. In both instances the arrangements are said to have been complete, and must certainly have succeeded, but for the difficulty of securing transportation for so large a body of men across the river, and the probable ill consequences that must have resulted to the sick. Could this thing have been accomplished whilst the Confederate Army was in Pennsylvania, a valuable reinforcement might have been secured for Gen. Lee.

Six recruits were brought into our apartment, to-day, from Sussex county, Delaware,—all charged with disloyalty. Capt. Thomas Cannon, Dr. Wm. S. Hitch, and Messrs. Patrick H., and Henry C. Hearn, Wm. Bradley, and Wm. C. Rust, constituted the party. The last named is a son of Mrs. Catesby F. Rust, whom I married, twenty years ago, in Philadelphia. Two of the young men belong to a Democratic brass band; one refused to walk under a United States flag; and others are accused of aiding in the escape of a rebel prisoner. There may be other charges—but the great crime, I suppose, is friendship for the South; and the cause of arrest, apprehension of too great an influence against the Black Republican Administration, at the approaching election for Representatives to Congress.

Suffered with headache, all day; and was glad to get into my bunk at an early hour—but not before we had gathered for our usual prayer. Was mortified, however, to notice a much smaller number in attendance, than is common—the Delawareans all present notwithstanding.

Sunday, 11th.—Preached this morning as usual, in the hall, but to a comparatively poor congregation—several of our number, for some unknown reason, appearing to hold back. All the Delawareans were present, and such others as are always in place. Perhaps the cool morning, and uncomfortable condition of the passage had something to do with the slim attendance. I preached from II. Timothy ii. 7, *Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.* Had an unusually comfortable and pleasant time; felt earnest and anxious about doing good. When I had got about one-third of the way through the plan I had marked out for myself, found that I had exhausted enough time for a sermon, and making an application, drew the discourse to a close — encouraged to believe that good has been accomplished.

At half-past three, I held forth before the surgeons, at their own quarters, endeavoring to present some Scriptural views on the subject of Gospel mysteries. Selected the subject, in view of a conversation with Mr. Frierson, who told me that some of the doctors had been discussing the *difficulties* of Bible teachings, and were inclined to scepticism on account of various apparent contradictions. Never had a more attentive and respectful audience; and felt great satisfaction in presenting, to so many intelligent minds, a series of arguments which I was satisfied could be fully appreciated. I have not had time to learn whether the views presented accomplished anything in solving doubts, or establishing a correct theological sentiment; but the bread has been "cast upon the waters," and I hope it will "return after many days."

My remarks, in the evening, at the usual service were based

upon Heb. x. 31: *It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.* Had a solemn and deeply affected audience, and wait, in hope, for still greater results.

Went to bed very tired; but with the consciousness, that I had been endeavoring to fulfil the Apostolic injunction: "To do good and communicate — forget not;" and encouraged by the testimony, that "with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

Monday, 12th—Capt. Mulotowski's company, numbering something like a hundred men, went up to Philadelphia, this morning, to cast their votes for Gov. Curtin. Mulotowski is the most dashing officer on the Island, and is very popular with the "Rebs." Like most of his countrymen, however, he loves the *lager*, and it would seem, that he and all his are thoroughly Black-Republican in sentiment.

The sickness, on the Island, is still on the increase. To-day, 102 cases of small-pox were reported. The number of burials was *fifteen*. There is still an unaccountable scarcity of medicine. Quinine is not to be had at all. My room-mate, Mr. Belt, is not much better, and will probably have to be removed to the hospital — though he receives every attention we can bestow, and all feel it to be pleasant to wait on him.

Laborers are at work, in the moat, digging for the foundation of a wall around the Fort. The water having been again removed, the stench is sometimes intolerable, and blowing right into our rooms — this of itself is enough to make us all sick.

Had a letter from my wife, in which she states that Mrs. Reynolds, and Mrs. Daughtrey, of Portsmouth, have both, recently, visited the Island to see their sons, and had inquired for me, but were not allowed to have an interview. It would seem, that I am not permitted to see any friend — not even my wife. Why am I thus specially interdicted?

Received a sermon, by mail, from Rev. Mr. A———, of W———, on *Government, and Administration*, based upon

Romans xiii. 1–5. He writes upon the margin: "Will brother Handy give this a candid perusal, and oblige a former co-presbyter?" The sermon is scarcely *second*-rate, and is evidently the production of a warped and fanatical mind. His request to give it "a candid perusal" is, of course, based upon his opinion of me, as a heretic in regard to the subject upon which Paul so clearly writes; and manifestly indicates, that he has no idea of the doctrine of State Rights, and of that allegiance which every citizen owes, first, to the Commonwealth with which he is immediately connected. I remember this brother, of old, and how rabid he used to be, on his first settlement in W———. Greatly now, do I regret that my sermon, preached before the evacuation of Portsmouth, from the text: *How can two walk together except they be agreed?* is not in print, that I might send him a copy.

The evening was cool, and the attendance at prayers unusually poor.

Tuesday, 13*th*.—A report is in circulation, that the Secretary of War is to visit the Island, to-day. An unusual stir prevails, among the whitewashers, scourers, and scavengers; and everything—outdoor, and indoor—seems to be undergoing a process of cleansing. In our apartment, we are turned completely upside down; all the rooms are being whitewashed, except ours, which, in consequence of Mr. Belt's sickness, will not be disturbed until to-morrow.

W—— was seized with a violent attack of colic, in the night; and our sleep was considerably interrupted, by the passing to and fro, and calls for medicine. Tibbets, as usual, was the chief man on the occasion. Having dosed the sufferer pretty well, with cholera mixture, and pepper-vinegar, he brought him to, in good time. The poor fellow suffered a good deal; but having induced the spell by a hearty meal of cat-fish, at supper, some were disposed to joke him. This morning he is up, and doing well enough.

Had the misfortune, this morning, to lose my parole, as did, also, Capt. Ball. They were both recalled, on the plea that we are now in better health, and do not need them. This is true in Capt. Ball's case; but, my own health is just about as it was, when the parole was placed in my hands. I think the true reason has not been made to appear. It was suggested by Capt. Ahl, that others might be jealous of our privilege, if it were not extended to them. I do not believe, however, that any such feeling is likely to exist. The truth is, that it has been a great advantage to our whole company, as Capt. Ball generally brought in the news, and I attended to most of the purchases. Indeed, this may be the very reason why we have lost our privilege. We saw and learned too much!

A transport arrived, this afternoon, and took off one thousand prisoners for Point Lookout. Dr. Hich gave them Dixie, on his brass instrument, as they passed along in sight of our window; and I thought they seemed much inspirited. Whether they go to Richmond immediately, or not, the change itself is agreeable.

There were only *five* burials, to-day. Two of the deaths were from small-pox. The whole lot of coffins remained on the wharf, until 5 P. M.—every prisoner of the 1,000 passing in close proximity to the putrid bodies, and, in some instances, leaning upon the very coffins in which were enclosed the victims of small-pox.

The stench from the moat is worse to-day, on account of the large amount of filthy matter under, and around the sinks now lying exposed. Several hands have been engaged, dragging it farther into the canal, but I see no signs of an intention to take it away.

Wednesday, 14th.—Another bad night. Found it impossible to sleep, on account of the mosquitoes and bed-bugs. The disagreeable smell from the moat is still in our nostrils. Sometimes it is almost intolerable, from our window, in No. 6, which opens directly upon the miasma.

The white-washing was continued, and finished, to-day. We have been greatly upset; but hope to be straightened up to-morrow. The passages, and rooms have all been scoured, and everything is damp and disagreeable. It will be a wonder if some of us are not sick.

We had an amusing spectacle, this morning, in the uniforming of Co. Q, with old-fashioned, yellow-trimmed, bob-tailed dragoon coats, which every man was required to put on. The scene occurred, in the Fort-yard, under the direction of Capt. Ahl—who, evidently, enjoyed the fun. The coats had, probably, been stowed away in some government warehouse, for years, and were brought out, originally, it is said, for the purpose of dressing up the rebels. A better thought assigned them to the deserters and convicts, who are now to wear them as their mark of distinction—no man being allowed to go outside the Fort without this badge of his degradation.

When the first man strutted forward with his yellow tail, looking for all the world like an escaped bullfinch, the whole company burst out, in a loud laugh. It was amusing to notice the variety of effects produced in the countenances and behavior of the doomed men. To refuse to wear the coats, they dare not. Some looked mad; some were really pleased; and others affected to be well satisfied. Some hurried off, as quickly as possible, avoiding the gaze of the crowd; some strutted; some amused themselves in pretended efforts to extend the extremities of their neighbors' coats; one man eyed himself first from one shoulder, then from the other, kicking alternately right and left, in vain attempts to reach the nether end of his gay swallow-tail. Several tucked up the ends, and made a sort of jacket of the hated garment; and one man turned as much as possible under his pants, and thus converted it into a shirt, with his suspenders above. It was very evident that all considered the uniform as a disgraceful badge, and though turned off in most cases with a laugh, the submission was reluctant and disagreeable.

A stern old man, by the name of Hoy, from Auburn, New York, positively refused to put on the coat, and actually suffered himself to be taken to the guard-house, and in the course of the evening, to be drummed around the Fort some four or five times, under guard, with a heavy barrel over his head, rather than submit to the indignity. Whilst they were carrying this poor fellow through his cruel punishment, the "convicts" showed their disapprobation by rushing, simultaneously, to their quarters, whenever the mock procession would appear in that locality; and evacuating the building when it had passed along. In this manner they avoided seeing the farce altogether; and encouraged Hoy in his resistance. Quite an excitement prevailed, among the political prisoners, upstairs, who crowded the windows, not to deride but to sympathize. As for myself, I was obliged to call to the old fellow, as he passed under my window; and urged, "Hold on, old man;" and a voice among the convicts also broke out: "Stick to it—stick to it!" A number of Yankee officers were sitting in front of their quarters, apparently enjoying the scene; but the veteran Hoy held out until they were obliged to take him to the guard-house for the night.

We were startled, this afternoon, to find that Mr. Belt had the small-pox. We have noticed, for several days, that he has been considerably reddened, and broken out, in the face; but did not, for a moment, suspect this loathsome disease. The case was soon reported to Capt. Ahl; and our good friend was ordered to the hospital. It really distressed me, to see him preparing to leave. The idea of going to a pest-house, and among those who are covered with scabs, and putrid sores, was evidently alarming to Mr. Belt, himself; but he made no objection, and left us with the sympathies of all in the apartment. It is pleasant to know, that the disease has nearly had its course; and that he is now able to walk about. We sincerely hope that he will soon be well.

The number of burials, to-day, was *twenty-two*—some of

REFUSING THE COAT.

them having been left from yesterday ; five were cases of small-pox, and were taken from the lower end of the Island—an arrangement having been made to remove all such, in a sail-boat to the other shore.

Thursday, 15th.—The mosquitoes are still troublesome at night, and there is no help for it. How many weary nights have I had, since my imprisonment, with these pestiferous insects; and who will ever know, how much I have suffered, from this one source alone!

Hoy, the man who refused, yesterday, to adopt the convict's badge, was again paraded around the Fort yard with a barrel over his head, and a placard upon the side of it, inscribed,—*For Insubordination.* The guard was still with him; but he was now conducted around without the music; and still persisting in his refusal to wear the coat, he was hung up, by the thumbs, in the sally-port, for nearly two hours, and then remanded to the cells. Before dinner, the old fellow agreed to put on the coat, on condition that he should not be made to sign any paper, or in any other way acknowledge himself a soldier.

The history of this man, as far as I can learn it, after special inquiry, is this: He is an Irishman, by birth, and was for some years a citizen of Auburn, N. Y.—where he was living at the breaking out of the war, with his wife and six children, and wholly destitute of the means of support, for want of employment. A recruiting officer came along, offering a bounty of $200 for enlistments, to be paid on the arrival of the troops at Albany. With the hope of doing something for his family, the old man gave his name to the officer; but instead of being paid the promised sum, he was put off with seventy-five dollars, and the balance was to come at an indefinite period, in the future. Hoy, concluding that he was about to be cheated, and that his family would be little benefited by the enlistment, on such terms, refused to proceed

farther. For this offence, though never mustered into service, he was condemned to imprisonment and hard labor at Fort Delaware. He persists that he is not a soldier, and never intends to be; nor will he do anything, in the slightest degree admitting, that he was or ever will be connected with the army. I honor him for his firmness.

Somebody[1] has perpetrated the following lyric, dedicated to Company Q. It was handed to me by a friend; and may very suitably be inserted here:

OLD COMPANY Q.

BY ONE OF THE NUMBER.

The Poets have sung in all Ages,
Of heroes, both gallant and true;
But in spite of what's said by the sages,
Still give me old Company Q.

They'll live on the pages of story,
Their history I'll now give to you:
More splendid than old Mother Morey,
Is the history of Company Q.

They come from all parts of creation;
Used to dig, play dandy, and hew!
They fought for the flag of their nation,
Here's the glory of Company Q.

Their deeds of high valor are written,
Where sunlight shall fall on the dew,
Wherever the foe has been smitten,
Is the record of Company Q.

They number all sorts of professions,
They come from the old world, and new;
They are rich, without other's possessions,
They are rich—Old Company Q!

They marched with the old Flag above them,
And they carried their colors straight thro';
Their dear ones at home to-day love them—
They are longing for Company Q.

[1] Attributed to Col. —— Lester.

But the shoulder-straps wanted to show folks
How big young puppies could grow,
And they thought it one of their best jokes
To imprison old Company Q.

And now the country lies bleeding—
Whose heroes the enemy slew!
We imprison our veterans, not heeding
The valor of Company Q.

They pay splendid bounties for green-horns,
And conscripts, black, yellow and blue;
But through all the dark nights and dark morns,
Doomed to idleness is Company Q.

But Oh! give them the freedom of battle,
Wherever the Eagle e'er flew—
They'll make all the wild welkin rattle,
To the shouts of old Company Q.

The "Rebels" were, again, paraded around the Island—every man carrying all his movable possessions. This is a good thing for the health of the poor boys, and ought to have been done long ago, before so many of them were almost smothered to death, in the crowded and filthy barracks. Their reason for turning out with so much luggage, is perhaps two-fold—to afford an opportunity for cleaning up whilst they are out, and to save the property from the hands of thieves—many of whom infest the Island, among friends and foes.

The milk-man was degraded from his office, and dismissed the Island, to-day. The reason assigned is, that he has been speculating in clothing bought for the soldiers. It is rumored, however, that his proclivities are Southern, and that he has been intimate with the prisoners. I don't know anything about the man, save the fact, that he has had a fine chance to make money, and such an one as he will never again enjoy in his old trade. The quantity of milk brought over from Delaware City, is really astonishing, and the supply seems always short of the demand.

Friday, 16*th*.—It has been raining, more or less, all day; and I have spent nearly the whole time at my little desk, near

the grated window—from which I can look out upon the river, and the village on the other side. A few nights ago, in my sleeplessness, I got two or three verses of rhyme into my head, and to-day, the weather, or something else, has brought out several more. As the idea embraced in the article is the same for which I am imprisoned here, I insert it in this place for the benefit of those who may feel an interest in me hereafter:

IS THAT THE OLD FLAG?

Oh! see that gay flag, on the parapet streaming!—
Its stars, and its stripes, so vauntingly beaming—
Oh! see its rich bunting, in jollity flying,
And flapping strange pæans o'er dead and the dying

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Is that the old flag, which, in childhood, I gloried—
The flag of my country, so fam'd, and so storied
'Mong nations, and peoples, from ocean, to ocean,—
That stirr'd ev'ry heart, with the deepest emotion?

Is that the fond emblem of tyranny ended—
The banner of freedom; of virtue defended?
Say, is that the old flag, which was flung to the breeze
In the days of "lang syne," our sage Fathers to please?

'Tis the same azure ground—the stars glow as brightly,
As in days that are gone; and the stripes are as sightly;
But, a change I observe, in the *style* of that banner;
The *type* is not there—it has lost its old manner!

I gaze on the canvas, that floats now before me—
Ye bright stars, and gay stripes, no more I adore ye!
The glory's departed!—bereft of your meaning,
Your folds are distended, with colors unseeming!

My heart sinks, in sadness, as I think of the past,
And recall the brave deeds of an ancestry fast
In purpose of freedom; and who hoisted that flag,
As loyal to *Union*:—their escutcheon no brag!

But, what, now, mean those stripes floating joyously high—
The stars that glow, brightly, on that azure-tint sky?
No sovereignty, now, of the States they declare—
No rights of the people, nor sweet liberty there!

'Tis the seal of oppression; of unrighteous vows·
An ensign of terror, which no justice allows;
'Tis the mark of coercion, emblazoned afar,
Disgrac'd, and degraded urging vandals to war!

No respect I, now, feel, for that flag, as I've done,
When it wrapp'd its safe folds round my liberties won;
When it guarded my home, and protected the South,
In her own institutions: and seal'd not my mouth.

'Tis no emblem of safety, that now I behold;
'Tis no token of freedom, worth millions of gold;
'Tis a blue ground of ruin, bespatter'd with sand—
The red gore of Death, in the Despot's cold hand.

'Tis the sign of invasion; of fields waste and worn—
The shreds of a compact, all broken, and torn;
The device of the sordid;—gay ribands, that tell
The mean price, at which Northmen our Southern rights sell.

It steals from his master the contented old slave;
And it gives the poor negro a comfortless grave;
Shouts freedom, and union, with a lie on its face,
To pamper contractors, and distribute gold lace.

Yes! that flag, as it floats on the parapet there,
Is the signal of Death:—a Republican snare;
It waves for the simple; it cheers the deluded;
Its prestige has gone;— tis of glory denuded!

'Tis the emblem of hate, in the heart of the North·
The Abolitionist's badge, in madness set forth;
The symbol of arson, subjugation, and spoil;
The *Shroud of the Union*, on this fair Western soil!

Then flaunt not, so gaily, thou hypocrite banner!
Down! Down, in the dust, be thy suitable manner!
No more let thy stars, and thy stripes be expanded;
Shame! Shame to thy colors, with infamy branded!

Some four or five of our number have been contemplating an escape from the Island. The wind and tide are favorable to-night; and as they are in readiness to start, they will be likely to do so, unless prevented at the proper hour, by too much light. It is quite an undertaking to cross the Delaware on boards; and I am really apprehensive for the success of the party. The thing has been done, however, a number of times, and it is possible they, too, may get over. I go to bed restless and uneasy; but hope for these friends, in the same power that rescued Paul, when let down through a window, in a basket, over the prison walls at Damascus.

Saturday, 17*th*.—Had one of the worst nights I have experienced since I have been in prison. In the fore-part of the night, suffered terribly from mosquitoes and bed-bugs; and long before day was aroused by the cook, who had mistaken the hour, and alarmed the whole house by splitting wood, and breaking coal below stairs. Finding it impossible to sleep, I got up some time between midnight and morning, and sat down at my little desk, before the grated window. My brain seemed to be on fire; and I could think of nothing but the rough surname of our redoubtable jailor. This singular monosyllable, with its one dipthong and five consonants, kept whirling and tossing through my mind, like the terrible revolution of a broken wheel; and, at length by some happy fortuity, came running out at the end of my poor, anxious pen, in a sort of doggerel, which gave sufficient composure to allow me to fall back into my bunk, and rest with comparative quiet, until—well, I've forgotten—it might have been near the meridian.

I here record this remarkable effusion, as a monument to Gen. Schœpf, and as a memorial of that terrible night in the Bastile:

BRIG.-GEN. A. SCHŒPF.

What a changeable name has our Gen'ral *Sheff*,—
To bring out the sound of the *p*, and the *f*,
And pronounce this strange name as you like it.

You may drawl out the *o*; and write it *A. Shoaf*,
Thus calling to one's mind, that "terrible oaf,"—
As the darkey would say—and, thus strike it.

But, some would prefer the full Gen-e-ral *Shuff*,
With Brigadier affix, and title enough:—
To bolster the official a little.

Yet, others would "Dutch it," and jaw-break the sound
Speaking, firm, the rough *p*,—thus twisting around,
And blow out Gen'ral *Schœpf*, with their spittle.

Now, one thing is certain—this same Gen. Schuff,
Shœf, Schoff, Scheft, Scheff—but hold! I've penn'd it enough—
Well! he's used to them all: they surely are his'n.

So, now, Gen. *Schœpf*, good-bye, my old fellow!
I'll leave your strange name in lager to mellow;
If you'll let me, dear sir, get out of this pris'n.

I find that there has been a good deal of betting among the prisoners, about the elections. The surgeons have gone into the matter with zest. Dr. N——ll put up a stake of $500, and Dr. McA——n another of $400.

Sunday, 18*th*.—Our usual Sabbath services. In the morning preached from Heb. x. 31—*It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.* At night, without a text, endeavored to show, that there are often fearful marks or tokens, by which it may be predicted, almost with absolute certainty, that particular persons will be lost. Poor congregation in the morning—considerably better at night. Did not succeed with the sermons; and was discouraged with the impression that some think we have too much preaching. Felt deeply my utter inability to convert souls, without the Divine blessing. But, Oh, how anxiously do I desire the out-pouring of the Spirit on this Fort. If it please Him, we can have, even here, such a display of His sovereign power, as in the days of Paul and Silas, when a Roman prison rang with the praises of God, and even soldiers cried out, "What shall we do to be saved?" Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and glorify thyself!

The screw-pump has been at work, all day, with noise and steam, directly under my window. The object is to get the water sufficiently down to go on with the masonry to-morrow. The season is late, it is true, but the weather is mild, and there is no necessity for such driving, even to the desecration of the Sabbath. What are governments, or bodies of men, that they should disregard the unconditional laws of Jehovah? What is sin for the individual, is sin for confederation, or nation. No wonder that God's curse is upon the land!

Had a very unexpected visit this afternoon from Captain

Gibson, and Lieut. Wailes, of the Purnell Legion. Capt. G. brought a message from Col. Purnell, encouraging me to expect an early release. He states that the Colonel is deeply interested in my condition, and is satisfied that it is only necessary I should have a hearing, to regain my liberty. I have written to no one, on the subject, and have abstained so far, from personal effort, in order to see what friends would come to my help of their own accord; and how far the Lincoln Government will go, in punishing a man for independence of speech and thought.

Capt. Gibson is a very pleasant and polite gentleman, and manifested sympathy, and interest in my behalf. He proposes to have an interview with Col. Graham, on his return from Maryland, and thinks he may be of service. I was glad to meet with Wailes, who is a kinsman, and had a good social interview. He volunteered to have a conversation with Lieut. Ahl, about getting my wife a pass to visit the Island. His intent is good; but he will fail in the object. After about an hour's conversation, the gentlemen left, promising to visit me again.

By order of some of the officers, Carr, the superintendent of culinary matters, made a tour of the rooms, to-day, and gathered all the cups and saucers, plates, and knives and forks that he could find, and announced the order, that no more meals were to be served in rooms, save in No. 6. This movement has been occasioned by the carelessness of some of our number, who throw slops out of the window, and soil the walls of the Fort We were very glad, of course, to find our room excepted; but there were others quite as much entitled to favor as ourselves. It is not surprising, however, that complaint has been made, as we have a few men among us whose habits are filthy in the extreme, and were it not for some restraint, it would be dreadful to live in the same house with them.

Monday, 19*th*.—Have been suffering, all day, with my

usual Monday headache. Walked out in the afternoon, hoping to get some relief; but had little comfort, until near bed-time. I can scarcely account for the strange periodicity of these attacks; as I seldom experience the suffering, until a night has intervened after the Sabbath labors, and that, too, when there has been no special excitement, or labor in preaching. True, I always have a degree of anxiety connected with Sabbath duties; but this does not account for the intense, and long-continued nervous condition, which ensues.

A petition was handed in to Gen. Schœpf, to-day, signed by nearly all the political prisoners, expressing regret that the paroles of Capt. Ball, and myself had been withdrawn, and desiring that they may be returned. The movement was started by Dr. McKown, and was cordially responded to—Daniels, Lovett and Snyder, being the only exceptions; the first two, on the ground that they had frequently made appeals to Gen. Schœpf, which had received no attention, and they were not willing to put themselves again in an attitude to be refused. I have no idea that the General will give the paper any respectful attention; but I value it, as an expression of good feeling on the part of my fellow-prisoners.

In Dr. McKown's interview with Gen. Schœpf, some spicy things are reported to have occurred. Our fellow-prisoner is considerably riled, and seems to have lost whatever good feeling he has heretofore entertained toward the Commandant. Although a Massachusetts man, by birth, the Doctor has lived long enough in Delaware to have imbibed thorough Southern opinions. He is a good talker; an admirable imitator of the Dutch; speaks freely; and, sometimes, may go too far, in expressions of hostility. He says *I* am entirely too conservative; and pretends to object, very much, to my prayers for the officers of the Fort, and the Yankee authorities.

The small-pox increases in virulence, and in the number of patients. Strict regulations, in the way of quarantine, are being adopted. To-day, I am told, the chaplains have been forbidden to visit the small-pox hospitals.

Tuesday, 20th.—This day one year ago, my dear little Dilworth went home to Heaven, to be with God forever. Have endeavored to improve the anniversary of my little boy's death by arranging a Scripture acrostic for my wife.

* * * * * * * * * *

We had a disagreeable affair this afternoon in a public search for lost money. Several days ago Dr. Hich announced to a few persons that he had lost one hundred dollars in greenbacks, from a buckskin belt worn around his person. He concluded that it must have been taken from him either by some knave in our own company, or by an adept among the convicts, while he was at dinner in the kitchen. He preferred losing the money, rather than have a search; but some friends urged the matter, and the authorities being informed of the theft, Cunningham came up and ordered the whole body of "politicals" to fall into line in the passage, and with the assistance of Sergeant Carr, the examination proceeded. It was an ugly business; and as coats, boots, pockets, &c., were severally searched, I felt degraded. After the examination, the whole company (with the exception of Capt. Ball, Dr. McKown, Capt. Miles, and myself, who were retained as witnesses) were ordered down stairs. The rooms were then searched, but not so rigidly as we expected. Both sergeants seemed to feel a sort of meanness about it, and showed considerable delicacy of manner. In my own case, a positive exception was made, which I appreciated highly, but could not refrain from turning out my pockets. Individually, I felt more concerned about the verses penned some days ago, than about anything else,—as the finding of these might have subjected me to some considerable embarrassment. The money was not found. It is probable that there has been some mistake; or it may have been stolen by some of the light-fingered gentry below stairs.

The surgeons are becoming discouraged about their prospects for getting away. For some days they have had high

hopes; but rumors are now afloat, indicating that no exchanges are shortly to take place.

One thousand prisoners left, to-day, on the transport Nashville, for Point Lookout. The poor fellows have become so tired of Fort Delaware that any change will be agreeable. This movement, however, is regarded as favorable to a speedy exchange.

Wednesday, 21*st*.— Headache last night, which continues to-day.

A bottle of whiskey finding its way into No. 2, several of the inmates of that room imbibed rather freely, and have been "cutting up" considerably. This is the first time I have seen any demonstration of the kind on our floor, except in the case of one person, whose habit is that way, and who is not often with us, as he has had a parole. He, poor fellow, though possessed of many good qualities, is ruining himself; and if not arrested, will find a drunkard's grave.

The report of small-pox, for to-day, is *one hundred and thirty-seven* cases, in the hospital, and eight burials this morning.

The "Rebs" were marched around the Island, to give them an airing, and to allow an opportunity to clean up the barracks.

Thursday, 22*d*.—The prisoners had another trip around the Island, with a view to finishing the cleaning at the barracks. The poor fellows enjoy their walk very much, though they are always heavily laden, and never fail to make a very ludicrous appearance. Had some talk, on the bank, this afternoon, with a young Pennsylvanian, named Hackman, who is an attendant at the hospitals. He was sent South on account of his principles, and is now a prisoner, having been captured at Gettysburg. This interesting young man is expecting to leave the Island, with the next lot of prisoners, for Point Lookout. I

gave him the names of my son, and daughter, requesting him to call and see them, should he be exchanged. Like myself, he is gathering up the Island poetry; and at my request, furnished me with the following rhymes, which he found in the barracks, and which I insert here as a part of the current history:

OVER ON PEA PATCH ISLAND.

AIR:—*King of the Cannibal Islands.*

Oh! have you heard the news of late,
About a grand hotel of State,—
To board the "Rebels," small and great,
Over on Pea Patch Island?

They call the place *Fort Delaware;*
But what they call it we don't care,
We'd sooner be—I won't say where—
Than over on Pea Patch Island.

Here the "blue-bellies" keep you under their thumb,
They strut around as if they were "*some*,"
You cannot speak—so you'd better be dumb,
Over on Pea Patch Island.

This big hotel has quite a run,
The upper ten, and lower ton,
From a Senator's son to the "son of a gun,"—
Over on Pea Patch Island

Here resorts the cavalier,—
All arms of the service, too, are here,
Suffering for their country dear—
Over on Pea Patch Island.

Our bill of fare can ne'er be beat,
The tables are long, and kept so neat—
Three crackers and one inch of meat,
For a meal on Pea Patch Island.

Our breakfast hour is twelve, they say;
We eat our dinner at six, and lay
Our supper over till next day—
Over on Pea Patch Island.

They offer you three meals a day,
And dress you in blue instead of grey
If you your country will betray,
And live on Pea Patch Island.

This bait has caught a hundred or two,
Who look like kangaroos in blue.
To death with such a cowardly crew!
Or—keep them on Pea Patch Island.

There are thousands here of Southern men
Who'll soon go to their homes, and when
They fight—God help the "blue-bellies" then,
Who keep us on Pea Patch Island.

And if we meet them in the fight,
We'll rally around our colors bright;
Our vengeance word, both day and night:
"Remember Pea Patch Island."

Whilst out, this afternoon, saw a number of boxes on the wharf, containing medicines for the dispensary These will be hailed with joy by physicians and patients, after a long and unaccountable delay—which I have no doubt has occasioned the loss of many valuable lives.

Company Q received an accession of about twenty recruits, who were stowed away in their insatiable hive, in the Fort yard. This building, which is perhaps 100 hundred feet long, by forty or fifty wide, is filled with Yankee deserters and convicts. The whole company was drawn up, this evening, with special display, and some new orders issued,—among which I distinctly heard the announcement, that every man would hereafter be required to be punctually present at roll call; and that the last man coming out, would be compelled to carry a log of wood, for an hour, in the sally-port.

One of the convicts, named Johnson, who has failed in three successive attempts to make his escape from the Island, succeeded, yesterday, or to-day, in getting off on a coal boat. The boat was searched, as usual, but the man was not discovered.

By order of the Secretary of War, a list of all the political prisoners has been made out, and forwarded to Washington. This is generally regarded as an omen of speedy release; but I feel incredulous.

Very general attendance at worship. I regret, however, to notice some decline of interest, and an increasing disposition to give way to card-playing and profanity.

Friday, 23*d*.—Kelly, the man who has attended to our *chores*, died of diphtheria, at the hospital, this morning. He was a stout, healthy-looking man, and his sudden death has created much surprise. I hope the event may have some good effect; but there is little to be expected, from anything of the sort, here. How hard is the heart of man!

Capt. Ahl, and other officers have been spying around the rooms, evidently aroused by something they conceive to be out of order. Several bottles of whiskey have lately been smuggled into the rooms, and it may be that a rumor of this fact has come to their ears. It has been ordered that, hereafter, no one is to go to the sutler's without a special permit; and a man is to be detailed from below stairs, to do the purchasing. I am really apprehensive of trouble, and am glad that there is a prospect of having this contraband business stopped.

It has been reported, that all the political prisoners are to be moved to Washington, for trial. This, doubtless, is one of the thousand and one tales that can be traced to no reliable source. On some accounts, I should not be unwilling to go to this home of my childhood; but, upon the whole, the movement would be very objectionable. Very nearly the only source of comfort now remaining to me, is the fact that I am near the larger portion of my family.

Got my tub, with a good supply of vegetables, and other necessaries. Some friend sent a nice bouquet, which is like a ray of sunshine amid the darkness of prison life. I dearly love flowers, and the bunch on my shelf reminds me pleasantly of home.

Good attendance at worship.

Fourteen burials this morning—two of the deaths from small-pox.

Saturday, 24*th*.—We have had a dull, rainy day, and my feelings seem to have been tinged with the darkness and dreariness around me. What a wearisome life is this, even with many

things to mitigate and render it so much more comfortable than that of thousands. We have a number here who think they are enjoying an Elysium, in comparison with what they experienced at Harper's Ferry, Fort McHenry, and other places. Our condition is also better than that of the poor fellows at the barracks, who are densely crowded, scantily supplied with food, and in the midst of dirt. It is bad enough here, however, and I sigh to be free; but if I cannot have an honorable release, I had rather suffer on, even for months to come. I am a prisoner for conscience' sake, and believe that my Heavenly Father will, ere long, "deliver me out of all my distresses."

Mr. Paddock, the Federal Chaplain, called and left some papers for distribution. I am very glad to get these weeklies; but never read them without having my feelings hurt—notwithstanding many good things they contain. It is especially painful to find religious journals opposing compromise, and rejoicing with a malignant spite, in the purpose of subjugation, or extermination. A correspondent of the *Independent*, of October 15th, says: "*We are to bring this civil war to a close, not by compromise. Compromise, thank God, is impossible. It is to come by subjugation or extermination of the rebels, and in no other way.*" Are they who thus teach disciples of the *Prince of Peace?* Are they not demons, belching forth the very spirit of the pit? Alas, for the age in which we live! The church is demoralized—the Christian name is too frequently a deceit—Christ's members (?) are mad men! All this is literally true to a very great extent, at the North. How long, oh Lord! shalt thou be wounded in the house of thy friends? Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and help thy professed followers to see eye to eye! Come, and root out of Thy Church all selfishness, avarice, vain ambition, delusion, and all that wild fanaticism that arrogates to itself a monopoly in the knowledge of Thy will, and that would crush out the life of millions, with a jubilant hate,

claiming to be the righteous executioners of Thy decrees—the sword of the Almighty in the hands of the just!

"Ye who surround, and guide the State,
Does justice on your councils wait?
Ye judges with impartial laws,
Does truth maintain the righteous cause?

"Oh how perverse mankind has grown!
Your hearts the deeds of mischief own;
Your lawless minds, and fearless hand
Spread acts of rapine thro' the land.

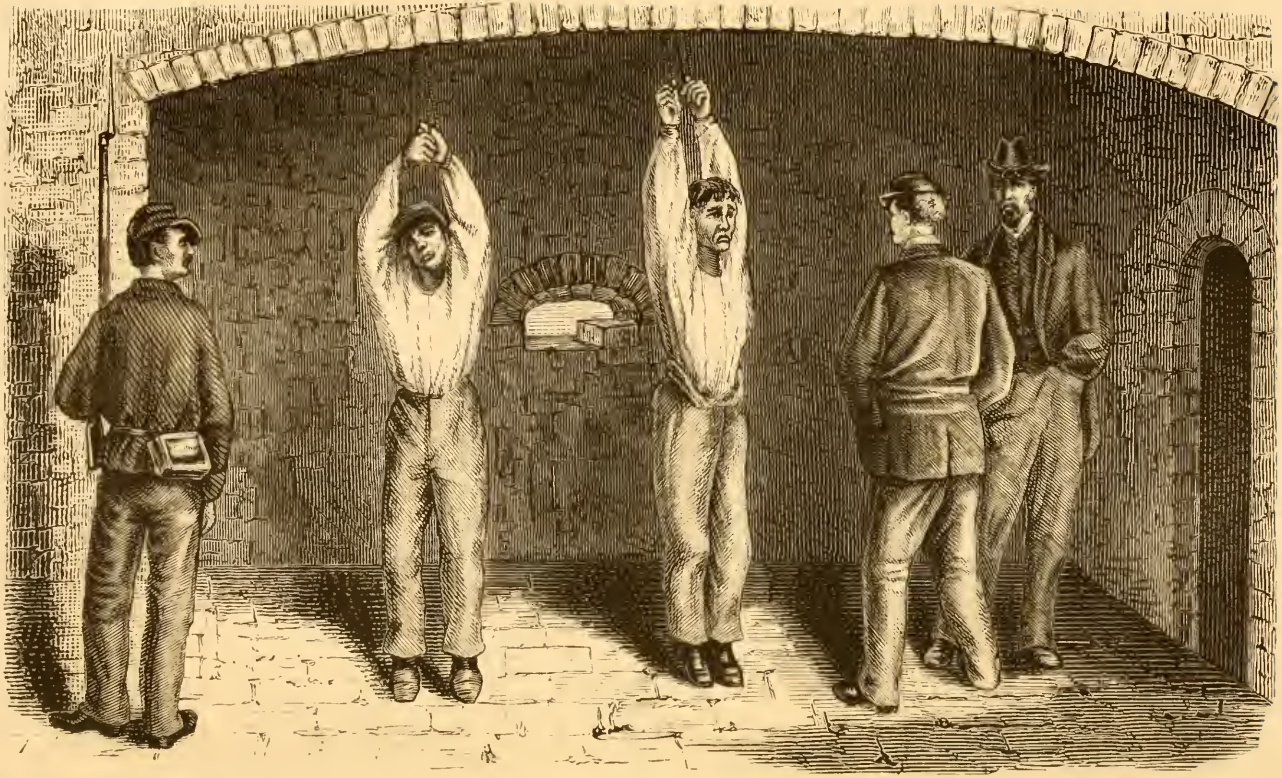
"The Lord the lion's teeth shall break,
And from his mouth the grinders shake;
Their life-like running streams shall flow,
Or snap like arrows in the bow.

"So shall the astonished world declare,
The just a sure reward shall share;
Yes, there's a God whom men shall know—
The judge of all the earth below."

For Mr. Paddock, who favors me with a sight of these papers, I have a sincere regard. He appears to be a good man, intent on accomplishing something for the glory of God. He is a Republican, I have no doubt, as I find his name appended to the protest against Bishop Hopkins' famous and unanswerable address on the subject of slavery; but he is unobtrusive and gentlemanly, and deserves to be noticed for his generous manner towards the prisoners, and his Christian bearing among the sick at the hospitals. When I meet such men, my soul is grieved that there should be any "root of bitterness" between us—for our hearts are "one" in Jesus Christ.

"Let envy and ill will,
Be banished far away;
And all in Christian bonds unite,
Who the same Lord obey."

L—— came into my room this evening, and seemed disposed to have a private talk. He is a young man of good family, and some education, but high-tempered, and easily led



"THUMB-SCREWING."

astray. He took my suggestions on the subject of personal religion, in good part; stated his objections and difficulties; and acknowledged the obligations of duty, promising to amend his ways, and to seek the salvation of his soul. May he have the aid of the gracious Spirit.

Sunday, 25th.—The weather being cool to-day, and the hall uncomfortable, our services were held in No. 1, where we had a good fire, and ought to have had a cosy time; but the attendance was poor, both in the forenoon and at night; and I felt discouraged. As I am, now, the only professor of religion in the apartment, perhaps it is expecting too much to look for large congregations, as heretofore, when there were others to encourage attendance. Generally, the congregations are good; indeed it has surprised me to find such constant attendance and respect manifested by impenitent men. We have had services every day, for about three months; and it would be surprising if there had been no wavering, nor flagging. But how much good has been accomplished it is hard to tell; more, probably, than I shall ever know anything about in this world. God grant that I may find in eternity, if not before, that many have been saved through the Word preached in prison.

The subject this morning was *Self-Denial*, from Matt. xvi. 24; and in the evening I preached from the text, *Prepare to meet thy God.*

We had another spectacle of torment, this forenoon, in the case of two poor Irishmen, members of Co. Q, who were hung up by their thumbs and wrists, in front of their own quarters, and in presence of all their comrades. They were tied by a rope to a cross-beam which was thrown over the parapet, and then drawn up until they could only just stand upon the ends of their toes. They appeared to suffer very much, and one of them looked every moment as though he would faint from pain and exhaustion. The hands of each were purple and dis-

tended with blood. The weaker of the two, finding it impossible to retain his water, was agonized with this additional mortification. This scene of barbarism was under the immediate direction of Capt. Ahl and Provost-Marshal Hawkins; the latter a very pompous and arrogant little fellow, whose disgusting and unfeeling conduct towards prisoners is a subject of constant remark.

The occasion of the present infliction was the independence of one of the Irishmen in returning a blow given by the Provost-Marshal—an act which was considered by the Irishman as unmilitary and unjust. The other man was punished for cursing one of the "galvanized rebs." They both, no doubt, deserved punishment; but this heathenish method can receive no reasonable justification from any penal statute among a civilized people. But the climax of Hawkins' barbarity consisted in his calling, across the Fort-yard, to the writhing man who struck him, "How do you like it, Sir? How do you like it?" as though gloating in the suffering of his enemy. Alas, for the humanity of the Lincoln rule!

The quiet of this holy day has been interrupted, in two instances, by unpleasant occurrences on our own floor. A fracas took place this morning between L—— and P——, which led to blows; the latter narrowly escaping injury from the stroke of a steel file upon his head. They are both impulsive, and will doubtless regret the occurrence, and be friends again. The other difficulty took place between Capt. B—— and S——, the latter a very disagreeable and unpopular man, who is frequently involved in quarrels with some of our company. These altercations are deeply to be regretted; and I earnestly hope we shall have nothing more of the kind.

Monday, 26th.—Was informed by Mr. Paddock—through Col. Waring—that friends in Delaware are making noble efforts for my release. This is certainly very gratifying intelligence, if true, and is just what I have had a right to expect.

The time was when my friends in that region were numbered by scores—perhaps hundreds. They knew my opinions upon all subjects, and the great majority appeared to be in full sympathy with me in whatever was expressed, in regard to the state of the country, and the prospects of the colored race. They never knew me to be a babbler, nor a brawler—nor can any man say that I ever took an active part in politics, or ever voted a strictly party ticket. They can, also, testify to the evident sincerity of my purposes as a minister of the Gospel, and that they never knew me, as a public man, to have any end to subserve other than to do good, and bless all around me, of whatever party, color, or condition. Then, I have had a right to claim sympathy from these old friends of a former ministry; and should the statement of Mr. Paddock be true, I shall be gratified as much for their sakes as my own. Should it be untrue, then I may take comfort in the remembrance of Him who, perfect in every purpose and act of His life, was forsaken by His own disciples, in the day of adversity. If in the humiliation of the God-man, they all forsook Him and fled, who am I—however conscientious or correct—that I should be remembered in the midst of these clouds? But, it was not because they had ceased to love Him—they were afraid! Thanks be to God, there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother!

The young men inaugurated an amusement in the hall, to-night, which gave them some good exercise, and served, for a time, to drive dull care away. About an hour was spent in dancing, to tunes hummed by Welsh, whose lively notes were quite a good substitute for the violin. Though no friend to *promiscuous* dancing, I was very glad to see these young fellows hopping around for the benefit of their health in the absence of more suitable exercise.

After the dancing, we had a full attendance at worship.

Tuesday, 27th.—Letters from my wife, and daughter Gertrude, to-day.

* * * * * * * * * *

The four physicians who, in company with Col. Waring, have been visiting the inside of the Fort, have been assigned to separate quarters—the object being to afford them better facilities for co..king.

We had a great excitement on the Island, this morning, occasioned by a request from the citizens of Port Penn to Gen. Schœpf, for assistance in the capture of a number of rowdies from New York, who were congregated near that place, to regale themselves with the spectacle of a prize fight. The General promptly responded to the call; and immediately put everything about the Fort in readiness for the arrest of the parties. A detachment of soldiers was sent to Port Penn, and a six pounder cannon taken to the bank of the river. Three small steamers came along, after awhile, closely hugging the Jersey shore; a couple of musket shots brought two of them to an immediate halt—the third succeeding in passing the Fort. Two of the principals, with a large number of spectators, were captured and brought into the Fort, and the prize fighters assigned to the cells. This episode gave us an interesting change; and it was not a little amusing to see the General running about in his excitement, ordering everybody into the Fort. or to quarters.

A good service has been done in the capture of these rascals; who were not only disturbing the quiet of a retired neighborhood, by the brutality of a fight, but—by robbery and other outrages—deserving summary punishment[1].

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[1] The following paragraph, in relation to this affair, is clipped from a Philadelphia daily:

THE LATE PRIZE FIGHTS.—All the parties who were arrested by the orders of Gen. Schœpf, the Commandant of Fort Delaware, for being implicated in the robberies and outrage at Port Penn, on the occasion of the prize fights on Tuesday last, were liberated at a late hour the same evening by order of the General, with the exception of Edward Wilson and Con. Orem, the principals, who were handed over to the State authorities. They were conveyed to the county jail at New Castle, Delaware, where they still remain, being held in the sum of four hundred dollars bail each.

When the second fight between Orem and Patsy Marley was broken up in consequence of the attack by the military, who had been sent from Fort Delaware for that purpose, there was a general dispersion of the spectators in every direction; but they were met by the soldiers, who had been thrown out as skirmishers on all sides, and who fired at every fugitive who refused to stop and surrender when called upon to do so. Nearly a hundred were taken in this manner; some, however, made good their escape across the country to St. George's Station, on the Baltimore line of railroad, and others reached Delaware City in safety.

Had a good talk with Captains Miles and Cannon, two old tars, about the dangers of the sea. Capt. Miles is an Eastern Shoreman, from Somerset county, Maryland, who has followed the sea more than forty years. He is an amiable, kind-hearted man, and has some good stories, which he tells with zest, but without hyperbole.

The young men had another dance in the hall before worship; but cheerfully relinquished the sport at the hour for evening service, and did not resume it afterward. The attendance, indeed, was unusually large; and all were respectful, and manifested interest in the services.

Wednesday, 28th.—Wrote letters to my wife and daughter G——, suggesting words of comfort.

Had a present of a five dollar greenback, from one of the "Delaware boys," who has managed to bring a good deal of money into the Fort with him, and who makes a generous use of it, in aiding his fellow-prisoners. In my own case this kindness was delicately proffered, and I forbear to mention his name, simply as a matter of prudence, and in deference to his own feelings.

Poor attendance at prayers; and a good deal of noise and frolicking, which continued until a late hour.

Thursday, 29th.—Was awakened at a very early hour, and had no more sleep during the morning.

Several persons have copied my lines on the "Old Flag." Cunningham came in whilst I was occupied in making a tran-

More than one had narrow escapes, their clothes being perforated by the Minie balls. Fitzgerald escaped by a clever ruse, having bribed the engineer of the steamer on which he was when she was captured, to allow him to act as his assistant engineer, while another prominent sporting city official of Philadelphia became, temporarily, a coal-passer and fireman; he also escaped detection. Wilson, when taken, was in a berth on the same boat, attended by his seconds, who were busily engaged in attending to his severe facial injuries. Con. Orem, one of the principals in the second fight, was taken on the way to the boat at Port Penn, his battered countenance causing him to be easily recognized as one of the combatants. Marley, his opponent, escaped detection, and reached Philadelphia the same evening.

script; and with his curious eyes read the piece, and inquired "who wrote it?"—but got no reply; and after making some careless comments, passed on. Have been very uneasy, lest the thing may be sought for, and its discovery in some way add to my discomfort.

Lieut. Wailes, of the Purnell Legion, called to inform me that he was about to leave for Baltimore, with his regiment, and to say good-bye. He will carry a message for Colonel Purnell.

About twenty wounded soldiers arrived, this afternoon, by way of Philadelphia, from the hospital at Harrisburg. Among them were two officers, Capt. E. G. Leach, Co. K, 26th Alabama Regiment, and Lieut. Miles J. Taylor, Co. H, 26th Alabama Regiment. They appear to be worthy and pleasant gentlemen—the former from Columbus, Mississippi, and the latter from Pikeville, Alabama.

One hundred and forty small-pox cases were reported this morning.

Full attendance at worship.

Friday, 30th.—The Purnell Legion left the Island, this morning, *en route* for Baltimore, to cast their votes at the approaching election. I presume they will all vote, with their officers, the Republican ticket. I know it to be true, however, from conversations which I have had with several of them, that they are heartily sick of the war; and that their sympathies are strongly with the South. If they had never entered the United States service, and they could now make choice in the matter, they would gladly connect themselves with the Confederate Army.

Capt. Ball called on the General for twenty dollars, sent him in a letter from a friend; and was put off with one-fourth of that sum, paid in *sutler's tickets*—the balance having been retained to be doled out to the old gentleman, at the option of the Commandant; and then can only be disbursed at the sutler's, where the highest prices are invariably imposed.

Capt. Miles sent a polite note to Col. Graham, requesting a short interview before he left the Island; but the privilege was denied, though of great importance to a man who has been lying in prison full seven months.

Dr. Hitch's father visited the Island, to-day, bringing very discouraging intelligence for the Delawareans. He saw no prospect for their release until after the election.

Saturday, 31*st*.—Got up long before day, intending, as I was unable to sleep, to occupy the early morning in reading and study. Had no candle; and after dressing, was obliged to wait a long time for day. The light never seemed so long in appearing. Got tired, and fell back into my bunk with my clothes on, and was now able to get asleep, and presently opened my eyes, somewhat refreshed, upon a rainy morning.

Mr. Belt has returned from the hospital, entirely well of the small-pox, and looking like a new man. He gives an affecting account of the sufferings of his fellow-patients; and says that during the seventeen days of his sojourn with them, the average number of deaths was five a day. There are now *one hundred and sixty* cases of this loathsome disease. During the month, there have been *three hundred and seventy-three* deaths from various diseases; and to-day the number of burials was *ten*.

Whiskey bottles are still finding their way into our apartment; and the evil effects are constantly visible. Had an opportunity of fully expressing my views on the subject of temperance, in No. 2, and hope not without influence for good.

Doctors Hitch and McKown are blowing away on their horns, every day, much to the gratification and amusement of some of our number, but oftener to the annoyance of others. Softer music, as upon the flute, or violin, would now be a pleasant change in our prison life.

The talk about exchanges is constant, and the alternations of hope and despondency are frequent. At this time there

seems to be great discouragement, and a general spirit of complaint at the tardiness of the two Governments. It is certainly much to be regretted, that so many thousands should be compelled to linger out a miserable existence, and then to lie in unknown graves, simply to gratify the whims of officials, who feel no pain at the horrors of the terrible struggle. The Confederates, at this place, are worn out with disappointment and vain hope. Many, at the hospitals, who have been relieved of their specific diseases, sink back again into their beds when they hear, from day to day, of the failure of the Government Commissioners to arrange a cartel; and it is the testimony of all the physicians, that scores of our noble young men, worried and worn out by hard living, and long confinement, are frequently seized with an oppressive home-sickness, and sink rapidly into premature graves.

VI.

November.

Sunday, 1*st*.—Slept very uncomfortably last night, for the want of bed-clothing, having divided with Mr. Belt, who has recently returned from the hospital.

Held services, to-day, in No. 1, the weather being too cold for the hall. Several were absent, who assign as a reason, the disagreeableness of sitting in the same room with S——, who objects to having his room occupied by tobacco-spitters, and who for other reasons seems unpopular.

My text in the afternoon was the words: *Will a man rob God?* and at night: *If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?* Had little liberty in

the morning, but succeeded better at night. The seed is sown; eternity will discover the fruit. To God be the glory, whatever the result!

The 5th Maryland Regiment took up its quarters opposite my window.

Monday, 2*d*.—Felt unusually well to-day, and thought it a good time to try my hand at the wash-tub. With the assistance of Ambrose, our principal *dabster* in this line, got out a number of pieces, such as undershirts, stockings, handkerchiefs, and towels; all of which are to be used without ironing. I find myself submitting, very cheerfully, to a clean shirt once a week, which is all I can afford to put into the hands of a washerwoman—my purse being now reduced to a very few dollars, with no prospect ahead.

Dr. Alexander McCown, (Burns' Battery, Morgan's Division), having requested me to drop a few lines to his father, who is a minister of the Presbyterian Church, in Kentucky, it gave me pleasure to comply with the request, thinking how glad I would be to receive a letter from any ministerial acquaintance of my own dear son, especially should he be able to give a good account of him. Had a free talk with the Doctor on the subject of personal religion. Found him in a restless, anxious state of mind, desiring to renounce his sins, but excusing himself on the ground of the utter impossibility of accomplishing anything, with his present surroundings.

Conversed also with Dr. Shepherd, who was accessible and respectful, whilst I endeavored to impress his mind with the great importance of a Christian life. He is from Collin County, Texas, and is surgeon in the 3d Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's Division. He is a very accommodating fellow, and has done me some service, through "the underground mail route."

The surgeons were all moved into the Fort, to-day; and the conjectures are various as to the "why and wherefore;" inasmuch as considerable preparations had but recently been

made for the improvement of their condition in a building on the outside. It is alleged that these quarters are needed for another purpose; but it is more probable that "the authorities" deem it necessary further to restrict the privileges of the prisoners.

A sentinel, of the 5th Maryland Regiment, whilst in charge of the political prisoners, made himself quite familiar with certain of our number, while we were on the river bank, and enjoyed himself much at a game of quoits,—for which he was reprimanded by the officer of the day, and ordered to meet him at the sally-port. What ensued I could not learn; but it is likely that the poor fellow paid the forfeit of the cells.

No papers could be procured to-day for love or money; although, on yesterday, they were, for the first time, hawked through the rooms, by permission of Capt. Ahl. The news of yesterday was rather discouraging to the prisoners; to-day it may be less gratifying to the Yankees.

Tuesday, 3*d*.—A youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age was hung up, *a la Sepoy*, in front of the convicts' quarters, for getting drunk, and stealing a pair of boots. This chap, though a New Yorker, is a Rebel prisoner, and has been employed by the surgeons as a waiter and cook. He is a very bad boy; and deserves punishment, more or less, every day. The infliction in this case, though of the barbarous kind, was not rigidly carried out. The corporal, who seemed to be a humane fellow, tied him loosely, and without elevating his arms to the usual extent. The consequence was, that the boy twice slipped his hands; and when another man tightened the cords, he forced the officer to let him down, more than once, under pretence of an immediate necessity from diarrhœa. In this way, the cunning fellow divided his time, and got off without much suffering. It surprised me to hear him boldly declare himself a Rebel; and with defiance, sing several fragments of "contraband" songs.

The "Rebs" are now favored with frequent airings around the Island. To-day they are turned out without their usual luggage; and their general appearance seemed considerably improved.

Twelve or fifteen Confederate prisoners were brought into the Fort, from Pennsylvania hospitals.

Eight dead bodies were carried to the Jersey shore, this morning.

Wednesday, 4th.—The 5th Maryland Regiment left, this forenoon, without muskets, for Elkton, or Baltimore, to cast their votes for county and State officers.

Had a visit from Dr. Alex. McCown; and at his own request advised with him, privately, on the subject of personal religion. He is evidently in a disturbed state of mind, deeply convicted of sin, desirous of a change, but irresolute and, I fear, despairing. Suggested the importance of resolution; warned him against irregular habits, and pointed him to the great Physician. His case is one deserving great sympathy; and as the son of a brother minister, I feel special concern for his eternal well-being. He has, recently, had a severe and dangerous operation performed on his person; and tells me, that although apprehending death, he felt too wicked to ask the forgiveness of Almighty God. How different were the feelings of David, who after his great sins, exclaimed: "O Lord, I am oppressed—undertake for me!" and again: "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for my sin is *great.*"

Capt. Cannon's brother came to see him, to-day, and brings the intelligence that Gen. Tyler threatens the imprisonment of several other citizens of Sussex, and that there are some men at Laurel, who he says must be *banished or shot.*

Dr. Silliman refused, to-day, to allow a prescription of Dr. Foster's to be honored at the dispensary; and demanded of Tibbetts, who carried the paper, to know by what authority Doctor F. assumed to practice among the political prisoners.

Until now, we were under the impression that Dr. Foster had not only full liberty to prescribe in our apartment, but that he had been regularly appointed to do so. He has, certainly, been very kind and attentive; and has given general satisfaction on our floor. Silliman's opposition to what is pleasant, and acceptable to us, gives us no better opinion of the Medical Director, especially as he affords us, himself, little, or no attention.'

Have been suffering, to-day, with severe pains in my back and shoulders, having caught cold from insufficient clothing, and the absence of a stove in the room.

Carpenters are at work putting up more comfortable bunks in all the rooms.

In consequence of being so unwell, brought Mr. Belt's services into requisition at worship; and after reading a chapter myself, called upon him to lead in prayer.

Thursday, 5th.—Still suffering with rheumatism, in my neck and shoulders.

Walked out, as usual, in the afternoon; and fell in with a number of "Rebs," who were unloading a vessel at the wharf. The guards were unusually lenient, and interposed no obstacle in the way of free conversation with the men. The Delawareans, who had never enjoyed this opportunity before, made good the occasion; posted themselves in regard to various matters of interest; and Hearn, who seems to be pretty flush of cash, enjoyed the opportunity of bestowing a handful of small notes, which were gratefully accepted by the needy prisoners.

Lieut.-Col. Irving, Assistant Exchange Officer, visited the Island, to-day, to investigate the condition of the prisoners. He had an interview with the surgeons; but the political prisoners were not honored with his inspection. The Colonel says, a plan of exchange—man for man, according to grade—is now proposed: which, being acceptable to both parties,

must lead to a speedy result. A hope, though faint, is thus again awakened among our tired and neglected soldiers, surgeons, and citizen prisoners.

Friday, 6th.—The old bunks in No. 6 were torn down this morning, and new ones erected in their stead. This will add greatly to our comfort; as the miserable, rough boards upon which we have been sleeping, heretofore, were literally *swarming* with bed-bugs. In tearing these away, we had quite a scene—the floor being strewed with the nasty insects, and every man in the room stamping, striking with sticks, and in various other ways, endeavoring to exterminate the vermin. Our condition, through the summer, as we have contended with bed-bugs, mosquitoes, stench, heat, and lice, has been almost intolerable. In regard to the last, however, I must add, that in our room we have been comparatively free from them—being indebted to neighbors, and visitors, for the few stragglers that have crept in amongst us. As for myself, I have been fortunate enough, so far, as not to find a single wanderer upon my person, or clothing; but to the dismay of myself, and equally neat and cleanly bed-fellow, Shreve, they have been discovered sufficiently often (two or three times at least) to keep us always apprehensive. A prison, at best, is a miserable place.

A letter is found in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, of to-day, giving a terrible account of the sufferings of the Yankee prisoners at Richmond. The statement is, palpably, exaggerated and high colored; and bears the impress of prejudice, and great effort for effect. Almost every illustration adduced in the article, will apply to Fort Delaware, and to these may be added instances of individual cruelty, and oppression, which would put to shame the unscrupulous statements of this writer, who claims to have been a Federal Chaplain.

It has not been uncommon here for our half-clothed, half-fed Confederates at the barracks, to be ordered about in the

coarsest and roughest manner, by their inferiors; and to be knocked on the head with sticks; or to be stuck with bayonets, for the slightest offences; and, sometimes, (for no crime whatever) men have been shot at, or cruelly murdered by sentinels, who bore malice, and justified themselves upon the plea that they were trying to prevent escapes. Sick men have been kept at the barracks until perfectly emaciated from diarrhœa, without the necessary sick vessels; and have been obliged to stagger, through the quarters, to the outhouse on the bank of the river, with filth streaming upon their legs; and then unable to help themselves, they have fallen upon the pathway, and have been found dead in the morning—victims of cruel neglect. Barefooted, bareheaded, and ragged men, tottering with disease, have been left to suffer long for the necessary clothing, or medicines, which might have been abundantly supplied; men, scarcely convalescent, have been made to *walk* from one end of the Island to the other, in changing hospitals, thus bringing on a relapse in almost every case, and have died in a few days thereafter. Physicians, in contract service, have gone daily into the hospitals, saturated with liquor; and without looking at the tongue, or feeling the pulse, have tantalized the poor sufferers with the prescription, "Oh, you must eat! You must eat!" and without either furnishing them with medicine or meat, have left them to die. Sick men on entering the hospitals, have been denuded of their clothing; and when getting a little better, have been forced to walk over damp floors in their stocking-feet and drawers, to the water-closet, at a remote end of the building—thus exposing themselves to cold and the danger of relapse. Men have been dismissed from the hospitals to go to Point Lookout, without hat, shoes or blanket; hundreds have been exposed to the danger of contracting the small-pox from coffins filled with loathsome bodies, left for hours together on the wharf, whilst prisoners have been embarking for exchange; the dispensary

has remained, not only for days, but for weeks together, without some of the most important and common medicines; prisoners have been "bucked and gagged," for the most trivial offences; and the very dead have been robbed of their last shirts, placed in rough coffins, perfectly naked, and then hurried into shallow, unmarked graves.

Much of all this cruelty and inhumanity may not have been designed by those highest in authority; and had they known it, might not have received their sanction; but it has occurred under their administration, and they are, to a greater or less extent, accountable for it all. Were full details given in relation to these matters, they would be astounding, and perhaps incredible. In this place, they are referred to, with no disposition to exaggerate, nor to prejudice. Some of them could not, perhaps, have been well avoided; but are recorded simply as an offset to the "Chaplain's" details.

T—— has been frolicking nearly all this week, and to-day is completely upset—so much so, that he has been blustering, and scolding continually; and, to-night, has borne down so hard, even upon me, that I have been obliged to speak to him pretty sharply, and have thus given pain to myself, as well as to him. I think he will be sorry for it, to-morrow; and, perhaps, may be benefitted by his fall.

Having plenty of room in No. 6, since the new arrangement of bunks—the weather being too cold for services in the hall—the company assembled in that room, to-night.

Saturday, 7th.—Found my new bunk quite comfortable; but suffered somewhat, in the night, with an unpleasant cough.

Had a visit, in our apartment, this morning, from Gen. Schœpf, Capt. Ahl, and Dr. Silliman—the object being to inspect the quarters. They were all in a remarkably pleasant mood, and seemed disposed to make us as comfortable as possible—which is the more remarkable, as we heard only yes-

terday, of the terrible sufferings of the prisoners at Richmond! The three officers came into No. 6, and made themselves quite affable; looked around with unusual scrutiny; remained a longer time than in any other room; and left us, with good impressions, as to our prospects, as prisoners, for the future. The General was particular in inquiring after my own health, and that of Mr. Belt, whom he appeared surprised to see—not having heard of his return from the hospital. He inquired whether I was in the habit of taking exercise in the open air. I told him that we had the opportunity of an hour, every day, and that I generally availed myself of the privilege.

"You don't want to be out all the time," said he.

"Oh, no, not all the time," I replied.

"You go out!" he rejoined. "Stay out as long as you please—stay out all day if you choose!"

I expressed myself obliged to him, wondering, at the same time, how this verbal permit was to be of any service to me in passing the numerous sentinels on the Island, when not accompanied by the usual guard. I could only understand it as meaning that he had no *personal* objections to my enjoying the privilege, and was the more fully assured, when he remarked to me, aside, "You know how it is—some objections have been made."

This is probably true, and I might now, perhaps, have been in possession of the parole, but for the feeling of one or two fellow-prisoners, who can see no reason why they should not be allowed the same privilege; and who may have complained accordingly.

Dr. Silliman wanted to know how his vaccine cases had resulted; and was informed, that not one had succeeded. This was what we had all expected from the hasty and careless manner he exhibited in manipulating his new-fashioned vaccine lancet—apparenley with more disposition to display the rapidity with which he could operate, than to accomplish a good result.

The men, about twenty-five or thirty in number, were all operated upon, as he sat, carelessly smoking—the instrument being dipped a single time into the matter, in each instance, and then sprung upon the arm. So much for the new mode of vaccination; and it must have been mortifying to the Doctor, when he learned that Atwood had since succeeded in getting good scabs upon some half a dozen of his patients, from virus inserted with a penknife. But this he objected to, asserting that no scab from an adult arm was of value for vaccine purposes.

Had a letter from my wife, in which she says that she has received information from Portsmouth, of the death of Mrs. Wright, wife of the highly-respected physician who was lately so tragically brought to his death by the Yankees, at Norfolk. She also says, that the eldest daughter has neither wept nor slept since her father's death. How dreadful this affair! By a majority of the citizens of Norfolk and Portsmouth, the Doctor is considered a martyr.

Capt. Leach, and Lieuts. Taylor and Williams left us, this evening, to occupy the same apartment with the surgeons, lately removed into the Fort. This arrangement was effected by the General, who seemed surprised to find them among the political prisoners.

A Mr. Pearson, of Washington, who is a member of the First Maryland Cavalry, sentenced to imprisonment for the war, by a late court-martial, was brought into our apartment, and selected a bunk in No. 7.

Sunday, 8th.—Preached this morning to a small congregation, in my own room, from Isaiah lvii. 21: "*There is no peace,* &c."; and at night, in the Hall, from the words: "*The gift of God is eternal life.*" Felt discouraged to find so few in attendance, in the forenoon. The absentees, now, are chiefly the tobacco-chewers, who are unwilling to abstain from the weed for one hour,—a piece of self-denial which is demanded of them

by the acknowledged habits of neatness practised in No. 6. Dr. Foster, from the surgeons' quarters, came up and joined in our worship—thus manifesting a greater interest in the preaching of the Word, than some who would not have been obliged to walk more than the length of the passage.

The surgeons seem anxious to have me preach for them again. As no unusual movement can be made here, without special authority, I have consented to do so, as soon as they secure the necessary permit.

A number of prisoners were brought to the Island from Fort Norfolk, to-day. Most of them have undergone a sort of trial, and have been condemned to imprisonment, for a term of months, or for the war. Among them are Messrs. Charles H. Drummond, and John Shanks, of Norfolk, and Jesse D. Sykes, of Princess Anne County, Va. I remember Shanks quite well, as one of the "underground" mail carriers, between the "Twin Cities" and Richmond, whom I furnished with a number of letters for his first trip. Two Northern men—named Cannon, and Johnston—caught under suspicious circumstances, within the Yankee lines near Suffolk, are also of the Fort Norfolk company, and have been assigned to quarters with the political prisoners.

Our company walked out, in the afternoon, but I preferred to keep my room, not only on account of a severe cough and cold, but as an example to others in keeping the Sabbath, as I have invariably done since I have been in prison.

Monday, 9th.—Have been informed, that my old friend, and brother in the ministry, Rev. H. C. Fries, of Laurel, Del., is circulating a paper with a view to obtaining names, as petitioners for my release. He has my grateful remembrance for his interest in my behalf. To aid this effort, Capt. Long, a fellow-prisoner, has addressed a letter to Dr. Mustard, of Balmore Hundred, Sussex County, Del., requesting him to get the signatures of friends in that section; and Dr. McKown has

written to Smyrna on the same subject. A fearless and persevering effort might, possibly, accomplish the desired result; but these are days when almost every man is afraid of his shadow, and when all seem to think they have enough to do to look after themselves. I shall not be disappointed at unfavorable results; but it will be gratifying to find old acquaintances coming to my help, in the day of trial, as well to prove that friendship is more than a name, as for my individual comfort and happiness.

Tuesday, 10*th*.—The last month of autumn is now fast passing away, and we are still without stoves in Nos. 4 and 6—all the other rooms having been supplied. True, we have access to our neighbors' fires, but in doing so, we must always be in a crowd, and frequently in the way of others. We would like to have opportunities for private reading and writing; and there are times when we must necessarily be *at home*, however uncomfortable the rooms. I have suffered considerably, at times, in trying to domesticate myself. To-day the cold has been intense. Gen. Schœpf and Capt. Ahl have both promised fairly enough, but—much to our discomfort—are slow to accomplish.

Were allowed to walk out, this afternoon, under guard; but some of us found it rather too chilly to enjoy the privilege; and others kept themselves warm by pitching quoits on the bank. It has been long since I tried this sport, and I felt no inclination to renew my acquaintance with it, though now shivering in the keen air from the bay.

It is said, that six new Yankee physicians have been introduced into the hospitals. They have not arrived before their services were needed. Several of our own physicians are diligently at work there; and others, perhaps, could have been profitably employed; but various obstacles have opposed, and between the "authorities," and the surgeons, the sick have suffered. A grave responsibility exists somewhere.

Wednesday, 11*th*.—The inmates of No. 4 had a high time last night. It would be difficult to say who was most under the influence of the spree. One thing is certain, they were *all* jolly enough; and such laughing, halloing, racing and kicking up, we have not heard in our apartment, since it has been my lot to be shut up in this place, where there are men of all tastes and habits. It was a long time before I found it possible to sleep—except at intervals—being aroused frequently by noises that "make night hideous." I feel sorry for these young men, who are generally representatives of respectable families—and the more so, as several of them are still in their teens, whilst others have barely reached adult years.

Pat. Hearn, of Laurel, Del., was called out, this morning, to go to Wilmington, for examination, before Gen. Tyler. Gen. Schœpf left for the same place; and it is hoped, that other cases will be brought to the attention of Tyler, and that several of our number will shortly be released. As Hearn's offence is a slight one, he will doubtless be released—especially, as it is thought he will vote the Republican ticket, at the approaching election.

Spent nearly all the forenoon, of to-day, in conversation with the Norfolk men, who are quartered in No. 5. Was amused by the skill of Mr. Sykes, who is a great adept in the use of the knife, and manufactures many wooden curiosities.

Had a temperance talk in No. 7, and made a full disclosure of my views on that subject, hoping thus to cast some bread upon the waters. Was gratified at the attention manifested, and the evident impression upon some minds.

The attendance at prayers continues full; and the outward respect for the Word spoken, is all that can be desired.

Thursday, 12*th*.—An Irishman, by the name of Farley, belonging to Company Q, has been bringing various articles of clothing into our room, and selling them at greatly reduced prices. To-day he was arrested, and committed to the cells on a charge of stealing.

Slaughter Bradford, of Culpeper County, Va.—a neighbor of John Minor Botts—came into our apartment, to-day, as a prisoner; and by invitation joined our mess in No. 6, until other arrangements can be made. He was about to become the bed-fellow of one of the most disagreeable and obnoxious men in the apartment; but we thought it too bad, and I was the more willing to prevent this result, when I found that he had specially requested to be placed with decent and intelligent men; and that he had been encouraged, before coming in, by the mention of my name. Enjoyed a pleasant conversation with this gentleman, in the afternoon and evening; found him well posted in regard to the affairs of the South; was gratified to learn the good condition of Gen. Lee's army; discovered him to be a man after my own heart on the subject of the oath; and was pleased to find that he is a professor of religion, and to see him on his knees, before going to bed.

Good attendance at prayers. Mr. Bradford expressed great interest in the services, and offered to assist.

Friday, 13*th*.—Capt. Cannon's brother came to the Island, expecting an interview; but was not allowed to see him. He was permitted to walk, under guard, to Capt. Ahl's office, where he left his valise, containing a few necessaries, and was immediately escorted back to the wharf, and ordered to leave forthwith.

The sickness seems to have been on the decline for a few days past. Only *two* burials occurred to-day. There are *one hundred and fifty* small-pox cases, however, and the hospitals are full of patients.

Gen. Schœpf has returned from Wilmington; but we have not yet heard anything about the release of prisoners. Mr. Bradford has had an interview with him; was courteously received; and will, probably, be assigned to other quarters.

Some wild fellows got off a good "sell" on Shreve—greatly to his disappointment, but which he bore with be-

coming grace. Taylor dressed himself in a Yankee overcoat, and hurriedly approached him with a call from the General. Hoping for favorable intelligence, from some friend trying for his release—off he went to get the good news; but had only descended a few steps, on the stairway, when Taylor revealed himself, and a loud laugh was heard at Shreve's expense

Saturday, 14*th*.—Arose with a severe headache; and immediately after dressing, had to retreat to my bunk. Was, presently, quite sick, and sent for Dr. Foster, who gave me a couple of anti-bilious pills, which kept me in bed all day—but the event proved that they were much needed. Tibbets and Belt waited on me, with close attention and kindness, and proved themselves to be true friends in my trouble. Dr. Foster was kind enough to report my indisposition to Capt. Ahl; and through the agency of the two gentlemen, I had the good fortune to have my parole renewed by the General, in the following words:

"Dr. Handy has permission to walk around the Island, during day time, on account of his health.

A. Schœpf, *Brig.-Gen. Comd'g.*"

Four men were drummed around "the Pea Patch," to-day, with barrels over their heads, as a punishment for stealing. They had been employed as cooks at the barracks, and were, no doubt, guilty of the charge.

Was too sick to conduct worship. Mr. Belt preferring to be excused, the services were omitted.

Mr. Bradford left us, and went into the room with Col. Waring.

Sunday, 15*th*.—We had no religious services—this being the first Sabbath thus passed since I have been in prison. Regretted, exceedingly, that the usual routine should have to

be interrupted; but felt too week to leave my bed, and of course, had to submit.

Surgeons Haynie, and Ware called in to see me, and continued an hour or two in pleasant conversation. They have had an intimation, that the doctors will leave some time this week.

Occupied a portion of the day in reading "The Dairyman's Daughter," and enjoyed it quite as much as if I had not often read it.

Five men attempted to escape, last night, from the barracks. Two of the poor fellows were drowned; and the other three were picked up, by a vessel, and returned to the Island.

Tibbets having kept the light burning rather too long, to-night, some one called from the other side of the Fort, and ordered it to be put out. The voice was heard, but not understood; and, in a few minutes, Adjutant Black came into the room, and repeated the order with considerable petulance and abruptness. Tibbets tried to explain; but it was of no use, and the light soon disappeared. Were there any regularity about this rule, there would have been no trouble; but the sentinels, themselves, often have a candle burning in the hall—and we, sometimes, have lights in the rooms, until after ten o'clock.

Monday, 16*th*.—My health, to-day, was much improved. Felt well enough to walk out; and meeting with Col. Waring and Mr. Bradford, had quite a pleasant interview with these gentlemen. Took a glass of lemonade with the Colonel in his own room. Spent a portion of the morning, also, in *sewing*, and in writing to my wife.

Was drawn into a conversation, in No. 7, with Shanks, and others, on the subject of predestination. Gave my views in detail; and, I believe, with some degree of satisfaction to those who had provoked the talk.

Two "rebs" were drummed around, to-day, with barrels on their heads, but could not learn their offence.

Tuesday, 17*th*.—Quite an excitement all day, occasioned by the anticipated exodus of the entire body of surgeons—most of whom left this evening. Wrote to Richmond, by Dr. Haynie, and sent a couple of melainotypes to my dear son, and daughter. Regretted parting with these gentlemen—many of whom seem to have been interested in my preaching, and have treated me with great respect. Last Sabbath, they had obtained from Capt. Ahl special permission for service, at their quarters; but my sickness prevented. Several of them have promised to visit my daughter, in Richmond; and have assured me of their purpose to see certain friends, with a view to giving them information of my present condition, and of my hopelessness of release without some special effort in my behalf at the South.

Dr. Newell's last night was spent in the cells—having given Adjutant Black some severe words, on account of his orders about putting out the lights. Hearing that the surgeons were to leave in the morning, Newell ran hastily into the room, to announce the fact to the company; and, for a joke, told the party that they would be allowed to continue their lights, for an hour or two, to write to their friends. All went to work, immediately, with pen, ink, and paper; but a sergeant soon made his appearance, and flirted out the lights, with his own hands. Newell went down, either really or under pretence of appealing to the General, when he was accosted by Black, who ordered him to his room. Some altercation took place, hard words passed, and Newell was shut up in the sally-port for the night.

Mr. Bradford was released this morning, on his parole of honor, to remain north of Philadelphia, until exchanged, or by some other arrangement unconditionally released. Learning that my daughter was in Richmond, he very kindly made me a present of a sum of Confederate money, which he wished me to send her by the surgeons.

Fourteen prisoners of war were brought to the Fort, most

of them Gettysburg men. Among the number is a Maj. Hammond, of New Market, Md., who being under charges, was assigned to quarters with the political prisoners.

Two of the physicians, who went off this morning, were taken from their sick beds. They were both sufferers from tonsillitis. Had some conversation with Dr. Robinson, and left him with earnest wishes for his restoration to health, and his spiritual well-being. After our separation, the Doctor sent me a fine copy of Shakspeare, as a present. Gave Dr. Shepherd, and Dr. McKown, some friendly advice, which they received kindly—the latter manifesting considerable emotion. I left the company, glad for them, but regretting to lose their society. Several of these gentlemen requested copies of my verses, "Is that the Old Flag?" and were furnished accordingly.

Dr. McKown, (dentist), of Smyrna, Del., was released today, after taking the oath of allegiance.

Received a letter from Miss Lydia Jefferson—for which she has my thanks, as one of the few friends who have ventured a word of sympathy in my imprisonment.

Wednesday, 18*th*.—Drs. Foster, Cleaver, Webb, and Raines did not get off yesterday, as expected; but left early this morning, for Baltimore, on their way to Kentucky. All these gentlemen, good and true Southern men, have, from very peculiar circumstances, been obliged to take the oath of allegiance to the U. S. Government. Strange to say, they did not know, until the evening before they left, that they would be *allowed* to do this; and nothing but special and powerful influences could have secured their release, even in this way. They will, no doubt, be able to justify themselves with their friends at the South; but I regret the strange necessity, and the evil that must result to the cause, from the precedent established by such men. With Foster, Cleaver and Webb I have become well acquainted; and have found them to be intelligent, honorable and worthy men, and none of the physicians have been

more faithful or skilful in their attendance upon our sick soldiers. Mr. Bradford left on the same boat with the surgeons, expecting to take the cars at New Castle, for the North, where he is to remain until exchanged, or permitted by the Lincoln administration to return to his home in Virginia.

We have, suddenly and unexpectedly, been called upon to change our quarters, just as we were beginning to get a little comfortable.. Yesterday, we got a stove in No. 6,—after no little suffering for the want of it. Having rearranged our boxes, shelves, books, &c., we were settling ourselves down, with the idea that we were about as well off as could be expected in prison, when all our hopes were disappointed; and we were ordered to "pluck up stakes," and move, bag and baggage, into the apartment just vacated by the Confederate surgeons.

We are now in a room about sixty feet long, by thirty wide; in which are arranged three rows of bunks—one three tiers high, running through the whole length of the room, down the middle; and the other two being built against the walls on either side, with one tier less than the middle row. At the east end of the building, are three good-sized windows, opening towards the interior of the Fort, but affording no view even of the yard, in front, on account of the frame building, which rises immediately before them. At the other end of the house, are four narrower openings, of the same length with those in front; which once were furnished with sash and glass, but are, now, wholly without either. They are temporarily closed with rough boards, through the crevices of which is constantly emitted a strong current of air—to which is opposed no counteracting influence, save the heat from an old coal stove, entirely inadequate for the comfort of the room. The quarters were originally intended for soldiers; and the fifty-six double bunks are capable of lodging 112 men. We shall have no privacy, of course; and must suffer from cold, if the windows are not immediately repaired.

Received a letter from my wife, which has been several days on its route,—the distance to come being only about six miles. These delays frequently occur with my letters, both going and coming; and often they never reach their destination, at either end. Several of my most important letters (but never containing anything that can be injurious to the Federal Government) are either suppressed, or very strangely diverted from their course. In at least three instances, I have been greatly disappointed in this way; and how much oftener letters may have been lost, I know not.

The news in regard to exchange is eagerly sought for, by the prisoners; and alternations of hope and despondency are constant and curious. The correspondence, published in the papers of to-day, between Messrs. Ould and Merideth, affords some degree of encouragement, as Judge Ould indicates a desire for a general exchange, including *non-combatants*. Unless something is done shortly, many poor fellows here must die from disappointment, or despair.

Walked around the Island, a number of times, to-day; and spent an hour or more with Col. Waring, who has kindly invited me to occupy his table when I may wish to enjoy more privacy than can be found in our new quarters.

The lights were ordered to be put out, immediately after taps; and as soon as the sentinel left the room, a scene of confusion occurred in the darkness, reminding one of Babel, or Pandemonium. Every man, of the forty-two, seemed to be trying, in some way or other, to make himself heard. Some were talking; some singing; some barking like dogs; some imitating the mewing of cats; others blowing, or breaking their wind—all excited to the utmost, and no one regarding it as possible, or even desiring to sleep. As for myself, I could only lie upon my bed, sometimes amused, sometimes disgusted, sometimes amazed and thoughtful, under the new and strange circumstances in which I was, now, living and breathing.

Tibbetts and I have joined bedding, and have agreed to

continue bunking together. He has more blankets than myself; and I am better supplied with sheets and pillow-cases. By this arrangement we shall both of us, probably, be more comfortable. Notwithstanding occasional irregularities, he is a good fellow. We have formed a new mess, embracing Capt. Ball, Mr. Belt, Tibbetts and myself. Tibbets will attend as a sort of commissary and cook, and for his services, will be relieved of all expense in furnishing money and supplies.

By the change of quarters, we shall get the better of the Adversary, in regard to our religious services. We are now all in one room, where everybody will be obliged to hear, even if they do not come forward to take part; and it is not unlikely that we shall generally have the whole company, as the table will be placed near the stove, around which the prisoners will be gathered. There were no absentees from the evening worship; and I announced my purpose to continue the services, every night, and on the Sabbath, until there shall be some open and positive objection.

Thursday, 19*th*.—Slept pretty well, after I got under way; but was awakened early by the snoring, grunting, teeth-grating, and other noises of various individuals still under the influence of the leaden god.

After breakfast, everybody seemed quietly to settle down to business, study, or amusement. The three front windows were taken possession of by the ring-makers; and a stranger coming in, might, at first glance, have mistaken our quarters for some wholesale jeweller's establishment. In different parts of the room various tables were set out, around which were gathered the back-gammon, and card and chess players. Several persons were engaged in reading; and now and then could be heard the sound of a hammer, or saw, in the hands of those who were endeavoring to make improvements about their bunks.

It is reported, that about thirty men have recently escaped from the Island, in coffins, sent from the dead-house, under the

impression that they were persons who had died of small-pox. To what extent this report is true, I cannot say; but it is generally believed, as there seem to be peculiar facilities for escaping in this way, on account of the repulsiveness of the disease and the manner in which the bodies are removed.

The stars and stripes have been flying at half-mast, all day, to call attention to the services which took place in the neighborhood of Gettysburg at the inauguration of the "National Cemetery." It seemed to have an ominous import, in regard to the election going on, at the same time, in the little Diamond State, across the river, and in full view of hundreds of voters. Some of the Yankee soldiers actually thought that the flag was lowered on account of some adverse Republican election; but, of course, they had no idea of the *death of freedom*, at the polls, which it seemed so strikingly to indicate.

The attention at worship, to-night, was very marked and close.

Friday, 20*th*.—Four months ago, to-day, I was arrested and brought to this prison. How rapidly the time passes! I can scarcely realise that it has been so long. Surely, it is not because I have been so pleasantly situated, or so free from care. It is of God's good providence, that the weeks and months have not dragged along with slower, and tormenting heaviness. They have been weary and trying enough; but many things have occurred to mitigate my hardships, to engage the mind, and to make this epoch of my life of peculiar profit to myself and others.

Received a letter from my relative, Mrs. Benj. Caulk, of Newark, Del., announcing the coming of a large box of clothing, contributed by the ladies of that place, and which they wished me to have the pleasure of distributing. I shall look with interest for its arrival, and will be happy to be the almoner of these good ladies.

The satisfaction of my parole is considerably lessened, by

the fact that I have no company in my walks. Col. Waring is the only man enjoying this privilege, besides myself—except Gibson and Grady, who are employed as clerks in Capt. Ahl's office, and are seldom met with in my rounds. I miss the surgeons, exceedingly—their exit having made a striking change in the appearance of "Rebeldom," on the Island.

The card-players have been devoting themselves, with unusual continuance, to their fascinating amusement. They have scarcely left the tables, through the day; and long after midnight they were still throwing the painted pasteboards, and winning or losing small sums to "add interest to the games." Everybody else was annoyed, and regarded the interruption as a nuisance. Popular feeling will prevent a repetition of this midnight gaming.

Ten interments to-day.

Saturday, 21*st*.—We have had a very disagreeable, rainy day; and I have suffered considerably with a cold. Notwithstanding the weather, and my bad health, I ventured to run across the Fort yard to see the chaplains, hoping to get some new reading matter for the approaching Sabbath.

Had pleasant interviews, both with Mr. Paddock, and Mr. Way. Found them particularly affable and communicative; and spent fully two hours in the rooms of the two gentlemen, being most of the time with Mr. Way, whose wife was with him, and seemed to be interested in the circumstances of my arrest and imprisonment. Obtained a good supply of papers, Testaments, and prayer-books for distribution.

There are still about six hundred sick persons in the hospitals, including *one hundred and sixty-five* cases of small-pox. *Seven* Confederates were buried to-day.

The boxes from Mrs. Caulk and Mrs. Rankin have not yet been received.

Sunday, 22*d*.—My sermon, this morning, was from Gal. v.

23: "*They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts.*" The attention was excellent, until Cunningham came with a package (and went about hunting for the owner), and a few moments afterward, a call was made at the door for dinner.

These interruptions occur, as if by design, almost every Sabbath. Cunningham knows well the hour for service, and could easily defer his visits for half an hour, or more. The call for dinner, at half-past eleven, as given to-day, was irregular and improper. I stopped immediately, and remarked to the company that they could withdraw for dinner, or I would go on, as they might prefer. Not an individual left his seat, and I continued my discourse, as I trust, to the edification of some.

The usual services at night. Addressed the company in some hortatory remarks, without a text.

Kept the house all day. The prisoners, generally, walked out in the afternoon. The Norfolk men reported a conversation they had had with a man named Smith, from Princess Anne County, Va., who was on duty as a sentinel. He said he had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, to escape the *field;* but, much to his disappointment, he had been forced to join the Yankee army.

Some of the company being a little tardy in extinguishing their lights, the sentinel came in, and ordered them to be put out immediately. Rough words passed, of course.

Monday, 23*d*.—Capt. Leach, and Lieuts. Williams, and Taylor left us, this morning, for Johnson's Island. We are sorry to part with these clever fellows; but hope their condition will be improved. Capt. Leach is a professor of religion, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and belonged to a North Carolina regiment, which had ten captains, of whom eight were professing Christians. In his own company, there were forty-eight men who had named the name of Christ. Leach, Taylor and

Williams have all been wounded in the service of their country.

Several ladies, from Norfolk and Portsmouth, visited the Island, this afternoon, and desired permission to see me; but were not allowed the privilege. I can see no reason why *I* should be thus specially interdicted.

Crossing the bridge, handed a paper to one of the "Rebs," and found myself closely watched by the Provost-Marshal, who, as soon as I left, stopped the man to see what I had given him. The paper contained the correspondence between the Federal and Confederate Commissioners of Exchange, and was the same in which Judge Ould so clearly exhibits the mendacity of the Yankee officials.

Atwood was very unexpectedly released, this morning, after an imprisonment of nearly eight months, on charges of harboring Yankee deserters, acting as a guide to the army, and of being a spy. He was never brought to trial; because, as I suppose, there was no evidence of his guilt. He is a citizen of Loudon County, Va., a stone-cutter by trade, and a very good fellow. We shall miss him as one of our prison artists.

We have news, to-day, of arrests in Norfolk, by the execrable Butler, through the agency of negro troops, evidently intended to exasperate the people, and to arouse them to such opposition as to give him some plea for severe measures, by which he may more readily and justifiably crush out the life of the people.

More card-playing than usual, to-day. Sometimes we have very little of this vice, and at other times there is a revival; but it is confined to a limited circle, and some of the old players are drawing off. A great deal of noise and confusion after bed-time—which continued even long after all had retired.

Slept uncomfortably; troubled by a cough; and was obliged to take medicine.

Tuesday, 24th.—A rainy day, which was spent mostly in

writing. Suffering from cold and headache; and was obliged to commission Mr. Belt to conduct evening worship.

On a close inspection of my undershirt, this morning, had the mortification of finding two "greybacks"—making three caught upon my person since I have been in prison. Some of my neighbors find them every morning, and some are said to be covered with them. Perhaps this last is mere scandal. I am satisfied, however, that we have too many among us, and the utmost caution and cleanliness is necessary to avoid them.

One hundred and sixty-five cases of small-pox are reported. Lieut. Wolf, Mrs. Stock (wife of an officer), and an infant child of Mrs. Patterson, are all at the hospital, but said to be doing well.

The evening noises were resumed after the lights were extinguished. Song-singing and whistling prevailed; and gave a variety more agreeable than we have had heretofore. Anything is better than swearing, or vulgarity.

Wednesday, 25th.—Spent the morning in hunting up boxes. Had the pleasure of finding the one long expected from Mrs. Caulk—a fine box containing underclothing, and other necessaries sufficient for the supply of twenty or thirty needy prisoners. Ascertained that boxes are often detained at Delaware City; and that they are frequently broken open, and rifled of their most valuable contents. I have myself suffered, to some extent, in this way, chiefly in the loss of articles forwarded by my wife.

Had my whiskers shaved off by Johnson, one of our prison barbers. My wife may object to this, as they were cultivated by her request, soon after our marriage, about eight years ago, and have never been removed until now.

The swearing, and obscenity, to-night, were intolerable. There was nothing of it until the lights were extinguished, and the guilty parties could not be identified. A few young men, whose opportunities ought to have taught them better, are

chiefly accountable for this wickedness. It was impossible to sleep; and it was midnight before the "sweet restorer" came to my relief. I have no doubt, however, that the dirty fellows thought I had been sleeping soundly for hours.

Thursday, 26th.—Awoke early, and spent all the forenoon, with the assistance of Messrs. Belt and Tibbetts, in assorting and distributing the clothing from Mrs. Caulk's box. Twenty-two persons were supplied with every article of underclothing needed. This gift, from the good ladies of Newark, is a god-send, indeed; and many poor fellows in our apartment are rejoicing, with a due appreciation of the kindness extended.

This day has been observed, by the Yankees, as a day of special thanksgiving, by proclamation of President Lincoln. Company Q celebrated it by a grand dinner, with the assistance of friends "to hum," who have remembered them with such good things as are generally in requisition, by the Yankees, on days of thanksgiving. Let thanksgiving and praise ascend, at all times, to Him who crowneth our days with blessings, and abundantly supplies all our wants; but, is it right for a sectional President, *at a time of unusual affliction*, to call the special attention of the people to this duty, so well understood and appreciated by the States, and which, as a matter of course, would have been observed in the usual manner? Is it a time for *special feasting and rejoicing*, or for the outward show of thanksgiving, when thousands of hearts are bleeding for lost sons, husbands and brothers; when desolation is spread over large territories; when a once idolized Union is struggling in its death gasp; and when the people, everywhere, are astounded at revolutionary scenes? Oh, what mockery!—what shameful hypocrisy, and iniquity! Am I wrong in these sentiments? If so, may my Heavenly Father open my blinded eyes, and forgive my great sin!

Our roll was increased, to-day, by the addition of the names of Mr. R. W. Rasin, of Baltimore, and of Mr. Carlos M. De

La Mar, a subject of Great Britain. Their histories have not yet been revealed.

Unpleasant news from Bragg's army. A wide margin, however, is allowed for the *Inquirer*, and the influence upon our hopes is but slightly depressing.

Fifteen deserters from the Southern army (said to have taken the oath) were brought to the Island, and assigned to quarters in the barracks.

Friday, 27th.—My friend T—— has been under the influence of liquor again to-day. He is a good fellow when sober, and one of the most useful men in our company; but a few drinks completely change the disposition of the man, and I should certainly dissolve my connection with him, did I not hope for his reformation, and appreciate his services. He attends, faithfully, to my wants; is a kind and sympathizing nurse; and is remarkably neat in his habits; but he must do better, in regard to liquor, or we shall be obliged to separate.

The Yankee surgeons have a terrible account of their sufferings, at Richmond, in the papers of to-day. Our own surgeons will be able to reiterate, in regard to the sufferings at Fort Delaware, all that these men affirm concerning the Libby; and the tale of their hardships will be no less horrible.

Saw a very genteel young man, said to be the Quartermaster's clerk, carrying a ball and chain, and evidently greatly mortified by the punishment. There are scores of Yankees going about with these cruel badges of degradation; but ordinarily, the culprits do not seem to mind them. This youth, however, felt the shame, and as soon as he had been bound, hurried away from public gaze. He is said to have been trying to get some female friend to the Island, as his sister.

The confusion, to-night, took the form of an irregular and free discussion. After the lights were put out, every man seemed to feel it incumbent to utter some smart speech, or to

raise a difficult question. Some were seated by the stoves; others were lying in the bunks; and the talk proceeded, until there seemed nothing more to say. The restless, excited company were hushed, only by sheer fatigue and empty heads.

Saturday, 28*th*.—Awoke with a headache, and suffered, more or less, all day. Bad weather, and no opportunity for out-door exercise.

Lucas received an elegant box, from Smyrna, Del., forwarded by Dr. McKown, from the ladies of that place. It contained turkeys, ducks, pies, apples, and other luxuries in abundance, and will afford good dinners for some of the prisoners, for several days. This box seemed to put the whole company in a good humor; and the friendly sympathizers who sent it, would have been highly pleased, could they have looked in upon the scene.

Visited the chaplains; and had a full and free talk with Mr. Way about my own affairs. He exonerates the Port Penn minister from any blame in my arrest, and attributes the result to another, who, he says, acknowledges having spoken very freely to a friend, after leaving the house, on the night of the conversation at Mr. Dilworth's. Both parties may share in the blame; but I forgive them heartily, and care nothing about the matter.

We came near having a serious interruption at our evening worship—or rather, we were on the eve of having the whole service superseded by Shakspearean readings. De La Mar got out a copy of the dramatist, just about the time for the gathering, and proposed that readers should be appointed. All seemed to be ready for the amusement; and the worship appeared to be forgotten. I reminded some most interested, of the importance of keeping up the usual routine, and was glad to find that no objection was urged. The usual services were then held; after which I gave notice of the readings, to take place immediately, suggesting a word or two of encouragement, and fortunately everything went on well.

EVENING PRAYERS.

Sunday, 29*th*.—The Sabbath opened with cursing, and blackguarding, from the lips of sundry remorseless and wicked ones of our number. Felt horrified, and prayed, with pity and sorrow, for these miserable offenders.

Used certain selections from the Episcopal service, in our morning worship; and thus, by becoming "all things to all men," was enabled to gain some. Several of our number—Episcopalians, by education—entered heartily into the use of the prayers and psalter, and the responses were loud and full. Some came forward, who have heretofore been indifferent. One man, who generally takes Sabbath morning for a general ablution, omitted his habit to-day, and was prominent in responding. A devout *Low* Churchman said he was never so forcibly struck with the beauty of the service; and all in the house appeared to enjoy the change. The effect, upon the whole, was decidedly good; and for the sake, at least of those who prefer the liturgy, I shall, at proper intervals, repeat the attempt.

Preached, in the morning, from Matt. xxiii. 33—"*Ye fools, ye generation of vipers, how shall ye escape the damnation of hell.*" The effect of the truth was evident. Unusual quiet prevailed throughout the day—no cards, no dice, no swearing. Distributed a good lot of religious tracts, and newspapers, which occupied the attention of many, as they sat here and there, or reclined in their bunks.

At night, expounded the words, "*Him that cometh unto me, I will no wise cast out.*" Had excellent attention; but several boys got to racing after service; a clattering and confusion ensued, which continued until long after bed-time—and I fell asleep in the midst of it.

Besides some Scripture readings this afternoon, enjoyed considerably a review of some portions of *Horne's Introduction*.

Monday, 30*th*.—Was glad to hear one of our wild fellows say, that he hoped soon to be released, to go home and be a

better boy. He confessed, that he had given his parents a great deal of trouble, in the past, and that his imprisonment had brought him to a sense of guilt. Thus it is, that God works. I trust these good impressions may not be as the morning cloud and the early dew.

Cunningham, in great glee, rushed into our apartment, this morning, and announced the surrender of Charleston, and the burning of the city. Of course, nobody believed the story, notwithstanding the fact that a telegram to the same effect had been received at head-quarters. The genius of the Yankee people is well understood by the prisoners; and these mendacious tricks utterly fail of the intended effect. With no paper but the *Inquirer*, and with the varied means used on the Island for our discouragement, it is really surprising that so few are found giving way. The hopelessness of exchange is the most trying influence at work, just now. Were this obviated, the Yankee tales could not dispirit our enduring and determined boys, either at the barracks, or in the hospitals.

Having but one stove in our large room, we have suffered much, to-day, from cold. There are, still, no sashes in either of the four windows, at the east end, and several large panes are wanting in the rear. Several of the men are in delicate health, and the exposure is likely to lay them up. Some of them are trying to keep off the chills of the night, by suspending various articles of clothing about the sides of their bunks.

Finding that De La Mar, one of the new-comers, has been quite a traveller, and that he has considerable powers of conversation, I suggested the idea of some evening lectures, to which he immediately assented. The subject having been brought before the company, a unanimous vote was given, requesting our fellow-prisoner to favor us with some account of his travels, and such other matters as he might be pleased to give us. Dr. Hitch, and Messrs. Shreve and Hammond

were appointed to wait on the gentleman, and make arrangements for the lectures. The first of the series was delivered immediately after worship, to-night; and we were both entertained and instructed, by a talk of about forty-five minutes, on *Gibraltar*, the native place of the speaker.

After the lecture, about one-fourth of the company, led by Messrs. Rasin and De La Mar, took the floor for a dance. Dr. Hitch supplied the music, with his bugle, and such shuffling and capering I have not seen, for many a day. Mr. Rasin—now about fifty-seven years of age—seemed to go back to the days of his youth, and moved off in the Virginia reel, and cut the "pigeon wing," greatly to the amusement and astonishment of every man in the house.

After lights were out, Shanks, De La Mar, and others tried themselves at cross-questions, in history, until we were all tired out, and the hour for sleep arrived.

VII.

December.

Tuesday, 1*st*.—We have had a very cold night, and this morning the moat and ponds are covered with ice. Some of our men suffered so much, that we could stand it no longer, and sent a petition to Capt. Ahl, signed by Mr. Rasin, Dr. Hitch, Mr. De La Mar and myself, requesting attention to the windows, and asking for an additional stove. We were soon pleased to see the carpenters at work, with their rules, and we hope the evil will be remedied. Capt. Ahl states, that he ordered the repairs to be made some time ago; but his directions were not followed. To some of us it is astonishing, that

those in power should receive so little obedience from their subordinates!

A mock court was organized, this morning, by the appointment of Mr. Rasin as Judge, Mr. Drummond as Clerk, and Mr. Shanks as Sheriff. A jury was then impanelled; and Isaac Nelson arraigned for disturbing the peace of his fellow-prisoners, by throwing apple-cores, coal, and other missiles about the room, thus endangering the eyes, and damaging the persons of sundry men. The case was prosecuted by De La Mar, and defended by Pearson. After a mi-nute and amusing examination of several witnesses, and an earnest argument, the accused was found "*Not Guilty*," and discharged on the plea of "*Insanity*." This affair afforded considerable amusement, and served to while away an hour in a very innocent manner.

Circulated numerous religious papers, furnished by the Sanitary Commission; and supplied those wishing them, with Testaments and prayer-books, all of which were eagerly received.

Several persons having associated themselves as a sort of choir, the music at worship was unusually good.

After service, De La Mar gave us a talk about the *Barbary States*. Then came the dance—a regular "breakdown;" an agricultural discussion between Drummond, Shanks, Sykes, myself, and others; lights out; bunks; chattering; and sleep to those who could get it.

Wednesday, 2d.—Capt. Ahl came up, and inspected the windows; assured us of his disposition to make things comfortable; said the sashes were being made; and ordered Cunningham to bring up another stove. He, also, at my request, promised a large kettle for those who had to wash their own clothes.

Met with Col. L——, a Yankee prisoner, who has been put into the room with Col. Waring. He is the same man who acted so mysteriously, and gave us so much amusement,

some months ago, upon his introduction to prison life. Found him a man of excellent mind, and fine education, but broken down from intemperance. Was highly pleased with his knowledge of the Scriptures, and his correct views on some theological points. The Colonel has been quite a traveller, and was for a time Consul in Greece. He is the author of the rhymes on Company Q, and some other pieces of interest, written since his imprisonment.

Visited the new church building, which is to be a very pretty Gothic structure. The work proceeds slowly; although a strong force seems employed, nine of whom are Confederate prisoners. The house will cost about $2,500, without the painting.

A violin has found its way into the house; and dancing is, now, likely to be the favorite evening amusement. It must not be understood, however, that any considerable number of the prisoners join in this sport. Some twelve or fifteen persons do all the skipping and jumping, leaving a large majority of the company as interested spectators of the same—Mr. Rasin's "pigeon-wings" being the chief source of attraction.

De La Mar gave us a good lecture, to-night, on the "*Bull Fights of Spain.*" His descriptions were interesting, and more elaborate and instructive than we usually find in books. This recreation does not supersede our usual evening services—but succeeds them, before the company begins to disperse.

After taps, we had a complete Bedlam—singing, talking, walking, with calls, cries and explosions, embracing every conceivable human sound, until late, when sleep subdued the raging tumult.

We had scarcely settled down, when we were again aroused by the sound of horns, drums, and other musical instruments, first on the outside of the Fort, and then in the yard. Now and then, before the band entered the inclosure, we heard low huzzas, and very jubilant cheers for Gen. Grant; from which we concluded, that a telegram announcing the news of some

great victory must have been received; but the sequel proved this to be an unfounded conjecture.

Thursday, 3*d*.—Received letters from my wife and daughter G——. Find that my old friend, Rev. G. W. Kennedy, has not forgotten me in my imprisonment, and that he has been writing to Baltimore and Washington in my behalf. Learn, also, that the Misses Roberts, and their mother, formerly my parishioners in Delaware, have been interesting themselves in behalf of myself and family. God be praised for these evidences of sympathy! Truly he will not suffer us to lack any good thing.

Messrs. Ball and Shreve have written to a lawyer, in Baltimore, engaging each, to give him $500 on condition of his securing their release. I have heard these, and others, who have been here for eight or ten months, express perfect willingness to lay down a thousand dollars, or more, if they could obtain their deliverance, even though they should be required to take the "hated oath." Many are completely worn out, discouraged and hopeless; while others seem well nigh crazed. Mr. Ball has been a prisoner nearly fourteen months. Lovett has been in confinement here, and at the South, for about twenty months; others for four, five and six months; and very few of us have any well-grounded hopes of a speedy deliverance. Such is the feeling of utter hopelessness which prevails, that I doubt whether there are half-a-dozen men in the Fort, who would not gladly accept release, on what they now begin to regard as a very cheap condition—that very oath, which some time ago they would have disdained to think of, as a basis of liberty. But most of them have ceased to regard it as having any binding force. They excuse themselves in the compulsion and urgency of the circumstances; and can see no immorality in the act. Others, (but very few), would keep the oath inviolate, but with hearts unchanged towards the South—waiting in prayer, and hope, for the success of the cause

they believe to be right. Who is responsible for all this evil? May God, in infinite goodness and mercy, open the blinded eyes of rulers and legislators, and put down the proud infidels, who sit upon their "thrones of iniquity, devising mischief by a law."

De La Mar entertained us, to-night, with some very good things about *Malta*. His statements were impromptu, and desultory, but quite interesting, and in some respects new and instructive. He privately excused himself for some "dullness," assuring me, that after the religious services, his mind became unfitted for the task, especially on account of reminiscences of home, which were wont to loom up before him.

The card-playing, to-day, seemed to be entirely suspended. Before going to bed, had a long talk with "Judge" Rasin about mutual acquaintances.

Friday, 4th.—In walking around the Island, this morning, met with Gen. Schœpf, who turned out of his way to speak to me. We had a pleasant interview, of ten or fifteen minutes' duration, in the course of which he inquired, particularly, for my health; asked where my family was staying; wished to know in what part of Portsmouth I lived; inquired for some acquaintances in Virginia; told me that his wife was from that State; expressed a good deal of sympathy for me; spoke of my grey hairs; and told me it was my own fault that I was still in prison—alluding, probably, to my repeated refusals to take the oath; and finally suggested, that I was in error in my position.

To all these remarks, I returned appropriate answers; and finding the "old gentleman" in a fine humor, availed myself of the opportunity, to ask, that my wife might be allowed to visit me.

"Wait," said he, "a few days, until Gen. Schenck goes out of office;" and though he did not say, positively, that he would then permit her to see me, he evidently intended to

make the impression that he would—assuring me, that he had been ordered not to allow me to see her; and remarking, that he was not disposed to act with such binding strictness. This little talk left me with a favorable impression of his humane feelings, and his inclination to be pleasant and courteous.

An order from the Secretary has been promulgated, forbidding any further dealing, on the part of the prisoners, with the sutlers on the Island. One of the two establishments of this kind is to be closed, and, of course, no more purchases can be made, except "on the sly." The sutlers are miserable extortioners, who have terribly imposed upon our poor Confederates; but have contributed considerably, to the comfort of the men, in furnishing many necessaries, and which their money, so far as they have had it, could buy them. Why this change? when in the recent statements concerning the treatment of prisoners at the South, it is expressly stated that the privilege of making purchases is extended to all who are able to buy!

Col. Waring and his Yankee friend are still rooming together, and enjoy great privileges, as prisoners. I sometimes find three or four members of Company Q stirring about them, hunting employment. The Colonel is not only waited upon, by numerous attendants, whom he doubtless pays well, but he seems to be a pet with the officials, who seek his company, and are generally ready to go to the extent of their liberty in granting favors, and vie with each other in introducing themselves to his notice. All this can be readily accounted for, in the fact that he is a man of wealth, high social position, and a gentleman of noble character; affable always, and never opposing himself to any rules or regulations established by the authorities.

We had no lecture, to-night, and, for a wonder, no dancing, or cards. Religious services as usual.

Saturday, 5th.—The Delawareans were greatly cheered this morning, by the appearance in the Fort-yard of Messrs.

John A. Hazzard, William Hich, and Dr. Wm. E. Wolff, who came to the Island, last night, and were now seeking an interview with their friends in prison. The whole company of prisoners, and their friends, after a short audience with Gen. Schœpf, were presently housed together in the engineer's room, adjoining Col. Waring, where they had a good talk; the five "politicals" subsequently returning to their quarters with strong hopes of speedy release. The report is, that Gen. Tyler is about to resign his position as Provost-Marshal of Delaware, and that he intends, before he leaves his office, to release the Delaware prisoners—myself among the number.

Had an interview with the visitors, in the course of my rounds; and found them manifesting considerable interest in my case, assuring me of their intention to assist me to the extent of their influence. "Drowning men catch at straws"—this may illustrate my own feelings, if not my conduct, in the day of my extremity.

Held an interesting conversation with Col. L——, on the subject of personal religion. Have seldom met with a person more familiar with Scripture histories, and especially with the narratives of the New Testament. The lives of Christ, and of His Apostles, in the minutest particulars, seem to be indelibly impressed upon his mind. It is really astonishing to find one whose habits little accord with Bible teachings, so well versed in these matters, and holding such correct views of morals. Were I able, I should be glad to recall, and record our conversation of to-day. He acknowledged himself a sinner, but rejoiced in the belief that God knew his heart, and how anxious he was to conform to His will. He admitted the value and necessity of faith, insisted that he had it, and sometimes thought he had *too much*. Said he was not in the habit of formal and stated prayer; but that he was constantly praying as he had need, and felt like it. Told me of his prayers as he walked upon the bank, and as he reclined upon his bed; and rejoiced, that in some things, God had heard his prayers.

Was satisfied that he could not be lost. Hell was no place for him, as he loved God, and adored the Lord Jesus Christ.

I tried to show this singular and remarkable man, what I conceived to be his errors; and as I endeavored to present the simple doctrine of the Cross, the tears rolled down his face, and he pressed my hand with great emotion. He spoke of forgiveness; referred to one in power who had injured him, (Secretary Stanton), and said that he really wanted to *kill* him, though he had the night before gone to bed with a quiet mind, and went to sleep in prayer. Strange man; grandson of the immortal Edwards; master of numerous languages; strong in argument; of wonderful memory; appreciative of God's Word; a believer, and yet an unbeliever; a sot; a man of deep feeling; coarse; uncongenial; intellectual; profane; low; mysterious; pitiable man! He has worried his room-mate, Col. Waring, almost to death; and arrangements are now being made to send him back to his old quarters with Co. Q.

It is reported that prisoners will not, hereafter, be allowed to receive boxes except from their immediate families. Many will suffer by this embargo.

Sent my wife a small box, made of pine, by my own hands. It contained three rings, as a little present for her, on the anniversary of our marriage.

Sunday, 6th.—Eight years ago, this day, I married my present wife. During all this time we have never been separated on the anniversary of our wedding; nor ever before for so long a time, as we have been compelled to be, by the pressure of this terrible revolution. It will soon be five months since we parted at Delaware City—I to be shut up as a prisoner for conscience' sake; and she to wait until God shall send His angel of mercy to set the captive free.

This would seem to be a hard lot; but who am I, that I should expect to hold an honest opinion, and to express it in opposition to a despotic and fanatical administration, and

suffer no ill? What do I suffer more than did Bunyan, or Milton, or Penn, and scores of others, who, uncondemned, untried, were locked up, as felons, and languished in cells and dungeons? Oh, how often, since my imprisonment, have I thought of the ancient martyrs; of the primitive disciples; and of my blessed Master himself—and realized, as never before, their situation, as "*political prisoners*," like myself. Did they not say of Paul, "We have found this man a pestilent fellow, and a mover of sedition;" and of Jesus himself, "We found this fellow perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar." These charges were false, of course; but, both Paul and his master, Jesus Christ, were continually proclaiming such doctrines as exposed the sins of *rulers*, as well as of private individuals. They were wise and prudent; but their principles and teachings revealed the iniquity of the government under which they lived—hence they were called "pestilent fellows, that turned the nation upside down," and were condemned to suffer imprisonment and death, as *political* offenders. I compare not myself with the humblest sufferer, in those primitive days; nor with any whose honored names have come down to us from later times; but am I not a sufferer for conscience' sake? Am I not here, because I dared oppose the principles of those who would trample upon the rights of eight millions of people, and who would deceive the multitude into a slavery worse than that which they so ingloriously assume to abolish?

The usual religious services were held, to-day, both morning and night; and I thought of, and prayed much for my wife and children.

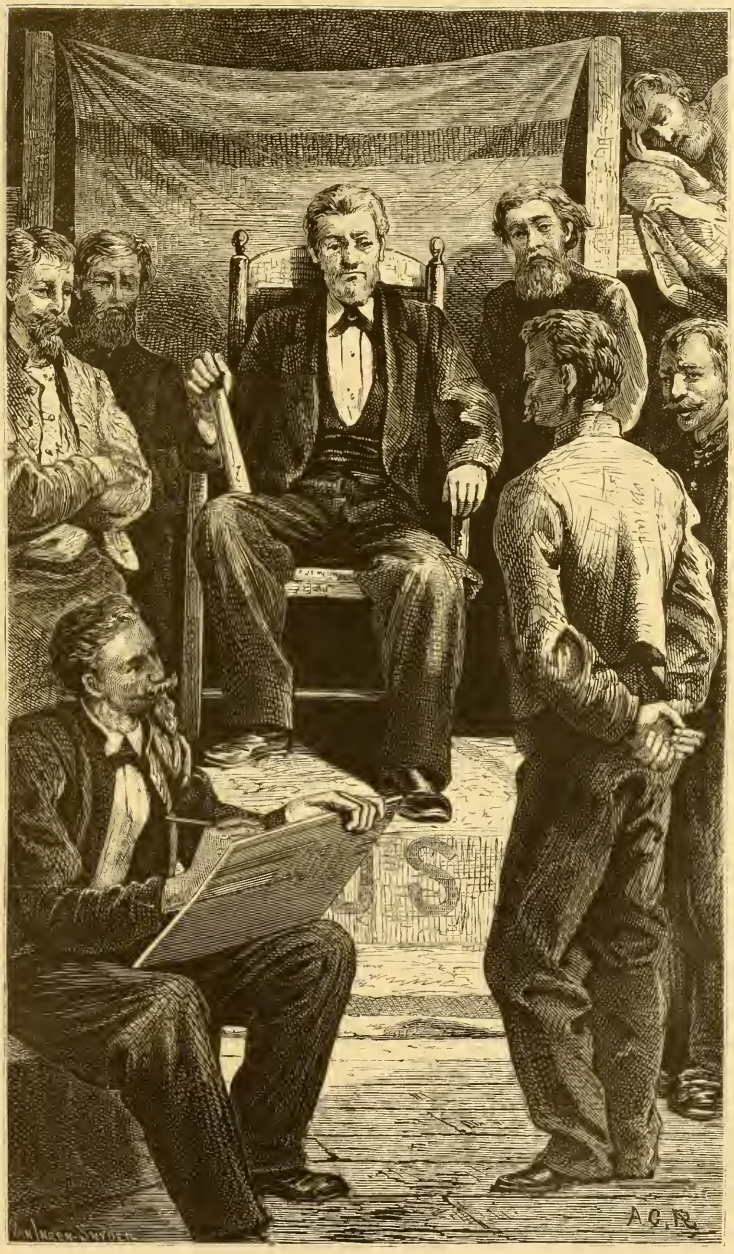
Monday, 7th.—Mr. Belt was arrested and brought before the court, this morning, for assault and battery, with intent to inflict serious wounds upon his fellow-prisoner, Wm. H. Griffith, who, unfortunately happened to be standing near him, during a severe storming with apple-cores, which took place

yesterday evening, near one of the stoves, and which resulted in the wounding of "Cousin Campbell" in the eye—Griffith, however, being entirely innocent of the offence. Judge Rasin occupied the Bench; De La Mar plead for the peace; and Capt. Ball defended the prisoner. We had a rich scene, and an animated discussion. The jury deliberated upon the matter, and brought in a verdict of "*Guilty;*" and the prisoner was sentenced to one hour's imprisonment in the privy, and to be put on bread and water for a whole day. He was immediately seized by our burly Sheriff ("Johnny Reb,") and without ceremony or opposition, placed in close confinement. It was not long, however, before a general row ensued, and the prisoner was rescued by the mob. The affair was quite exciting, and constituted a pleasant change in our usually monotonous life.

Two Lieutenants—B. P. Merrill, of the 11th Texas Cavalry, Co. K, and A. C. Reese, 29th Tennessee Infantry, Co. C,—were brought in from the barracks, this morning, to be sent to Johnson's Island. They are both "rough and ready" fellows, and have evidently seen much service Merrill has just recovered from a severe attack of small-pox, and is terribly pitted. They both give dreadful accounts of hard treatment at the barracks, affirming that they have suffered much for food and blankets. They confirm all the statements, heretofore given, about the cruelty of "Old Hackout;" the murder of Tony Matthews, of Texas, by a sentinel; and the wanton bayoneting of several of the prisoners.

After worship, De La Mar gave us a good lecture, on *Havana;* embracing a full account of the tobacco trade, and the manufacture of that article, on the Island. Having been, himself, a tobacconist and heavy importer, he seemed to be perfectly familiar with the subject; and several of his statements were entirely new, and of great interest.

Went to bed in the midst of incessant conversations—but not to sleep, until well nigh midnight.



THE MOCK COURT.

Tuesday, 8th.—Received a box from Mrs. Rankin, of New Castle, containing various articles of clothing and food—for which she has my hearty thanks. This good lady, and her sister, Julia, have been great friends to the prisoners at Fort Delaware; and their names will long be remembered by many a poor Confederate, who would have suffered without their aid. Wrote to Mrs. R., acknowledging the favor.

Col. Lester got hold of my little *jeu d'esprit* on General Schœpf's changeable name, and was so much pleased with it, that he insisted I should let him have it for the General's private inspection. I objected, on the ground that "the old fellow" might consign me to the cells—but he was so importunate, that I finally consented.

A fellow-prisoner, who has been much abroad, suggested the propriety of my going to England, by-and-bye, to lecture on the war. It might be very pleasant to visit that interesting country; but it will be time enough, after my release, to consider the propriety of such a step. If I am ever restored to the embrace of my family, I shall probably have little inclination to go to England, or anywhere else, for many a day at least.

We have had a very cold day; one of the stoves is much out of order; and the four large windows in one end of the room are still open. Strange, that after Capt. Ahl's promises and a show of measurement, they should remain so long neglected.

Had a letter from the Rev. B. H. McCown, of Kentucky, in reply to one sent him, some time ago, at the request of his son, Surgeon McCown, who recently left this place for Richmond. It was a pleasant letter, containing a sum of money, some postage stamps, and, more than all, bringing good words from himself, and the sympathy of my old fellow-student, Rev. W. W. Hill, D. D.

Another lecture to-night, from De La Mar; subject, *Paris*—its police regulations, singing girls, &c. Very good, considering its extempore character.

Our singing this evening was unusually fine.

Wednesday, 19th.—It has been announced that, hereafter prisoners will not be allowed to receive boxes, except from their immediate relatives. The object of this is reputed to be the prevention of imposition upon sympathizers, who are written to by rogues, and speculators, in the barracks, whose only object is to get the clothing and eatables for purposes of gain. To my own knowledge, it is too true, that some base fellows have resorted to this plan of swindling, not only to the detriment of the benevolent, whose sympathies are aroused in behalf of imaginary suffering—but to the disadvantage of real sufferers, who are unable to help themselves; or of others, who though they may have a little cash, can only use it at the sutler's, and for such things as he may chance to have. In this view, the prohibition just issued is well enough; but some are disposed to look at the matter in a different light, and can see only a spirit of retaliation for the reported maltreatment of Yankee prisoners at Richmond. To condemn upon suspicion is wrong. We must wait to understand. In the meantime, many poor fellows will be disappointed and continue to suffer need.

Great depression prevails among the prisoners, on account of the delay in exchanges. Some seem to have given up almost to despair, and are willing to do, or pay anything to get out. The idea of liberty seems constantly on the mind. The men dream and talk of home, and sigh only for "home again." We have some with us who are, perhaps, quite as well contented here, as they would be anywhere else; and others, again, who are thought to be pleased with the *safety* of prison life, and are willing to stay until the war is over, to avoid danger, and perhaps, save their lives. But this feeling, if it exists at all, is very limited. With the great majority, the opening of the prison doors would be a source of rejoicing. I have but little to hope for, but will wait patiently upon the Lord.

The windows at the east end of our room are still open, but we have, to-day, been favored with a new stove, which will, no doubt, greatly improve the temperature. We shall still suffer from chilly currents of air coming up from the river, during the sharp nights, which we anticipate this winter.

After evening worship, De La Mar and Nelson gave us some Shakspearean readings.

Thursday, 10*th*.—Spent most of the day within doors, occupying a portion of the time in writing to my son M——.

Major Rasin is manifesting a good deal of interest in the cases of several of our prisoners, who have been longest in confinement; and is suggesting plans for securing assistance and relief, which have been adopted by a number. Their wisdom the future will decide.

President Lincoln's message was received to-day, and read aloud in the room. It is, of course, variously estimated; but many, who are catching at every straw of hope, think they can discern in it the terms of speedy release. The accompanying oath, though in advance of anything before prescribed by the Federal executive, will be "swallowed," without remorse, for the sake of getting away from the Fort—a few, it may be, to obey its provisions by *constraint;* and others, only as a means to an end, with mental reservations, to be violated, according to circumstances.

De La Mar lectured, to-night, on *Constantinople.* After taps, the usual noise commenced; and, I am ashamed to record it, the conversations, which were continued until a late hour, were anything but decent—a few persons doing all the talking, much to the annoyance of most of the company.

Friday, 11*th*.—A very cold morning; the moat and ponds frozen over; and all who could raise a pair of skates and were allowed to use them, busy in the enjoyment of that healthy

amusement. The prisoners, of course, could only be distant spectators of the scene, as they peeped out from their grated windows.

Major Thomas D. Armsey, Lieut. Davis, Sergeant H. H. Brogden, and Private Benj. R. Grymes, of the 15th Virginia Cavalry, came in early this morning, as condemned prisoners, from Fort McHenry, sentenced to confinement at this place—Armsey and Davis to fifteen years' hard labor, and Brogden and Grymes for the war. We were all delighted to see Brogden, who has been a great sufferer from hard treatment, since he left us some months ago, and is so much altered in appearance that I could only recognize him by his eyes and voice. Others were assured only upon his own testimony, and were distressed to look at him. He has been in close confinement, and is just convalescent from a severe attack of scurvy, which completely covered him with sores. He seems cheerful, however, and glad to get back.

Brogden gives us an interesting account of Capt. Gordon, who was condemned to be shot as a spy, on the 20th of November. The noble fellow thanked the court that it had awarded him the death of the *soldier*, and not of a *felon*. He has not yet been executed, and I presume never will be; but, in confident expectation of the event, he devoted himself to preparation for death, and has given evidence of a genuine change of heart. How true it is, that tribulations are often a blessing to the soul.

Major Armsey has received his cruel sentence, on a charge of recruiting for the Confederate service, within the Yankee lines; and Brogden and Grymes are to stay here, for the war, for coming into the lines without permission—the former, to see a father die; and the other to visit his wife in Baltimore.

The lecture to-night was omitted; but the usual religious services were held—after which animated conversations occupied our attention, and were continued until long after "taps."

Saturday, 12*th*.—Mr. Way baptized a sick man at the hospital this morning—application having been made, first, to Mr. Paddock, who for some unknown reason declined.

Enjoyed an interview with Chaplain Paddock, in his room, where he showed me some interesting letters from persons in different sections of the country, inquiring concerning the health and comfort of prisoners, and sending, or proposing to send articles of food and clothing, as they may be needed. Among these were several touching letters from a Miss Martha Custis Williams, now in Philadelphia, but supposed to be a refugee from the South. The more I see of Mr. Paddock, the more I admire his evident piety, and real sympathy for the suffering prisoners among whom he labors.

I find, by the official report, that there are now *one hundred and fifty* cases of small-pox on the Island; and that there are six hundred and three persons sick with various diseases in the hospitals. It would seem, however, that there have been no deaths for several days—or, rather, there have been no burials. The men are, certainly, all looking much better. Indeed, the change in the appearance of the prisoners is remarkable. Rest is righting them again.

Had the pleasure of a piece of nice mince pie, the first I have tasted this season. It was sent to Mr. Paddock by Miss Lydia Jefferson, with the request that I be allowed to share it.

No lecture; the usual worship; great confusion, after night.

Sunday, 13*th*.—We have had a warm, disagreeable night; and this morning it was very windy. Slept little, and was disturbed with ugly dreams. During the day the tide rose rapidly; and great excitement prevailed in anticipation of an inundation of the Island. The "Rebs" were ordered out, and all hands were set to work moving wood, and everything else liable to be swept off by the flood. Great numbers of rats were washed out from the wharves, and from about the piles of lum-

ber, which gave great amusement to hundreds of sportsmen, who hunted the game with zest, under the direction of the Provost-Marshal. Towards night the tide receded; and though the banks were overflowed, in some places, even back to the outer moat, the water caused no material damage, and all fear is now at an end.

Preached, in the morning, from Rom. viii. 16: "*The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.*" Was twice interrupted by calls to dinner, by an impudent fellow who, evidently, designed to disturb us. I stopped preaching, after the first call, and announced to the audience that it was only half-past eleven o'clock; and asked whether it was their will that I should continue the service, or dismiss immediately. The whole company seemed anxious that I should go on; and I did so, regardless of the wicked intruder. These Sabbath interruptions are of frequent occurrence; and are the more unpleasant as the call is made long before the proper dinner hour.

After sermon, I circulated a full supply of religious papers, which were received and read with avidity. The influence of the sermon and religious reading was most pleasantly apparent. Great quiet prevailed, all day; and the Sabbath was as well observed as could possibly have been expected from so large a collection of men, under such disadvantageous circumstances.

Again used the Episcopal service, with selections from the Psalter, in which the congregation took part, and responded with animation and interest. The effect was good—better, perhaps, than it would be if too frequently repeated.

At night, gave my place to De La Mar, who interested us exceedingly with his observations on the *Mahomedan Religion*, as he had noticed it in various foreign countries.

After the lecture, the restraint of the day seemed to be removed; and a scene of noise and confusion followed, very inappropriate to the closing hours of the Sabbath. The talking

continued until nearly one o'clock, with jesting, cross questions, Scripture puzzles, and all sorts of incongruities, to my utter annoyance and disgust.

Monday, 14*th*.—It is hard to realize, that I am this day forty-eight years of age; but it is even so, and the fact that I am within but two years of half a century, really astounds me. Through much of my life I have labored under the embarrassment of being considered younger than my years would indicate. It has not been so with me since I have been a prisoner. Now, the impression seems to be that I have gone beyond *fifty;* and I frequently hear myself spoken of as an old man, and receive all due reverence and respect on this account. Care, trial and suffering have changed my habits and altered my appearance, and I feel sure I must hereafter consent to be—what I suppose I look to be,—an old man.

* * * * * * * * * *

Met with —— on the bridge, near wharf No. 3, and had a full and pleasant private conversation with him, on the subject of temperance, and the ruin he is bringing upon himself by his habit of inordinate drinking. He admitted all; seemed to feel the force of my appeal, and before I left him, he gave me a solemn pledge that he would never drink any more. May God give him strength to keep his resolution! How deeply do I feel for this young man, whose good address, and excellent mind and attainments are sufficient to fit him for any ordinary post of honor; but he is a drunkard and a wreck, and without a change of habits, is a ruined man.

Poor —— completely broke down, this morning, under the pressure of trial and excitement. His history is wild and strange. He is the most impulsive, mercurial and inconsiderate man I ever knew, to have had so much opportunity to see the world, and to modify his emotions. He has a secret which, with imprisonment and disappointment in business, is preying

terribly on his spirits; and whilst lying sick, with a sore throat and other ailments, he could endure no longer, and cried like a child, making no effort to conceal it. Approaching his bedside, I tried to reason with him, and presented the consolations of the Gospel. He is not a professor of religion, and has "snatched up" some irregular views of religious truth; but he is an earnest believer, in the external sense; reads his prayers regularly and with emotion; and his state of mind was, just now, such as enabled him to drink in the words of Gospel comfort. The effect was prompt, and he thanked me cordially; whilst I, in turn, thanked God, that He had thus given me an opportunity, in prison, to do the work of a good Samaritan.

Concluded, to-day, to write to the Secretary of War, at Washington, asking a release from my cruel and unwarrantable imprisonment; and to forward the letter to Capt. James M. Gilliss, of the Naval Observatory, asking the favor of him, as a relative, to present the application in person. I am the more encouraged to do this, in consequence of a conversation, between Col. Waring and Gen. Schœpf, in which the General affirmed his willingness to approve and send on the letter, if written in a moderate and appropriate manner. Of course, I should be indisposed to write the letter in any other form, as a contrary course would wholly defeat the object. But I wish to make a fair and honest statement; to do nothing deceitfully; to compromise no principle; and yet to remember my position as a prisoner, and a minister of Jesus Christ.

Had letters from our released fellow-prisoner and roommate, John Atwood, and from one of my children. Atwood is merry at the idea of being once more a free man; and writes, very humorously, at the expense of those who have not yet been so fortunate as himself.

Finished a handsome little deal-box, intended as a Christmas present for my daughter Gertrude.

Tuesday, 15*th*.—Was awakened in the night, by the groans

and prayers of some one in distress. Thought, at first, it was Alkire, whose health has been so much impaired, that we have had fears for the result. It proved to be old Mr. S——, who had been dreaming of home, and his wife and children. I could hear him, distinctly, praying for his "poor wife;" and as soon as I could distinguish the source from which the sound proceeded, I hastened to his bunk, and endeavored to comfort him, with such suggestions as a Christian minister should offer to a suffering fellow-prisoner. The moment I spoke, he burst out in loud exclamations, and wept bitterly. Becoming somewhat composed, he said he had been dreaming that his house, in Virginia, was surrounded by negroes, and with his wife, and five older children, had been burned up; and that the five younger ones were running about the yard, bare-footed, and clapping their hands in an agony of distress. The poor man seemed to have such a vivid impression of the horrible scene, that it was difficult to persuade him it was only a dream. Throughout the day, the dreadful impression continued, much to his disquiet and unhappiness of mind.

Brogden, and Grymes were released from the guard-house, and remanded to our room among the political prisoners. Since they left us, a few days ago, they have suffered great indignities and privations. It was not enough to put them among deserters and felons; but they were actually shut up with the very lowest of this class, and such as were under special punishment for misdemeanors and crimes. They were also deprived of their baggage; not allowed a change of clothing; nor could Brogden, who is suffering with scurvy, even be allowed the use of his towels, and tooth-brush. This strange imprisonment was ordered by Capt. Ahl, without any authority from the Government at Washington, or by any special order from the Commandant. By what mistake, or misunderstanding, this officer could have deviated from his reputed kindly treatment of prisoners, I know not. As soon as the matter was understood by Gen. Schœpf, he gave orders to place them

with the political prisoners; and directed that they should be allowed the same privileges as ourselves.

Saw Major Armsey at work with a detail from Co. Q, rolling barrels, under the overseership of a Yankee sergeant—a gross indignity to a brave Confederate officer, and an insult which I am satisfied the Government at Richmond will not readily tolerate.

Wrote to Secretary Stanton,[1] enclosing the letter in another to Capt. Gilliss, and placed the two in the hands of Colonel Waring, for Gen. Schœpf's inspection—the Commandant having promised a friendly interview with the Colonel, in the course of a few days.

Four dead bodies sent to Jersey to-day. Five new cases of small-pox from the barracks.

Wednesday, 16th.—Great anxiety prevails among the political prisoners, to know the meaning of President Lincoln's amnesty proclamation—especially to whom the offer of pardon is extended. If it embraces prisoners now in confinement at the several forts, there will be found many ready, at any moment, to avail themselves of its provisions. Some twelve or fifteen of our number determined, this morning, to write to President Lincoln, himself, upon the subject; offering, if intended for them as well as others, to take the oath annexed to the proclamation. Several attempts were made to get up the right sort of paper without success, when, simply to relieve the difficulty, and after an explicit statement of my own want of sympathy with the movement, I wrote off the following, which was unanimously adopted, and signed by all the interested parties:

FORT DELAWARE, *Dec. 16th*, 1863.

To his Excellency A. Lincoln,
President of the United States:

The undersigned, political prisoners at Fort Delaware, being desirous of availing themselves of the benevolent design

1 See Appendix D.

of your late proclamation, would respectfully request that they may be allowed to take the proposed oath; and that they may be permitted, as soon as agreeable to your will, to enjoy its provisions.

Hoping that the order for our release, on the terms proposed, may not be unnecessarily delayed, we subscribe ourselves your humble petitioners, &c., &c.

The paper was immediately folded, and sent to Gen. Schœpf for appproval.

Lieut. McConnell informs Brogden, that Gen. Schœpf was very angry some time ago, when I declined taking the oath; and that after he returned to the office he walked the floor hastily, repeating—"Dr. Handy says he won't take the oath; he'll lie in jail and rot first. I'll make him take the oath. He shall lie in jail and rot, then!"

I don't know how much of this may be true, but one thing is certain—up to this time, I have received no special unkindness or indignity from the General; and if he had, at first, any disposition to impose unusual severities, he has not carried out his purpose. Indeed, I am inclined to believe the story, just narrated, to be one of the Island rumors—for I have heard from another source, quite as reliable, that the General had said, he had "a higher opinion of me after the occurrence, than before."

Visited the Chaplains, at their rooms, and had a long talk with each of them. Chaplain Way thinks it would be better for me were I at some other prison, as I am now too near those who have some personal prejudice against me. It is his opinion, that my wife's positive and unbending manner is operating to my disadvantage. Mr. Paddock says, that my remark about taking the oath is well known on the Island; and that it has been unfavorable to my prospects. That remark, I may here state, was not uttered in stubbornness, nor with insolence. It was mildly spoken; but with firmness, and with a deep conviction of rectitude. I cannot, *now*, take an oath of allegiance to the United States Government:

1st. Because I am not a citizen of the United States; and have no desire or expectation of being such, under the present tyrannical and unconstitutional administration of the Government. My allegiance is due, first of all, to the Commonwealth of Virginia—where I have my home, where are all my interests, and all my prospects for future usefulness, so far as the present can decide. The Scriptures require that all due loyalty and obedience should be rendered the "powers that be." The powers that be, in Virginia, are not the powers of the United States Government; and to swear allegiance to a foreign power would be to disobey the voice of inspiration, and to perjure my own conscience.

2d. The State of Virginia is one of the Confederate States of the South—a Confederacy really and truly established by a *necessary* revolution, but still struggling with a rich and powerful foe, which seeks to subjugate its entire population; and if needs be, to exterminate the whole Southern race, to build up Northern cities, and to fill the pockets of Northern men. While this is done, under the plea of philanthropy and the emancipation of a servile people, thousands by invasion and warfare are swept from the face of the earth, and rendered abundantly more wretched and degraded by the woes thus brought upon them. In swearing allegiance to the United States Government, I approve all this wickedness, as I conceive it to be; and as far as my influence as a man, and as a minister, is concerned, I weaken the cause I love, and injure the prospects of the Government to which, in heart, I am loyal.

3d. Inasmuch as my home is at the South, as my church is there, and all my hopes of future usefulness as a minister of Jesus Christ are there,—it would be suicidal, to every prospect of good that God has given me in this world, were I to swear allegiance to a Government that gives no protection to my people; and whose principles and policy are utterly opposed to the Southern mind.

4th. I regard the oath, under ordinary circumstances, as of the most solemn import; and believe that it should never be taken with indifference, with mental reservation, or without a heart in the thing sworn to be done. Under these circumstances, it would be taking the name of God in vain—a sin of the most heinous character.

5th. Swearing men, against their consciences, is to suppress the very best emotions of the human heart; and, thus, by a mere brute force, every good principle may be crushed out; and the lawless and violent, with a semblance of religion in so holy a thing, may establish the most iniquitous rule, and eventually banish all good from the land.

6th. I regard it as iniquitous to reduce men to extremities, and then to apply the oath; especially, when it is evident, that if left to themselves, they would not take it. A course which presents no true test, whilst it degrades, and renders nugatory that which God has designed as the last appeal to conscience and the "end of all strife."

May God save me from error in this grave and momentous matter!

Col. Lester left, to-day, for Harper's Ferry, where his case is to be investigated, and, as he hopes, a sentence of release awarded.

I learn, from the clerks in Capt. Ahl's office, (Grady and Gibson) that the number of deaths among the Confederate prisoners, since the 16th of April last, is just *One thousand, two hundred and forty two!*—a number much less than I had supposed, but, nevertheless, fearfully large.

VIII.

1864. JANUARY.

Friday, 29th.—I am still sick; but have not been wholly confined to bed. The Doctor has prescribed quinine, and I hope to be better to-morrow.

Received another letter from my benevolent friend, the Rev. Dr. McCown, of Kentucky. He informs me that, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Hill, Mrs. Escott, of Louisville, and the boys of his school, he has procured me a valuable suit of clothes. *May God supply all their need, according to His riches in glory, by Jesus Christ!*

De La Mar's wife came to the Island, to-day, and has taken quarters at the hotel Gen. Schœpf exhibits great kindness in recent indulgences granted the prisoners.

The whitewashers have been at work all day, preparing for the expected Commission to examine into the cases of political prisoners at this post. Whenever official strangers are expected, there is a great stir, and of course the inspectors see everything in the best plight.

Brogden received a fine box from Baltimore. All hands, of course, flocked around to see what it contained. Being a member of the same mess, I shall have my share of the good things. I find, by the way, that all who sit at our table are Marylanders, save Tibbetts:—Col. Waring, Gibson, Brogden, Shreve, and myself born in Washington, which was once a part of that State.

It is amusing to notice what small matters will interest the most sensible men, when shut up in prison. We had an illustration of this to-day. One of our most intelligent young men took considerable time and pains to make a "limber-jack," and suspending it by a string, amused himself, for a long time, in

causing it to dance; and another was sufficiently interested to make a dress for the thing, much to the satisfaction of himself and others.

We had a solemn religious service to-night. Spoke some twenty minutes, or more; and had the undivided and serious attention of all present. After prayers, only four persons seemed to think of cards. The other tables were immediately surrounded with persons engaged in reading and writing. Thanks be to God, for the influence of the Gospel!

Saturday, 30th.—A bleak day. Still unwell; headache; in bed nearly all day.

The noise, last night, after taps, was almost intolerable. It seemed as if every foul spirit had been let loose. Col. Waring, who generally retires at an early hour, tried to sit the noisy ones out, and affected to be able to stand it; but had to "cave in," and went to bed—but not to sleep. This morning, by way of retaliation, some who were not engaged in this confusion, were up before light, beating a frying-pan, trumpeting, crowing, whistling, cackling, talking, quarreling, and making every other noise of which they were capable. The row continued until after breakfast, and nearly caused more than one fight. Horrible as is all this tumult, I could adapt myself to it, in a measure, were it not for the disgraceful swearing and obscenity. We have one or two men in the room, whose foul and abominable words constantly impress me with the idea of the bottomless pit. What a place is this, for a Christian minister! I thank God, that, in the midst of it all, I can preach and pray, as often as I please!

Water has, now, been let into the moat, which has long been exposed, and has sometimes been offensive beyond endurance. A malarious fever, very much like that of the low countries in the fall of the year, has been prevailing. Dr. Stone thinks my own sickness may be attributed, in part, to this cause. I learn that the hospitals are still crowded with patients and much of the sickness is of the intermittent type.

Numerous friends are exerting themselves to obtain my release. Judge Houston has written to Washington; Ex-Gov. Causey, and Dr. David Stewart to Gen. Lockwood; friends in New Castle and Sussex counties, Del., and in Worcester county, Md., are circulating petitions; my estimable friend, John N. Handy, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has written to Maj.-Gen. Butler; and Col. Purnell is active, I believe, in Baltimore. The result is yet to be seen; but why should so much effort be necessary to obtain the release of a minister of the Gospel, after a cruel imprisonment of over six months, which he has suffered simply because he cannot think as others do, and is honest enough to say so?

Another solemn service to-night, and quiet up to this hour, (eight o'clock) before "taps."

Sunday, 31*st*.—The quiet continued, after taps, last night; and everybody seeming to put on their best behavior, we had an interesting change in our prison life, in the way of a good sound sleep until morning. The Sabbath, too, opened without noise, and it really wore an aspect befitting the day. Anticipating an inspection of the room by Capt. Ahl, and apprehending other interruptions, thought best to postpone the preaching until after dinner. Circulated the religious papers, and had the pleasure of seeing all hands engaged in attentive reading.

After dinner, preached from Song of Solomon, iii. 16—"*Awake, O North wind, and come thou South; blow upon my garden that spices thereof may flow out.*" The company were interested, I think, and came together again at night, after a comparatively quiet day, to hear some remarks on the importance of being *right* as to the basis of hope for eternity. No noise until taps, when several of our restless ones began to unbend; and we had more confusion than became the last hours of the Sabbath.

Lieut. Russell was removed to the barracks—a movement

which has caused considerable surmise. Some say it has been discovered that he is not an officer; others affirm that the prisoners, at the barracks, are shortly to be removed to Point Lookout, and that the officers at Johnson's Island are to be brought to this place. This last—perhaps both—may be true, as a reinforcement of soldiers came last evening, and an iron-clad is anchored between the Fort and Delaware City.

A number of strange officers are here, and have been regaled, at intervals during the day, with music.

IX.

February.

Monday, 1*st*.—An exceedingly disagreeable and rainy day. The Island is literally a bank of mud. The bad weather, poor health, and the padlock on the outside of our door, have made me more of a prisoner, during the last week or ten days, than I have felt myself to be at any time before, since I have been at the Fort.

I am now the only political prisoner having a parole; but for the reasons mentioned, it is of little use to me. Were my health good, and the weather fair, it would be unpleasant to be constantly calling the sergeant to unlock the door. I prefer to suffer, rather than encounter the sour looks and hard words of a captious understrapper, and perhaps run the risk of losing my parole.

Had the good fortune to receive three copies of the New York *Daily News*, forwarded by a friend who is engaged upon that journal. Also, received a letter from Mrs. A. W. Emley, of Philadelphia, proposing to send me a package of books for

distribution, and some provisions for my own use. It will give me pleasure to receive the donation; and the books will be particularly welcome, as we are sadly in want of reading matter.

Some of our company have amused themselves with gymnastics, this evening. Several good feats were performed upon a rope suspended, by Pearson, from the iron girders in the ceiling. Similar exercise would be of advantage to every member of our company.

Regretted to observe several persons at cards, in the west end of the room, during religious service; others I think were playing back-gammon, behind the bunks. Truly, madness is in the sinner's heart!

Tuesday, 2*d*.—The bad weather continues. Confined to the room all day, and felt quite unwell. Read, lounged, and walked, at intervals.

A letter from my wife informs me, that she has had a communication from Gen. Lockwood, corroborating the statement of Gen. Schœpf, in regard to the appointment of a Commission to examine into the cases of political prisoners. He says, that nothing can be done for me, until that time; when he thinks I will be released. I hope so, but will not suffer myself to be unduly expectant.

Have felt sad and worried, all day. Find that I am losing my natural buoyancy, and social disposition. Take little interest in what occurs around me. Feel deeply the cruelty of my imprisonment. Anxious about my family. Suffer much from obscenities and blasphemies, that constantly greet my ear. Distressed that my sermons, lectures, and other religious services, have had so little power in converting souls. My health gives way fast; and I sometimes fear that I shall not be able to stand it much longer.

We have several professed infidels in the room. They are not ashamed to avow their unbelief; and though incapable of

much argument, they oppose the truth, and glory in their shame. Had an animated talk with one of them, this evening, after taps. Spoke very plainly to him; repelled his slurs; and warned him of his own great danger. Statements and arguments were elicited, which the usual services could not bring out. Many stood around; and I trust that God will turn the conversation to good account

My depressed and moody condition, for some days past, has had a bad influence, I fear, upon the interests of religion in our room. Far be it from me to suggest to any mind, by such an example, that religion is a gloomy thing. But I am sick, and anxious about my helpless and dependent family. The future is dark. I live in the midst of noise and confusion, and I seem, verily, to be in a sort of hell upon earth. My Heavenly Father is leading me by a way I know not. Thy will, O God, be done!

Wednesday, 3d. — The room has been very gay to-day; romping, chattering, card-playing, and similar amusements have been the chief occupations of many. Still housed up with bad weather. Our door continues to be locked. Very little communication with the outer world.

A letter to the Commandant from my brother-in-law, J. B. Dilworth, announcing his intention to send me regularly the *Daily News*, with a duplicate copy for Gen. Schœpf. The letter was endorsed by the General, directing me to reply to it, which I suppose indicates his assent to the arrangement. Read the Southern news aloud. All greatly cheered by the tone of the Congressional resolutions—especially by the interest and sympathy expressed for Confederate prisoners.

Pleasant services at worship, both last night and to-night. Cards and back-gammon until after taps.

Thursday, 4th. — The five windows in the rear of our room have, *at last*, been fitted with sash and glass. A flood

of light now beams in upon us, which is cheering indeed. The view is not so good as in our old quarters, but we have so long been shut out from any comforting sight, except as we could get it by peeping through the cracks, or going into "the sinks" to look over them, with a dreadful stench in our noses, or an unpleasant wind or mist in our faces, that we now feel comparatively comfortable. A number of panes are s ill wanting, but we hope they will be supplied after a while.

The suit of clothes, forwarded by the Rev. Dr. McCown, came safely to hand to-day. But I am disappointed. The Dutchman, who took my measure, has given me a fit for a Falstaff. Great as is my need—not being able to wear the clothes—I shall be obliged to sell or exchange them; but the gratitude to my worthy and benevolent friend is still the same.

Another letter, which my wife ought to have received several days ago, has not yet reached her. Delays of this sort are entirely too frequent, and often letters do not reach their destination at all. Messrs. Razin, De la Mar, and others complain much of similar interruptions in their correspondence.

Messrs. Richardson and Joyce, late editors of the Baltimore *Republican*, came into our apartment, as prisoners, this afternoon. They are under sentence of banishment; have been south; visited Nassau; spent three months in New York; were paroled for ten days in Baltimore, and in five days after the parole was granted they were ordered to Fort Delaware.

At worship, to-night, spoke on the blessing and privilege of prayer. Some noisy ones at the farther end of the room; but an attentive company about the stove, and near the table.

Friday, 5th.—The noise after reveille, this morning, was intolerable. It is astonishing, how fitful are the strange commotions, after a few days of comparative quiet; like the gushing forth of pent-up waters, the tumult rises, swells, and finally rushes forth, carrying everything before it. This is not confined to the younger and more restive members of our com-

pany, but the aged lose their dignity; the usually cautious seem, for a time, to forget themselves, and every man appears to be possessed of the contagious spirit of disorder.

Expected my wife, and went to the boat to meet her. She did not come, and I felt much disappointed. Was informed by a workman from Delaware city, that my son would be over in the mail boat. Watched for him, and was again disappointed. Spent a good portion of the day in perambulating the island; visited Chaplain Paddock, and found him quite sick from the effects of a recent hemorrhage.

The gambling propensities are on the increase. Three or four tables are, sometimes, all going at once. *Keno* has been introduced to-day for the first time, and has created great interest. Some former professors of religion frequent the tables; others who read their prayer-books, every day, take part with zest; and one or more whom I have heretofore had reason to believe were real Christians, often sit near by, and watch the games. How weak is man when left to himself!

Spoke to-night on the *Law of Influences*, and illustrated the power which men have over each other for good or for evil. Cautioned my fellow-prisoners, and warned them against the danger of leading others astray, or being themselves injured by present associations.

Suffering, still, with severe cough and cold. Major Hammond is in the same plight; and others are more or less unwell with rheumatism, or predisposition to intermittent and bilious complaints.

Saturday, 6th.—The morning was without noise or confusion, and nearly all the company were asleep when the call was made for breakfast. This may be attributed to two causes:—the surfeit which some had on yesterday morning, and the fact that six or eight of our most noisy ones spent nearly the whole night at Keno. Such is prison life!

My cough has been so troublesome, that I have not ven-

tured out of the room to-day. Have no recollection of ever having a worse cough in my life. Feel very anxious about it, but hope for the best.

Neglected to mention, in yesterday's record, the receipt of another letter, by *flag of truce*, from my daughter in Richmond. God has been kind in thus permitting me to hear from my dear children, since I have been a prisoner. I have been particularly anxious about the support and comfort of those in the South.

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Expounded portions of the 4th and 5th chapters of 1st Thessalonians, and tried to make some practical suggestions in view of the second advent of the Lord Jesus Christ. A respectful and apparently serious attention, but immediately after worship, the keno-table was resumed.

Sunday, 7th.—Capt. Ahl visited the room this morning, for inspection. Expecting this and other interruptions—such as have occurred a number of Sabbaths in succession—thought it best to defer the services until after dinner. At about two o'clock, addressed a smaller company than usual, from the words, "*Ye cannot drink of the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils*," &c. This is one of the few sermons, since my imprisonment, addressed particularly to professors of religion. My object was to reach several backsliders whom I have recently discovered, and some two or three who yet openly profess the name of Christ, but walk very inconsistently.

My evening sermon was based upon those words of Paul, "Praying always with all prayer." A better congregation and closer attention than in the morning. One who in the forepart of the day sat just at my side snoring loudly, was now wide awake, and was evidently impressed. Another—one of our most intelligent men—remarked that he felt more interested in the discourse than in anything he had before heard me

preach. It is pleasant to note the slightest indication of good. Much has been said during the past six months; but, oh, how little has been accomplished! But the seed is sown, and will no doubt spring up after many days.

We have not had as quiet a Sabbath for several weeks, as we have enjoyed to-day. In the course of the afternoon there was a sudden relaxation, and some of the young men gave way to a noisy romp. After taps a buzz commenced, and, in the midst of a loud and general discussion of some political subject, I fell asleep.

Monday, 8th.—Had the pleasure of another visit from my wife, who came over, alone, in the Osceola, at about nine o'clock. The door being locked, I had to wait some time for the turn-key, and consequently failed to meet her on the wharf. Hastened down, however, and found her at the hotel. She left it about four o'clock in the mail boat—the wind blowing and the waves dashing furiously. Watched the struggles of the boat, until she had nearly reached the other side, and returned to my room, committing my dear wife to the kind keeping of the Almighty.

Saw Gen. Lockwood's letter to Col. Purnell, confirming the statement in regard to the coming of a Commission, to examine into the cases of political prisoners. It may be looked for about the middle of this week. Whether it will be for my relief, I know not; but I really dread it, as I cannot renounce my principles, or act the hypocrite. I presume they will find that I have uttered "intensely disloyal sentiments," according to the statement of a Washington official, as reported in a letter lately received from a friend. The privacy of the conversation, and the non-intention to make mischief (which must appear in the examination) may afford some palliation. In God I trust.

The gambling, to-night, like to have resulted in a serious fight. C—— and L—— were the parties. The latter drew

a knife, and the consequences might have been deplorable, but for the intervention of the surrounding company. Swearing, drinking, broils, murder, all follow in the train of the miserable vice of gambling.

A fine new flag, broad and showy, now floats on the parapet, the old one having been completely torn to pieces by the late winds.

Several of our number are still complaining of ill health. Last night Robert Lloyd was very ill; "Jimmy Reb" is yet in a bad condition. Col. Waring was more "under the weather" than he has been since he came to the island. Capt. Miles, Mills, Nelson and others, have been obliged to consult the doctor. Brogden is better, but his constitution is broken. Although the moat is full of water, the stench is bad, and may contribute to increase disease.

Tuesday, 9th.—We have had a day of confusion and excitement. Expecting from some report, that our quarters were about to be changed, all hands were on the look-out, at an early hour. At about nine o'clock, Cunningham came in and announced the expected change; and also ordered us to be ready, in messes of six, to make the move. In a few moments everybody was engaged in packing. Beds, trunks, crockery, books, and et-ceteras of every description were tumbled, helter skelter, out of their usual places—each man watching his own property. Most of us had on our hats and overcoats, and stood waiting for the opening of the door; until after three or four hours of delay, our suspense was relieved by pompous and formal calls, at intervals of fifteen minutes for each mess, which were assigned, according to the will of our factotum, to the several rooms in our old quarters. It was my good fortune to get back into No. 6, where I spent so many painful hours during the summer and fall. Our mess consists of Col. Waring, Brogden, Richardson, Shreve, Gibson, Tibbetts, and myself.

After reaching the quarters, a most uninviting prospect

greeted us. The white-washers were still at work. The walls were exceedingly damp, and the floors were bespattered with lime. It required an hour or two to get things righted up. As soon as this was accomplished, I fell into bed — my head almost breaking with pain. Had been suffering all day with a violent neuralgia, aggravated by excitement suspense, and the labor of removing my clothes and bedding.

Wednesday, 10*th*.—Have been suffering, all day, with something like what used to be called in the West, *break-bone fever*. All my limbs aching. Indisposition to get about. On the bed, at intervals, until seven o'clock, when we had a short evening service in the hall, where we had a cold and uninviting prospect.

A notice appears in the Baltimore *American*, said to have been copied from the *National Intelligencer*, announcing the "pardon" of Col. Waring by President Lincoln, on the application of sundry distinguished citizens of Maryland, chiefly members of the Legislature. The Colonel has been drooping, very much, during the past ten days. His health has failed considerably, and his spirits have been flagging. He has the sincere good wishes of all the prisoners; and though he has had no formal intimation of his release, he has had the hearty congratulations of all around him.

Drummond has received a letter from his wife, stating that Col. Burroughs, of Norfolk, who was recently shot by a negro sentinel, was actually murdered whilst asleep in bed. Before his death he affirmed, that he was not trying, as alleged, to make his escape. What a terrible outrage!

Thursday, 11*th*.—Col. Waring is again a free man. A formal, unconditional *pardon* was put into his hands, this afternoon, by the commanding General. The document was signed by Colonel Hoffman, by order of President Lincoln. Pardoned! What an absurdity! True, the Colonel has

undergone the formality of a trial, but the case was prejudged, and a sentence of condemnation agreed upon, before the evidence was given. And what was the crime?—Harboring and feeding Confederate soldiers. And who were the Confederate soldiers?—His own son, who, at the request of his father, was discharged by Gen. Lee, on account of the death of two other sons; and a *friend* who had been instrumental in procuring the release of the returned soldier. For entertaining these young men, under peculiar circumstances, a venerable citizen is shut up eight months within the walls of a fort, his valuable property confiscated, his family scattered—and then he is *pardoned!* I am glad, that a government, which has accomplished so much evil, and brought distress and wretchedness on so many families, has opened its eyes, sufficiently, to see its sin at least in one case; and that it seems disposed, even at this late hour, to measure out a tardy justice in the restoration of a persecuted old man to his wonted freedom and domestic peace. But is this *pardon?* If there has been no *crime*, is it not insult to apply the word?

Gen. Schœpf sent me word by the Colonel, that I am to be released in a few days. Perhaps he refers to the Commission, and the *probability* of my relief. I shall hope, but will try to be prepared for any result.

Weather, last night, very cold, and the moat frozen over this morning.

Friday, 12th.—Chaplain Way, who has just returned from a visit to Sussex, informs me, that whilst at dinner at Gov. Cannon's, he saw a letter written by that gentleman to Gen. Lockwood, asking the release of Mr. Long and myself. With this influence, additional to that already brought to bear from distinguished quarters, I ought soon to be relieved from this tedious prison life.

Colonel Waring left to-day, intending to take the Erickson boat, to-night, for Baltimore. He will go on immediately to

Martinsburg to meet his wife, and then will shape his course, as circumstances may indicate for the best. Before leaving, the old gentleman had quite a jolly time, moving around among his friends on the island, and giving a few parting words to his late fellow-prisoners. After breaking a bottle with a select few, and joining them in a game of whist, he took a formal leave of the company, and left for the boat. As my room-mate, he politely excused himself to me, for the evident intrusion upon my principles—on the ground of the special circumstances—and we parted with mutual good wishes.

Dr. Fromberger informs me, that my friend Henry Leslie, made every effort, some time ago, to visit me on the island, and that after securing a pass from Gen. Cadwallader, he was induced to relinquish the idea, from the powerful influence for evil, that might be brought against him, should he do so.

A cold and cheerless hall, short services, and little interest.

Saturday, 13th.—Spent much of the morning in conversation with Mr. J——on the evidences of Christianity. Find him exceedingly sceptical and unbelieving. With a good memory, and a general reader, he is familiar with most of the infidel objections to the Bible, and urges them as though they had never been heard before. His manner is very gentlemanly, however, and I think I can see, under all his opposition and unsettled mind, a spirit of inquiry. I have loaned him, at different times, Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures, Butler's Analogy, and Nelson's Cause and Cure of Infidelity. He has expressed dissatisfaction with all of them. Horne is too general and desultory; Butler is too antiquated and hackneyed; and Nelson too illiterate and coarse. Notwithstanding his objections, he seems to be wading through this last, and confesses that the Doctor suggests a fact in regard to Gibbon's unfairness and dishonesty, in what he calls a chapter on eclipses, which astonishes him, and deserves further investigation. In the course of conversation it became very evi-

dent, that if he has a predilection for any denomination of professing Christians, it is for the Church of Rome. The organized charities of that people give them a high place in his estimation.

After the evening services, had quite a discussion with Brogden, Gibson, Pearson, and others, on the morality of dancing, games, &c. Find few who are willing to accept my views on these subjects, whilst an impression has evidently been made, by my suggestions, on the minds of some.

On returning to our old quarters, we were notified by Carr, the superintendent of kitchen matters, that there would be no more messing in the rooms, and that all must eat at the table below-stairs. During the six months and a half of my imprisonment, I have never appeared at that table. My first sight of it, soon after coming to the island, was sufficiently disgusting. The slice of meat, and cup of weak coffee, or soup, had too much of the penitentiary look; and I felt thankful for the supplies from friends in Delaware, who saved me from that dreary and uninviting board. To come to it, now, seemed rather hard — especially as the allowance of bread was to be only a single slice at a meal, and I must stand up to eat that. For several days most of our company have been obliged to submit to the new rule. *Our* mess, having supplies on hand, have held out until to-day. A conference with Carr, with some spirit of resistance on his part, has brought us back to the old *regime*. He was informed, that we had the General's approbation, of which Col. Waring assured us yesterday. The superintendent now declares, that it was not his purpose to restrict us in bread, nor to prevent our eating in the rooms. We are all straight now.

Two or three hundred "Rebs," calling themselves "citizens," who have offered to take the oath of allegiance, were mustered on the lawn, in front of the General's residence, this afternoon, with boxes, bundles, and whatever effects they owned. They underwent a thorough examination, and were

deprived of all superfluities, preparatory to a move—shortly to take place—the nature of which I could not hear. The Confederate ram, Atlanta, now in possession of the Yankees, passed the island, this morning, *en route* to Philadelphia.

Sunday, 14*th*.—Our religious services were suspended this morning, for the want of a comfortable place to hold them. The hall is now too cold and dreary to be used, except for a very short time, as for prayer in the evening. This is the first time we have been broken up, save once or twice, on account of my health, since I have been at Fort Delaware. The interest has been kept up beyond all expectation. No public disapprobation has been expressed. A few have seldom attended; some have been careless; but the feeling generally has been nearly unanimous in favor of continued services. The restraining influence has been good; some minds have been impressed; but the full amount of good that has been done, eternity alone will reveal.

Spent most of the day in reviewing the evidences of Christianity, a subject to which I am endeavoring to give new attention, but which, for the want of books, I must pursue with considerable embarrassment. Read McIlvaine with great pleasure.

Monday, 15*th*.—Have had another visit from my wife. She came over this morning in the mail boat, and remained until three o'clock. Little Lillie accompanied her mother, and knew me from the hotel window, entirely across the parade ground. My wife informs me that a petition for my release, signed by numerous Republicans of New Castle county, has been put into the hands of General Schœpf, to be forwarded to Washington. She also handed me a package of letters from friends in Portsmouth, expressing themselves in terms of the warmest sympathy, and assuring me of their constant prayers in my behalf. Thank God for friends, and especially for praying friends!

Great anxiety is felt in regard to the coming of "the Commission." From several reliable sources we have had information, that the two Judges—Bond and King—will be here to-day. Their arrival has not yet been announced, and there is no little disappointment among the prisoners.

We still have a number of sick and ailing ones among us. Gibson seems quite ill; Shanks has the pleurisy; Maynadier, Mills, and others are suffering with rheumatism. Dr. Stone is the attending physician, and has the respect and confidence of all the prisoners.

By my wife's visit, the state of our larder has been considerably improved. After she left, we made our dinner-supper on a fine pot-pie, which with other good things, and a neatly spread table, gave us quite a home feeling.

Bible reading and prayer, in the hall, at half-past six, and then all busily engaged until taps, in reading, writing, and conversation. Others, *without disturbance,* continued with lighted candles the same occupations, until tired enough for bed.

Tuesday, 16*th.*—Dr. Stone visited the room before most of us were up. Gibson had a bad night; but was much better in the morning, and was dressed and going about, long before the day was over. The breakfast-table was scarcely out of the floor, when Carr opened the door, and ordered us to have things in readiness for an inspection. The same order was given in each of the rooms, and expecting a special examination by some official committee, the whole apartment wore its best looks. The day passed, but no inspection took place.

We are now living, very confortably, in No. 6. Everything really necessary is at hand; plenty of tea, coffee, sweetmeats, good beef, poultry, milk, and other luxuries. Every few days brings us a box or basket, and we generally have enough, and to spare. Brogden received, to-day, a small box from Baltimore; I, too, had a small package from Philadelphia. Uncle

Sam has had very little to do with feeding any members of our mess, and others of the political prisoners have been quite as independent, especially the inmates of Nos. 1 and 2. Some of us have never drawn anything but bread, and sometimes a little sugar and coffee. At one time we were dependent for beef; more recently we have been bountifully supplied with cooked meats, which are always better than anything furnished at the common table. The rations are prepared much better than before our late move. The coffee is pretty good, and the soup is better supplied with vegetables. This improvement I note with pleasure.

Two "Rebs" are said to have escaped, last night, from the hospital; but the particulars are not stated. Every such event makes, for a time, a more rigid discipline.

There were less than a dozen persons at worship this evening; and most of these were professors of religion. The hall is uncomfortable, but if there were a heart for the services, there might be a much better attendance.

As I am about to retire, the wind howls furiously around the Fort; and I think with pity of the poor fellows at the barracks, who will probably suffer from cold.

Wednesday, 17th.—A day of excitement. The long-looked for Commission, consisting of Judges Bond and King, has arrived, and the event was announced by Cunningham before some of us were up. At about ten o'clock, Grady, Gibson, and Griffith—whose names stand first on the old roll—were called out. In half an hour they returned, with a very favorable report of the manner in which they had been received. Grady and Gibson seemed hopeful, but Griffith got the impression that he would be retained as a prisoner for the war. The examination continued until two o'clock, when the Commission adjourned for dinner. All agreed as to the gentlemanly bearing of the Judges, and with few exceptions all seemed hopeful. Porter and Tibbetts were most apprehensive.

After dinner, those whose cases had not yet been examined (excepting such as had been sentenced by courts-martial), were called to a room near the General's office, to appear separately before the Commission, holding their sessions in an adjoining room. The roll continued until after some half a dozen had gone in, each remaining from ten to thirty minutes, when my name was announced.

Judges King and Bond were occupying seats on opposite sides of the range; a respectable looking old gentleman named Rogers, of Baltimore, sat near Judge Bond, and one of Capt. Ahl's clerks was seated at a table in the rear. I was requested to seat myself in a vacant chair in front of the range, and nearest to Judge King. For a moment there was some hesitation. A few words passed, by way of salutation. Judge Bond then inquired, what charges had been made against me, and whether there had been any trial or investigation of my case.

I replied that I had had no trial, and proceeded to make a short statement of the circumstances of my arrest. A few questions were proposed, to elicit my position, but no captiousness was evinced, with the exception of a remark by Judge Bond, that he presumed I was abusing the Government in the conversation for which I had been imprisoned.

The examination—if such it could be called—amounted to nothing. It was loose, irregular, and to myself, wholly unsatisfactory, as to the development of facts. The Judges had evidently informed themselves, to the extent of their wishes, before they came to the island. The object, now, seemed to be, simply, to see and amuse themselves with the prisoners, and, perhaps, to get as many of them as possible to take the oath. In my case the oath was not proposed, but Judge Bond, who is a Northern Methodist, saw fit to take me through a sort of catechetical exercise, either to try my Calvinism, or to gratify an untimely curiosity.

"Do you believe," said he, "that God has placed men in families, and that he has ordained Communities and States?"

A Presbyterian minister, of course, could have no difficulty in responding affirmatively to this strangely official question.

"If such, then, is your belief," he continued, "is it not your duty to teach all the obligations which arise from these several conditions?"

"Most assuredly I do."

"Then, you will preach against blockade running, which includes lying, and other sins?"

I replied, that I had always denounced sin, and fearlessly repudiated it wherever I found it, whether in connection with the daily avocations of men, among politicians, or under any other circumstances. I assured him, however, "that I had always avoided political preaching as such; and that in regard to the subject of blockade running, I had never in the course of my ministry had occasion to refer to it. In the abstract I might now say, that it involved principles to be settled by individual consciences."

Both of the Judges were inquisitive in regard to my practice, concerning prayer for the President of the United States.

I told them, that I had frequently prayed for him; but that it was never my custom to dictate to the Almighty, in regard to the particular blessings to be bestowed.

Judge Bond now introduced the subject of slavery, and reminded me of the recent deliverances of the Presbyterian Church (North) in regard to that topic, intending, as I presume, to criminate me, in view of what he assumed to be my own heresy.

I was, next, interrogated as to the comparative strength of feeling on the subject of slavery among the different denominations at the South; and, in this connection, my own views were more particularly elicited.

He agreed with me, that the Methodist Church, South, had not been behind any other in sustaining the institutions of slavery; and I imagined I could see considerable chafing, at the thought of this prominence on the part of his own

denomination. In regard to myself, he soon found, that I had no personal interest, whatever, in the subject; and that I was perfectly willing to leave the decision of so vexed and intricate a question with Him, whose infinite wisdom will sooner or later decide it.

The interview now closed—Judge Bond remarking that he thought it would be well, if his fellow-townsman, the Rev. Dr. Bullock, and I, could exchange places. I thought Judge King was particularly sparing of my feelings, and I am indebted to him for turning the conversation, several times, in reply to questions proposed by his associate of the bench.

I was now permitted to leave the room, rejoicing that nothing had been said to me about the oath, and with what I regarded as an implied assurance from both of the officials, that I should soon be relieved from my imprisonment. When reminding them of my long confinement, and the dependent condition of my large family, they assured me of their sympathy, and added that they were willing to do all that they could for the prisoners. I hope there has been no misunderstanding in regard to my position—though I confess to some apprehension, since reflecting upon the remark of Judge Bond concerning the substitution of Dr. Bullock as a prisoner at this place. But why should I be worried? The question was distinctly put, and was as clearly and definitely answered:—"My predilections are all with the South." I would now duplicate the testimony, in this record. Let all who know me, understand that I am a true and earnest Southern man, believing that right is with the people of that oppressed section, in the great questions now at issue. But I am willing, and anxious, to make all due allowance for those who cannot see as I do. I am a man of peace, repudiating all vindictiveness, and submitting the whole controversy and its issues to Him who seeth not as man seeth, and who will glorify Himself in the result, making the wrath of man to praise Him.

Thursday, 18*th*.—For several days past, the weather has been intensely cold—colder, it is thought, than it has been before in this region for at least four years. The river is again frozen over, and all the moats and ponds, on the island, are blocked up with ice. The poor fellows, at the barracks, have had a hard time. I can get no particulars, but we hear that several have, lately, been badly frozen. Whether any have died from the effects of cold, I have not heard. Seven men escaped night before last, but were all caught, near Wilmington, and brought back.

The Commission finished its work this morning, and the Judges were to have left this afternoon. Snyder, De La Mar, and others, are very much discouraged. The first named will probably be tried by court-martial, on the charge of being a spy. I feel sorry for him, as he has a disease which of itself is likely to end his life, unless he can be relieved from prison, and get such treatment and attention as it is impossible to receive here. The cases of Richardson, and Joice have been passed over, as under the special jurisdiction of the Secretary of War. Pearson and Devitt, both of them sentenced for the war, appeared before the Commission. The first, after making his statement, and disclosing his position, was informed by the Judges that they had nothing to do with his case. The other did not make known his peculiar status, and his case was noted, like all the rest, for reference to Gen. Lockwood. He hopes for a release, in the contemplated general delivery. All are now in suspense, and the time will hang heavy, until the result is known.

Two more letters have come to hand, from my good friend, the Rev. Dr. McCown, enclosing funds. Truly this brother—whom I have never seen—is a friend, indeed. May his heart's desire be abundantly realized, in the conversion, and future usefulness of his dear son. One of the letters has certain allusions, indicating that somebody has been writing to him in my name—for what purpose I have no idea, unless to

extort money. He refers to the notes of a sermon enclosed in a letter lately received, and thanks me for them. I have no recollection of ever sending such notes; and am at a loss to know what is meant.

My copy of the *Daily News* is very irregular in coming. For three days, I have not received it at all. Sometimes, I get duplicates, the paper for Gen. Schœpf being enclosed with mine, and both being sent to me unopened.

We had a comfortable evening service, in No. 2, and shall continue, for the present, to meet there. Made some remarks on *Firmness*, as necessary to the sum of Christian character.

Friday, 19th.—Gen. Jeff. Thompson was brought to the island, to-day, and quartered in the room formerly occupied by Col. Waring. Just as I was starting out for a walk, I discovered this distinguished officer, in company with Gen. Schœpf, on the platform in front of the frame building, on the left of the yard. I was passing on to the sally-port, when I heard my name called, by the Commandant; and before I could cross over, he spoke loud enough to be heard at a distance:

"You be released, now, in a few days."

Approaching the two officers, I was very pleasantly introduced to "Gen. Jeff Thompson."—Pointing to me:

"He a Rebel too," said Gen. Schœpf.

I inquired of Gen. Thompson, how he happened to be at Fort Delaware.

"He came here," said Gen. Schœpf, "to be well treated. We know how to treat the *soldier* here. Don't you think so?"

Very cordially assenting to this remark, the General continued:

"You must not abuse me when you leave here."

"I shall not be disposed to do so," I replied. "You have always treated me with great kindness; and I think you have the good feeling of all the prisoners."

Turning to Gen. Thompson, the Commandant then remarked: "Dr. Handy will be a pleasant companion for you,"—at the same time pointing to the General's room, that I might know where to find him.

After a few moments more of conversation, we separated, and the two Generals crossed the fort-yard, to Schœpf's office.

In about an hour after this interview, Gen. Thompson sent for me, to visit him at his room. I found him occupying a bench in front of a good coal fire, with a small table at his side. The room looked rather naked, but clean, and waiting only to be put in such order as a day or two will find it.

The object of the General was to get the "hang" of things, and to make some arrangements about messing. He showed me his parole, binding him not to make his escape, and allowing him the privilege of the island. I could not tell him whether he would be allowed to visit the quarters of the political prisoners; but suggested, that could he do so, it would give me great pleasure to have him as one of our party in No. 6. He thought there would be no difficulty about it; but to make the matter sure, he proposed to go, at once, to see Gen. Schœpf. Soon returning, he said it was "all right;" and that the Commandant assured him, he was just thinking it would be well, either, that he should join me in my room, or, that I that I should go down with him.

Gen. Thompson had been invited to dine with Gen. Schœpf; but had declined, and was ready to join our party, at our usual dinner-supper. We walked up together, and after an introduction to several of the prisoners, and a chat of an hour or more, the inmates of No. 6 had the pleasure of the General's company at the table. It was quite an agreeable change in our routine, to hear his very fluent, and entertaining conversation.

Gen. Thompson is a native of Jefferson county, Va. He was once a clerk in the City of Baltimore; but for seventeen years has been a citizen of Missouri, residing most of the time

in St. Joseph's. He is an engineer by profession, and has been extensively engaged in real estate brokerage. Before the war he was two years mayor of St. Joseph. He is now in the thirty-ninth year of his age; has never had much sickness, and is evidently capable of great endurance. In person he is tall and slender, fully six feet in height, with a stoop in the shoulders, of thin visage, furrowed cheeks, long, sharp nose, rather projecting lower lip, with brown moustache, and thin goatee. His hands and feet are disproportionate in size, and in walking his strides are long. At present he is dressed in a full suit of black cloth, and wears a gray Confederate overcoat. He confesses to have been rather fond of a spree in his early days, and says, the photograph of him, which is now circulating at the North, was taken just after a "regular bust." His habits, at present, are temperate. With the exception of a little beer, recently taken, he has drunk no liquor for more than two years. Tobacco he repudiates entirely. But the General will swear in telling an anecdote, excusing himself with the apology that he means no harm, and calling it "my emphatic language." His speech is rapid; he has a fund of anecdote; his manners are free; he has a pleasant egotism; writes poetry, and is far from the illiterate man he has been represented to be—but is thoroughly Western in his style.

Gen. Thompson entertained us until nearly dark, with anecdotes of his late journey; and among other things, told a good story of an adventure with a little Jew, whom he met on the cars between Baltimore and Wilmington.

Said the Jew: "Abraham Lincoln is the greatest man in this country."

"He's a —— fool," replied the General.

"He is an *honest* man, certainly," rejoined the Jew.

"He is a —— rascal," answered Thompson.

The Jew was startled, threw himself back, stared at his fellow-traveller, and inquired whether he belonged to the army.

"I do," answered the General.

"To what army?"

"To the Rebel army," was the cool rejoinder.

"The Rebel army!" exclaimed the Israelite;—"why, you are the first Rebel I have ever seen!"

Recovering from his fright, the Jew was soon disposed to make himself agreeable. Indeed, he now seemed anxious to be useful in some way to his new acquaintance; and having discovered that he was on his way to Fort Delaware as a prisoner, he proposed to send him any supplies he might need, and proceeded to take his name in a memorandum book, which he drew from his pocket. The General gave his name as *Thompson.*

"Your full name, sir?"

"Jeff Thompson."

"What!" exclaimed the startled Jew, "Jeff Thompson, the noted *go-rilla!*"

It was more than the Jew could stand, and eyeing the chieftain from head to foot, he sat motionless in astonishment.

Saturday, 20th.—Seven months have now passed since the day of my arrest, and I am still a prisoner—restless, uneasy, anxious. Never have I felt so completely worn out. The time seems lost. I am accomplishing little or nothing, even as a minister of the Gospel. I seem to be benefitting neither myself, my family, the church, nor the public. But God knows what is best, and I will not complain. I look to Him. Oh for grace to submit to His will! My desolate church, my scattered family, my imprisoned body, my cheerless mind, are all in His hands. I pray for the spirit of Newton's angel—submitting to the most honorable, or the most debasing surroundings, for the glory of God.

The weather is considerably milder than it has been. Our poor boys at the barracks have suffered much during this snap. Night before last one man perished from cold. He was carried to the hospital, but died soon after he entered the building.

I learned, to-day, that there are still five hundred sick men on the island. Only twenty small-pox cases are reported—all of them of long standing.

Gen. Thompson has taken his meals with us, and has spent much of the day in our room, joking, talking, or reading from a scrap-book, in which he has preserved a collection of personal matters, clipped from the Yankee papers, or written by his own pen. I had no idea that he had such a poetic turn. Several of his articles are very fine.

Walked around the island, with him, this morning. In the course of conversation he referred to Gen. Gantt, of Arkansas, who has recently been figuring extensively, as a "repentant Rebel." Thompson says he knows Gantt well, and speaks of him as a "hypocrite in the church; a traitor to his country; a coward on the field; a liar and a scoundrel," and adds, that he "is responsible for the statement." In part explanation, he says that whilst Gantt professes to be a Christian, and a member of the Methodist Church, it is common with him to drink and swear; and that his chaplain, from whom for a time he managed to conceal his habits, was finally undeceived and left him in disgust.

For several evenings past, our services have been held in No. 2, attended chiefly by professors of religion—a majority of whom have been inmates of the room. Made a few remarks, to-night, on the subject of *Christian example.*

Sunday, 21*st.*—I am disgusted with all I see around me. "Sin abounds." Among the forty-five or fifty political prisoners, confined at Fort Delaware, perhaps not a dozen "fear God and work righteousness." A majority of them are profane swearers. Many delight in filthy conversations; several are cavilling sceptics; and two or three appear to be downright infidels. Things are worse among us than they have ever been before. Not one of my own room-mates is a professor of religion. I am generally treated with respect, and

there is, upon the whole, much regard for my feelings. But shut up as I am with so many ungodly men, I am continually seeing, and hearing disagreeable things. If my life is spared, this experience will be useful to me, in my future ministry; but my heart sinks in the present observation of so much depravity. I will not "fret myself because of evil doers;" but would rather "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."

Satan has got the better of us, to-day, in regard to our services. A cold hall, and confusion in the rooms broke up the preaching. Indeed, the interest has so flagged of late, that I thought best, independently of these interruptions, to suspend one of the usual Sabbath discourses. We had a pleasant service at night, in No. 2; but whilst thus engaged, Jeff Thompson had a much larger congregation in No. 6, relating all sorts of personal narratives, and entertaining the company with jokes and anecdotes, by no means suited to the hours of the Sabbath. He is one of the most loquacious men I have ever seen. There is no end to his amusing stories. One of these I heard, before leaving the room, for worship, and might have been entertained, had he not interlarded almost every sentence with his "emphatic language," and had it not been Sabbath night. At the usual hour, I took my Bible, and left the company—all understanding my object. One or two followed me. The others (quite a crowd) remained, some sitting, some standing, and some squatting on the floor upon their hands and knees—all absorbed in Jeff's wonderful tales.

The weather has been warmer, to-day, but the ice continues in the moat, and the Yankees have been amusing themselves with skates.

Monday, 22*d*.—Washington's birthday has passed, with nothing to distinguish it from any other day of the year. No parade, no firing of cannon—all quiet.

Had a very unpleasant altercation with one of my roommates—the same who has repeatedly uttered unpleasant remarks

in my hearing, and endeavored to wound my feelings by infidel sneers and sarcastic allusions. He has done this so frequently, that I felt it my duty, in self-defence, to bear no longer; and in a calm, firm, and direct manner, I repelled his slurs. This man is the only person who has treated me with the slightest disrespect during my seven months' imprisonment. I am the more amazed at his conduct, inasmuch as I have ever treated him with kindness; and being a much younger man than myself, have endeavored to advise him for his good. Until recently, I had supposed he was receiving my suggestions in the same spirit in which they were given. I now find that he hates the truth; and to-day, he openly avowed that it gave him great pleasure to see the advocates of religion opposed and defeated. In consequence of a remark, affirming that I have forced religious services upon those who were unwilling to hear them, I requested Maynadier to ascertain the feeling on that subject, and report to me, before the hour for worship. The result of this inquiry was an earnest request that I should go on as usual. Referring, myself, to the matter in No. 2, where we had a respectable gathering, the unanimous wish was expressed, that the usual course should be pursued; and that no attention be paid to such opposition as had been made. One man—not a professor of religion, a very sensible gentleman, from Sussex county, Delaware—requested me to continue the services until my release, and publicly begged me to give him my prayers. All this was gratifying, and encouraging; and I shall persevere in the work before me, in spite of all sneers, and opposition.

Major Hammond is quite ill. Dr. Stone had to be sent for, at a late hour, and has not yet arrived — the sally-port being closed, and there being considerable difficulty in reaching him. All the physicians are now on the outside of the fort — a bad arrangement, and greatly to the disadvantage of the political prisoners, and others, who might suffer much before a surgeon could be reached. Brogden, who has just returned

from a hunt for the Doctor, reports the officer of the day so drunk that he could not speak.

I have been turning the pages of Jeff Thompson's scrap-book, in which I find a number of his own fugitive pieces. Some of them are excellent. The following, addressed to Miss Elder, of St. Louis, who asked for his autograph, while a prisoner at Gratiot street prison, August, 1863, is characteristic, and illustrates the prevailing buoyancy of the man:—

"Though prison bars,
My freedom mars,
And glittering bayonets guard me round,
My Rebel soul
Scorns such control,
And dwells with friends on Southern ground.
My heart is light,
And spirits bright,
And Hope, with her enchanting wand,
Gives visions fair;
And free as air,
I roam at will in Dixie's Land."

The following shows an affectionate heart:—

"*Written for Lieut. Wm. Elder, of Calloway County, Missouri, upon his hearing of his mother's death.*

"JOHNSON'S ISLAND, *October 9th*, 1863.

"I've stood 'mid many battles' blast,
And brav'd the shock of charging horse —
'Mid comrades falling thick and fast,
With shrieking wounds, and ghastly corse.

"Such sights but nerve a soldier's soul —
For, then, we must our feelings smother;
But, now, my tears brook no control —
I hear that thou art dead — my mother!

"I've sat beside my dying friend,
And seen his life-blood ooze away,
And felt that I my life could spend
In earnest prayer that he might stay —
To cheer me with his friendship dear —
Who loved him fondly as a brother;
But all this grief was but *one* tear,
To those I shed for thee — my mother!

"A soldier has no time for tears,
My country needs my constant thought,
My heart is hard to grief and fears,
And freedom thus is only bought.

"A messmate falls —we say good-bye —
The next in ranks becomes another;
There's not the pain — though all should die —
Like that at loss of thee — my mother!"

The following is historical, and I must not omit it:—

"*To the First Division Missouri State Guards. Written at Little Rock, July 25th*, 1863.

"Two years ago, this very day,
Three thousand men armed for the fray,
Had met a chief to choose —.
To lead them to the battle-field,
And teach them how their arms to wield
Successful 'gainst their foes.
They looked around, but could not find
A man just suited to their mind —
When along there came a stranger,
Whose sabre bright, and dashing air,
And plumed hat so *devil-may-care*,
Bespoke one used to danger.
The soldiers gathered round him there,
And bade the stranger stop and share
Their danger and their glory.
They asked if he knew how to lead
Brave men to battle and to deed
That grace both song and story.
He answered 'Yes,' and — to be brief —
They made him then at once their chief
To lead them to the field;
And on that day and from that hour
Three thousand men felt well the power
A single man can wield —
For what an hour before had been
A motley crowd, whose discipline
Brought trouble, work, and woes,
Were led by the magic of one will —
An army made whose strength and skill
O'erpowered all their foes.
And Southern men and Southern maid,
Grandfathers, too, and matrons staid,
Did sing in joyous strains,
Of those who did thus nobly stand
And strike for our fair Southern land
Upon Missouri's plains.
And thus the chief redeemed his word;
For compliments upon them pour'd,

And favor broad and long;
And history when its tale is told,
Will mention those who were so bold
In story and in song.

'Two years have passed, and in that time
How many brave men in their prime
Have passed from us away!
For many fell 'mid battle's roar,
When thousands met who'll meet no more
Until the last great day;
And many in the stilly night,
When dreams of home were silv'ry bright,
Have heard death's cannon peal;
And many on the lonely watch,
With none their last loud words to catch,
Have felt the foeman's steel.
But many, many more have sped
With sickness, faint from feverish bed,
Without their lov'd ones nigh;
And the insatiable hospital hath said,
To scores of men now cold and dead:—
"Come in and die."
But the chief still lives, and on this day
Hath sat him down to while away
An hour with the past,
With friends who since two years ago
Have bravely stood to front the foe
In many a battle's blast;
Who followed him where danger stood,
And shared his lot by field and flood,
Like soldiers true and brave;
And his thankful heart with pleasure thrills
To know that they are striking still
Our Southern rights to save.

And now for all the noble dead
The chieftain asks that he may shed
Upon their graves a tear;
And pray that He who rules above
May bless our lost ones with His love,
And Heaven's blissful cheer;
That his heart may grieve for those bereft—
With the widows and the orphans left,
With sweethearts sad and lone;
With fathers fond and mothers kind,
Brothers and sisters left behind,
By comrades dead and gone."[1]

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[1] "I was elected Brigadier-General of the First Division Missouri State Guard, an hour after I entered the camp, and had never seen but four persons of the three thousand men assembled on that day — July 25th, 1861.
"M. JEFF THOMPSON."

Tuesday, 23*d*—Walked around the Island, this morning, with Gen. Thompson; was with him for a short time, this afternoon, in his room; and had him with us, also, at meals. Being so much in his company, and his tongue going all the time, I must soon necessarily learn all his history. He tells me that his wife is in St. Louis, with her friends—some of whom are Secessionists and others Republicans. He says she calls herself a *Union woman*, and that she is a devout Catholic. He has four children, three of them girls and one a boy. Two of the girls, one fourteen and the other nine years of age, are at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, near New Orleans; the other daughter is with her father's sister in St. Louis, with whom, as she is a wealthy lady, and a suitable person, he desires her to remain. He showed me a very tender and beautiful letter, which he was about to mail to this child, whom he calls his baby. The boy is with his mother, and is old enough to be of considerable service to her, under present circumstances.

The General positively denies all the stories that have been told about his recklessness and cruelty in the Southwest. He says he has always protected the property of Union citizens, and that he has never allowed his men to attack any but soldiers. On the other hand, he affirms that he has hung at least four men, professing to be Southerners, who were lounging about his camp, for stealing horses. He admits, that whenever he could get at a Federal soldier, he has taken him, if he could, and, that to clothe his own naked men, he has allowed them to shoot Yankee pickets; whenever wounded men have fallen into his hands, he has invariably treated them with kindness, and returned them, if possible, into their own lines. He admits some outrages, committed by stragglers from his command, but always when beyond his control, and contrary to his wishes. He expresses himself with good feeling towards Gen. Butler; and is grateful for his recent effort to secure him a parole from Secretary Stanton to go south; and says, that

Butler is not quite so bad a man, in some respects, as he has been represented to be. He has a number of correspondents at the North; and for prudential reasons, is swift to make acquaintances on the island. Whilst he calls himself a "hide-bound rebel," he compliments bravery on the part of his enemies, and makes the most reasonable allowances for the different stand-points, occupied by individuals at the North, and at the South.

Five days have passed, since Judges Bond and King left the island, and yet no tidings have reached us, as to the result of their examinations. We all wait in painful suspense. Perhaps, we ought not to expect action under a week; but we can see no good reason for delay.

A communication from my wife, received to-day, informs me of another delayed or suppressed letter, mailed here last week. I notice, that when the slightest allusion is made to anything transpiring on the island, there is some interruption of this kind. In my last I spoke of the Commission, but in no improper manner. Others write full letters about passing events, and have no such trouble. Why *I* should be an exception, is unaccountable.

I have cut the following order, issued by Gen. Wild, now in command at Norfolk, from to-day's *Inquirer*. I am astonished! What have not the people of Norfolk and Portsmouth suffered? Thousands driven from their homes, and their property confiscated; and others, who have been too poor to get away, persecuted with a most tormenting rule—some of them driven even to death, and now those that remain are to be interfered with in their religion. Their own pastors to be removed, and others not of their own choice to be placed over them! Degraded by association with negro soldiers, who were once their willing slaves! Were this philanthropy, it might be borne; were it from a principle of religion, we could excuse it. But it is neither. It is the spirit of jealousy and of hate. It is the feigned piety of a brutal Brigadier,

who, to amass thousands for himself, would, recklessly, and with sword in hand, starve women and children whose husbands are offering their lives in defence of honest principle. The maddened official, under a pretence of emancipating and blessing an oppressed race, would wink at the suffering of thousands of negro mothers and babes, who, abducted or driven from their comfortable homes, now, often in their dying agonies, curse the ambitious and heartless politicians who have made them the dupes of their iniquity. How I feel for my poor people in Portsmouth! How long, oh Lord, how long shall the wicked bear rule? God of mercy, hear the cries of the distressed, and "deliver them out of the mouth of the Lion!"

"Loyal Services in Churches.

"The following order, issued within the past few days, teaches the ministers of this locality their duty:—

"Head-quarters, Norfolk and Portsmouth.—General Orders, No. 3.—Norfolk, February 11th, 1864.—All places of public worship in Norfolk and Portsmouth are hereby placed under the control of the Provost Marshals of Norfolk and Portsmouth respectively, who shall see the pulpits properly filled, by displacing, when necessary, the present incumbents and substituting men of known loyalty, and the same sectarian denomination, either military or civil, subject to the approval of the Commanding General.

"They shall see that the churches are open freely to all officers and soldiers, white or colored, at the usual hour of worship, and at other times, if desired, and they shall see that no insult or indignity be offered to them, either by word, look or gesture, on the part of the congregation.

"The necessary expenses will be levied as far as possible in accordance with the previous usages or regulations of each congregation respectively.

"No property shall be removed, either public or private, without permission from these Head-quarters.

"By command of Brig.-General E. A. Wild,

"George H. Johnston,
"Captain and Ass't Adjutant-General.

Official.

"Hanford Struble,
"Lieutenant and Acting Aide-de-Camp."

Good attendance at prayers, in No. 2. Read 33d chapter of Isaiah, with comments.

Wednesday, 24th.—We have some sick ones, all the time; at present, more than usual are complaining. Dr. Stone is kept quite busy. Thorn is still sick at the hospital, but is improving. Major Hammond is better. Joice, Richardson, Johnson, Sikes and others, are all doctoring themselves. The principal trouble, just now, is caused by cold and sore throats. Some are threatened with erysipelas. Were it not so serious a matter, it would be quite ludicrous, to see the painted cheeks, noses, and throats. Iodine is certainly a popular medicine among the political prisoners. Every man who has a pain, scratch, or soreness runs immediately to Shanks, and has the feather applied. It is a wonderful remedy. Upon the whole, the political prisoners have suffered a good deal from various ailments; but we have much for which to be thankful, in the spared lives of all but one of our number. Want of exercise, difficulty in regulating the temperature of the rooms, and unsuitable diet, have been the chief causes of disease. May God speed the time when we shall again breathe the pure air, eat at our own tables, and, with quiet and grateful hearts, once more enjoy the embrace and sympathy of "the loved ones at home."

Spent an hour or two, this afternoon, with Chaplain Way. Capt. Numbers, once a Methodist preacher, came in, and joined in the conversation. Each of us having labored on the old Chesapeake and Delaware peninsula, we presently found ourselves in a very social chat about old times and scenes. Several pleasant anecdotes passed between us, about good brethren long since dead; and we separated in fine humor, with ourselves and each other, and, I hope, benefitted by the interview.

I find, that Jeff. Thompson wields quite an easy pen. He writes rapidly, and clearly, avoiding mistakes in grammar, and orthography. He showed me, to-day, a letter addressed to

Geo. D. Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, on the state of the country, and written at Johnson's Island—a forcible and well written paper. The authorities being unwilling to let it go, he availed himself of an opportunity, on his way from Johnson's Island to this prison, to throw it out of the car window, risking the chance of its reaching its destination.

Services to-night were late, in consequence of "Jeff.'s" entertaining talk in No. 6, which it was thought best not to interrupt. After he left, we had a comfortable time in No. 2.

Burke, the comedian, died at the hospital, and was buried on Monday last.

Thursday, 25*th*.—In walking around, this morning, with the Missouri General, called in at Lieut. Wolf's office, and found that officer undergoing a regular shampooning process, at the hands of a young "Reb."

"Why, I didn't know you had a barber-shop on the Island!" said Thompson.

The Lieutenant looked rather confused, and the young man in the office smiled. I took the matter as a joke, of course, and made no reply. In the course of the day, I learned through Lowry, the young Missourian who is acting as Thompson's orderly, that the "Rebs" had got hold of the thing, and were enjoying it as a good joke. But the best of it was, that the General actually mistook Wolf's fancy office for a real barber shop. In the afternoon, learning his mistake, he thought it a matter of sufficient importance to call in and offer an apology. There was a good laugh, and it ended without offence to any one.

I am frequently astonished at the strange views expressed by some of those around me, upon all subjects, but especially about morals and religion. It is curious also, to notice the subterfuges and apologies of ungodly men. To-day, I heard a young man of respectability and intelligence, say that he had never seen a day, in his life, in which he either had not, or

could not, have wished that he had never been born. He added, that he had frequently told his father so; and that he did not thank his parents—or, (as he might have said,) was angry with them—for his existence. On another occasion, I heard him wishing that he had died in infancy; and, again, chiding God, that *his* birth should have had anything to do with Sovereign plans. He justifies himself, in this impatience, by the conduct of Job, who cursed the day he was born and said that he was weary of his life. This same man regards all earnestness in religion as fanaticism, and even condemns the noble and truly pious Stonewall Jackson, as an extremist and a fatalist. Without being a drunkard, he, also, prides himself on his love of liquor; and avers that all great men have had a fondness for alcoholic drinks. These are noted, simply, as specimen opinions; and are regarded as the more remarkable, as the views of a young man of standing and influence.

It seems to me, that the whole tendency of this miserable war is to promote sin, in every conceivable form. Everything good is opposed; everything vile is commended. Men seem to have no consciences. Things which were, a short time ago, condemned even by men of only common decency, are now winked at, or indulged in, by some who once stood high in the church; all confidence between man and man is at an end; infidels are rejoicing; God's people—the very elect of Jehovah—are faltering; and the question may, even now, be suitably proposed, "Is there faith on earth?" These evils are doubtless the usual consequences of war. But the times are peculiar. May we not be in the midst of those very movements, which are to usher in the latter-day glory? Who knows, but that *Anti-Christ* is now living? "Here is wisdom, let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast."

Some wags played a hoax on D—— this afternoon, at my expense, which had well-nigh set him crazy. Whilst I was out, they told him that I had received a letter from my wife,

stating that she had obtained direct information from Gen. Lockwood, that the suggestions of the late Commission in relation to the release of certain prisoners, would be disregarded; and that most of us would probably continue a long time in confinement. The poor fellow is of such a mercurial, and anxious temperament, that he has scarcely been still, for a moment, during his imprisonment. He is constantly communicating with his friends, running after the officers of the fort, or in some other way, busying himself in regard to his release. Hopes, and fears alternate with him, with more rapidity than with any other man among us. Sometimes he is smiling with expectation. Again, he runs to his bed, or to some corner, his eyes filled with tears. I pity him sincerely, and hope he may soon be returned to his young wife, and reinstated in a successful and uninterrupted business.

Only seven persons at worship, this evening. Keno, cards, and infidel opposition are our enemies in these efforts. Thanks be to God, we have enough to claim the promised blessing!

Friday, 26th.—The terrible suspense which has been hanging over the heads of some of our fellow-prisoners, for weeks past, was in a measure relieved, after the arrival of the mail this afternoon. Cunningham came up with a list of twelve names, which he called aloud in the hall, with an order for the parties to appear, at once, in the General's office. The catalogue was irregular, and not in the order of the roll. The first man called was Gibson, who fairly jumped and danced with delight. The others were Alkire, Mills, Porter, Griffith, Green, Shreve, Weightman, Lovett, Miles, Cosner and Snyder. All these were persons who had agreed to take the oath. The order for their release required that those from Maryland, and Pennsylvania should simply take the oath of amnesty; and that the others should, in addition, give their parole of honor not to go south of the Potomac. Some

of these persons had heavier charges against them, than any in the fort; others had been informed by the Commission that they were, probably, in for the war; one expected to be tried by court-martial; and, in regard to two or three more, a very doubtful opinion has been entertained, by the company, as to the probability of their release. Why any of those released should have been selected, in preference to several whose names were not called, none were able to decide. Everybody rejoiced in the good fortune of the twelve; and notwithstanding some disappointment, we have had one of the happiest days of our imprisonment.

I felt so confident, in the morning, that we would have a sort of jail-delivery before night, that I packed my clothes, and bound up my papers and books, much to the amusement of my room-mates and others. All the prisoners averred, that nothing would be done for days to come; yet it was very evident, from their general manner, and conversation, that they were deeply anxious, and expectant.

Gibson was the only man that actually left the Island—there being no way of getting off except by a small boat that conveyed a number of workmen to Delaware City. Other boats would have crossed, but the wind was blowing heavily, and the water was so rough that the boatmen refused to venture out. Most of the released men seemed content to wait until to-morrow.

Some of the men availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by their liberty, to visit the sutler's; and returned in good humor, with "all the world and the rest of mankind." I was glad to hear one man, who is more addicted to liquor than any in the company, say that he would not for a thousand dollars take a drink on the eve of his departure for home. It was, also, pleasant to hear the most profane man of all our number solemnly affirm, that as soon as he got on the other side of the river he intended to take a vow, never to utter a profane oath, nor to take the name of God in vain. I believe

he was sincere, and endeavored to encourage him in his good resolution.

Of all those who took President Lincoln's oath of amnesty, this day, it is questionable whether any three of them had a heart in the act. Most of them have openly expressed themselves to the contrary. All regard it as "forced," and as a *dernier ressort* to secure their liberty, after a long and hard imprisonment.

We did not forget the twelve in our worship to-night.

Saturday, 27th.—Looked all day for farther news from the "Commission." On the arrival of the mail, was considerably disappointed. Felt relieved, however, by a letter from my wife, stating that Dr. Stewart, of Port Penn, had received a letter from Gen. Lockwood, imforming him that my case would not be acted upon for a week or ten days. The necessity of the delay is unintelligible to me; but it is some satisfaction to know, that no action has been taken condemning me to longer confinement.

Spent several hours, to-day, in hunting up rings, fans, breast-pins, and other curiosities made by the "Rebs." Spent $20 in this way for some of our company, who have no opportunity to go out. It is astonishing, what beautiful work of this kind is gotten up at the barracks; and it is the more remarkable, as the men have but few tools, and work under all sorts of disadvantages. The articles are sold, too, at merely nominal prices. Sometimes they file and cut for a whole day, to get from ten to fifty cents, with which to buy a little tobacco.

In the multiplicity of subjects discussed between Gen. Thompson and myself, theology and practical religion have not been neglected. His idea seems to be, that it is a matter of no special consequence what a man believes, provided he is honest and consistent in what he professes. Mohammedans, Mormons, Pagans are all good enough and worthy of all commendation, so far as they adhere closely and conscientiously to their peculiar doctrines

and ceremonies. He has been to Salt Lake, and mingled a great deal with the Mormons. Some of their peculiarities he admires; others he has no objection to. He regards them as very devout people, and commends the virtue of the females, and the prevailing honesty of the masses. He evidently has a very warm side for these visionary people, and yet would not like to be called a Mormon. The Roman Catholics stand very high in his estimation, and he is ever ready to defend them. Indeed, he once went so far during a spell of sickness, as to send for a Catholic priest—not because he thought the priest could save him, but because his wife and others desired it, and regarded the priest as a better and more intellectual man than any other ministers around him. He professes to be an Episcopalian; but positively repudiates the divinity of Christ; and is very emphatic in his denunciation of prayer as a *duty*, any farther than to repeat what is commonly called the Lord's Prayer. Farther than this, he says, no man has a right to pray; and that the very idea of God's condescending to hear and answer every body that chooses to call upon Him, for this or that, is absurd. Thanksgiving, however, he regards as incumbent upon all; and he professes to be grateful to God for all the blessings which he enjoys.

The General's true status, on religious subjects, would be expressed, I think, by the word *Free-thinker*. Notwithstanding his confessed irregularities, he believes himself to be a good man. He is, undoubtedly, a cheerful, kind-hearted, and companionable man; but his notions are exceedingly heterodox, and his morality far from the spiritual demands of the Divine law.

Company Q had an accession of thirteen recruits, to-day. They are constantly coming and going.

Sunday, 28*th*.—My parole has again been withdrawn. Why, I do not know. It was very unexpectedly demanded by the General, through an orderly, who called at my door whilst I

was reclining upon the bed this afternoon. Anxious to know something about the matter, I immediately dropped a note to Gen. Schœpf, stating my regret that he should have deemed it necessary to recall the parole, and requesting, as I had no knowledge of having violated any rule of the Fort, either expressed or implied, that he would inform me on the subject. As yet, I have heard nothing in reply. I am the more amazed at the restriction, as I had supposed from the General's manner for some time past, that he was favorably disposed towards me, and that he was inclined to make me as comfortable as my prison-life will allow. Some one, I presume, is watching him, and he has yielded to a pressure, that condemns my intimacy with Gen. Thompson — an intimacy permitted and advised by himself. Perhaps the hour spent at Wolf's office yesterday, in purchasing prison jewelry, was not agreeable to some of the watchers. But what harm in that? unless they are unwilling that the poor "Rebels" should have the little money thus earned. Or it may be, they fear some influence upon the prisoners, that may result unhappily for themselves. Well, it may be necessary to be careful — for the brave fellows gave three cheers as we passed the barracks the other day. They were on the inside, and we could only see them through the windows.

Chaplain Paddock, who has just returned from a visit to Philadelphia, informs me, that he heard a minister of the Gospel express very bitter feeling against me, on account of a statement received by him, from Rev. Mr. Gaylord, in regard to the circumstances of my arrest. He further states that the minister (he did not name him) had heard of my remark to Gen. Schœpf, when he first suggested the idea of the oath, as a basis of my release, viz:—that "I would lie in jail and rot first." Mr. Paddock, under a wrong impression, denied the statement, and assured him that he had talked with me on the subject, and that he had my word for the contradiction. How he could have gotten this impression, I am at a loss to con-

ceive; but, to save controversy, and unpleasant feeling, I thought it best to make no correction. I have since regretted this course, as Mr. Paddock may now feel assured as to his statement, upon the principle that silence assents. How difficult in these times, to do just what is right! Speaking, or not speaking, the very best man may be misunderstood.

The Sabbath passed with only one service. I preached a short sermon in No. 2, on human depravity. The congregation was smaller than it ought to have been; but the room was comfortably full, and the attention good.

After worship, had a long talk with M——r, on certain denominational questions, such as I have heretofore scrupulously avoided, hoping during my prison life, to do nothing calculated to excite prejudice, or that would in the slightest degree be likely to interfere with a more important purpose, of trying to win souls to Christ. In this conversation, however, the most pleasant feeling prevailed; and although we differed very widely on some points, the talk, I hope, was not unprofitable. M——r is one of our best men; a devout Christian, and his example is worth much under present circumstances. He calls himself a member of the Episcopal church; and says he is in the habit of communing with that people, but has never been confirmed.

Monday, 29th.— * * * Spent much of the day on the bed, with a headache. Felt better after the arrival of the mail. Received a letter by flag of truce, announcing the marriage of my eldest daughter, to a worthy and excellent man, who is serving his country in the Confederate Navy. She was married by the Rev. Dr. Read, on the 8th inst. * * *

A room full at worship, to-night. Wrote two letters after service. Joice, Maynadier, Pierson, and others in our room until a late hour. Candles burnt until the last, and no interruption.

X.

March.

Tuesday, 1st.—The ground has a thick coating of snow. Thus, spring having "come in like a lion," may be expected to "go out like a lamb." But the weather is mild, and the little stove in our room keeps us very comfortable. With the return of spring, the health of the Island is greatly improved. The small-pox has entirely disappeared. The hospitals, it is true, are well filled; but the number of deaths reported daily, is small. Indeed, several days frequently elapse without a burial. The "boys," at the barracks, look like new men. They have suffered much, during the winter, with cold and sickness; but that ordeal is now passed. Hundreds of their comrades less capable of endurance, have gone into the eternal world. Yet there are many whose lives have been "redeemed from destruction." Thanks be to God!

Soon after the mail came in, this afternoon, an orderly appeared at my door, summoning me to the office of the General. Before I was ready to leave the room, Gen. Schœpf himself appeared, and called me out. Following him to the head of the stairs, he halted, evidently desiring to speak with me in private. His object was to inform me of an order which he had just received from Washington, authorizing my release, *on condition of taking the oath.* I was surprised, and hurt, that the suggestion should again be made. For a moment I was silent, scarcely knowing what to say. Recovering, somewhat, from my astonishment, but deeply moved, I inquired:

"Why does the Government wish to force me to do a thing so contrary to my conscience? I am acting in view of my accountability to God. I wish to have a right position on this subject, before my Maker at the judgment. I have made it

a matter of prayer, and have pondered it anxiously and with care."

"You had better take the oath," replied the General; "there is no other way for you to get off. For the sake of your family you ought to do it."

"Why can't I be sent South?" I asked; "surely there can be no good reason why this is not done. I have been a prisoner for more than seven months, and have no news to carry with me, that could injure the Federal cause. I am no politician. My object is to resume my legitimate work, as a minister of the Gospel. If I can't be sent South, then send me to Canada — anywhere, that I may be released from this prison. Or, let me be paroled to remain North, until exchanged. I am willing to pledge myself, as a gentleman, and as a Christian, to do nothing contrary to the terms of the parole. I have no disposition whatever to meddle with politics. I want to be *free* — and with my family, to preach the Gospel."

The General expressed himself kindly; said it was not his fault; asked me if I wished to take my family with me, in going South; and mentioned Portsmouth, desiring, as I thought, to know whether I wished to go there.

I told him, that I was satisfied he desired to befriend me; that I would like my family to accompany me; but that I had no wish to go to Portsmouth, as most of my people were further South, and that the terrible rule at that place could not possibly better my condition.

He rejoined, with evident sympathy, remarking that he would do what he could. The General then turned to leave; and, instantly starting, as though a sudden thought had occurred to him:

"Why," said he, "did you write that song about the flag?"

I was amazed, and, for a moment, stood perfectly silent. How did he know that I had written the lines? Refusing to

take the oath, what now must be my fate? I was relieved by the remark, that his attention had been specially called to the matter; and that there were, then, three or four men at the fort, who had come over from Delaware City to remonstrate against my release.

It was evident that some spy had betrayed me; and I could now readily account for the removal of my parole. Indeed it was apparent, that the principal object of the interview was to satisfy me, that he had been obliged to withdraw it.

"You ought not to have circulated those lines," said the General—cautioning me, at the same time, in regard to any public expression of my political views. I had no time to explain, further than to assure him that they were circulated wholly without my own consent.

This conversation with Gen. Shœpf gave me an unpleasant afternoon. I felt for a time that my fate was now sealed, and that I must remain for months longer at Fort Delaware. The subject of the oath came up anew, for revision. I asked myself, how far I ought to go in resisting so great an outrage upon my feelings and my manhood. Must I suffer still longer? Must I permit my dear family to endure still greater trials? Must I hold out even unto *death?* If to take the oath of allegiance to the United States were sin, *per se,* then I could have no difficulty; for I would die first. But, might it not be my duty, for the sake of my family, to sacrifice my attachment to the South? Could I not righteously relinquish my Confederate loyalty, by an exchange of governments? To swear allegiance in one direction, and hold it in another, of course I never could! No! I will endure to the last extremity. I cannot say that I will sacrifice my life — because no principle of religion requires that I should live North or South, or that I should be a subject of any designated Government. I may serve God, even under the despotism of Abraham Lincoln, even as Paul did under

the bloody tyranny of Nero. Then, as a quiet subject, I may live, and be useful; though my privileges as a citizen may be greatly infringed, and my soul annoyed, by the iniquities of an unconstitutional and oppressive administration.

What is duty, under all the circumstances? Evidently, to be firm; to endure to the last extremity, and *then*, "swearing to my own hurt, to change not"— but to submit, with an honest manifesto of my principles; and for the domestic comfort of my wife and children, yield to my public misfortune. The reasonings of a troubled mind! To whom shall I go, but unto Thee, O God!

During the seven months of my imprisonment, I have suffered much, both in mind and body; but I can suffer more. It becomes me still longer to protest, by an example of unwavering and determined opposition, to the dreadful wickedness of taking God's name in vain. I must show the world, that I have no sympathy with the despotism that forces a man to swear against his conscience; and must be equally firm, in resisting the depravity, that would swear to do a thing which there is no purpose to do, but just the reverse. Nor am I ready yet, to put myself in an attitude, in which I shall be under a solemn obligation to take up arms against my own sons, and other dear relatives and friends, who are contending in a cause, involving all they hold dear on earth. I cannot call God to witness, that I will afford no aid, nor comfort, to those who are either a part of my very self, or who are near to me by the ties of blood or of friendship, when they are engaged in a cause which, in my heart, I believe to be right.

Good attendance at service, to-night. Read the 143d Psalm, and the occasion was unusually solemn.

Wednesday, 2*d*.—Gen. Thompson is so much with us, and has so much to say, that his name must necessarily have

frequent mention on these pages. His singular views are constantly exciting my astonishment. He expressed himself, to-day, in regard to his estimate of human life in a manner that surprised me. "I had rather kill a man any time," said he, "than see him suffer. Let God do him justice. If he is not deserving of death, the Almighty, who is wi-er than we, will reward him. If he is a bad man and deserved to die, the proper punishment will be meted out to him, if there be a hell."

This morning the General got hold of a copy of McIlvaine's Evidences of Christianity, which was lying upon my book-shelf. As breakfast was not quite ready, he spent fully half an hour reading very intently. At the call for breakfast he closed the book, and replacing it upon the shelf, exclaimed, "*I wish I were a Christian.*"

"I am glad to hear you say so," said I.

"But I shall never be," was his answer.

"You cannot make yourself one," I rejoined; "but God can, and *will*, if you appeal to Him."

"If I should ever become such," said he, "it will be from reading a book like this, and not by any public discussion or appeal. I must sit down in my own room and calmly think about it."

Jeff. has had a conversation with Gen. Schœpf, about my position in regard to the oath. "He is conscientious about it," said the blunt soldier. "He is acting from principle, and his case is very different from that of the 'boys,' who are willing to do anything to get away. Besides," he continued, "Dr. Handy's case is peculiar. I am here comfortably enough, my salary is going on, and I shall certainly be exchanged in due time. He has no such provision in his behalf, and is subject to constant alternations of hope and disc uragement. You had better write to the Government at once, and request them to send him south." The General says, that Schœpf expressed great sympathy, as he usually does, and thought the suggestion was a

wise one. I sincerely hope he may act upon it, and that the Government may hear him, especially if I can take my family with me.

The conversations, to-day, have pretty well decided about the manner in which my Lines on the Old Flag fell into Gen. Schœpf's hands. Snyder asked me for a copy the day before he left, which I granted with reluctance, as the man has always been considered unsafe. I did so, however, fearing that a refusal might offend him, and make the matter worse. He immediately repaired to his room, and got G—— to copy them; or perhaps G—— prompted him to ask me for the original, to make the copy for himself. Now the exposure lies between these two men. If Snyder was a spy upon our company, as was generally believed, it might have been he. Or G—— himself may have been the guilty person. As heretofore noted, he is the only man in the fort who has ever offered me an indignity; and in the dispute which recently took place between us, he seemed vindictive. Some of our room-mates also heard him remark, that if I did not take care, he could make me suffer, as he had it in his power to expose me to the authorities. It is certain that one of these men has betrayed me; they are men of the same stamp—*par nobile fratrum*—and they may have agreed together touching this thing. So far as I am now concerned, it is a matter of little importance. I am only sorry, that we should have such men in nominal connection with the Southern cause.

Had an animated discussion, to-night, with D—— on certain theological topics, suggested by Victor Hugo, in *Les Miserables*. Found my antagonist disposed to accept what I regard as the author's learned nonsense about the infinite essence of God, and man as an atom of that essence. The views presented on this subject, as connected with the duty of prayer, seem to me to be utterly foolish. But how strange it is, that men are willing to believe anything rather than the plain, simple, and delightful truths of God's Word.

Full one-half of our number are, now, habitually absenting themselves from prayers. The leaven of infidelity is stronger, at this time, than it has ever been before; but a faithful few adhere to the old routine, and seem to be refreshed by the services.

The ground is still covered with snow. Two new cases of small-pox are reported to-day. Major Hammond is still suffering from erysipelas; and others are complaining of cold, and sore throats

Thursday, 3*d*.— The reign of terror seems to have no abatement at Norfolk, and Portsmouth. The horrible cruelties inflicted by Butler and his agents, upon respectable citizens, and even upon Christian ministers, exceed everything heretofore known among civilized people. They have no regard for age, sex, or condition. Education, refinement, religion afford no protection whatever. On the other hand, the more respectable the person, the higher his position in society, and the more earnest his piety, so much the more intent do they seem to be in their fiendish purposes, and so much the more delight do they take in bringing such to degradation and suffering. The last item of this sort appears in the papers this week. The Rev. J. H. D. Wingfield, of Portsmouth, has been ordered, by Brig.-Gen. Wild, to be arrested, and turned over to Col. Sawtelle, to work for three months, cleaning the streets of Norfolk, and Portsmouth,—this, "for being an avowed Secessionist, and taking every opportunity to disseminate his traitorous dogmas, to the annoyance of his loyal neighbors." What an outrage! An humble minister of Jesus Christ; a refined and intelligent gentleman; a man distinguished for reticence, and conservative in the best sense, is to be dressed in a sort of harlequin's suit, and as the companion of low and vulgar scavengers, is to be driven from his pulpit to scrape the streets — and all for *what?* Because he dares, like a man, to think for himself; because he has too

much honor, and Christian principle, to pretend to be what he is not; because as an ambassador of Jesus Christ, he presumed to give an example of firmness, before the eyes of a terror-stricken, and down-trodden community.

The case of Mr. Wingfield is not an isolated one. The Rev. G. M. Bain, for many years a faithful minister of the Gospel, and Mr. W. H. H. Hodges, a well-known and excellent citizen, have also been sentenced — the former to imprisonment and hard labor; and the other, with a four-pound ball attached to his leg, and to be fed upon bread and water — because of their unwillingness to divulge certain *bank* secrets, a knowledge of which would advance the interests of "Beast" Butler, and his minions. Both of these gentlemen have always had the respect, and confidence of the community in which they live. The indignity offered them, in this despotic sentence, cannot be expressed in words. But, is it an indignity? To clean streets, and wear a ball and chain, under such circumstances, is their highest honor. Who will think the less of them? They are martyrs in a righteous cause; their brethren of the South will but revere them more; their children will praise them, when they are dead, and impartial history will give them a page gilded with glory.

Jeff. Thompson is amusing himself upon an autobiography. To-day he interested me, with some of his sketches, as he has penned them for the press. The book will be worth reading, and I shall be glad to see it early in print.

Five hundred Confederate prisoners, from Camp Chase, were brought to the fort last night, and assigned to quarters at the barracks.

A letter from my wife shows great distress of mind, on account of the delay about my release. I feel much for her. The prospect seems dark, indeed — adverse influences are at work. My imprisonment may continue for months longer. I pray God to give me strength for any event before me. My dear family I commend to Him.

Friday, 4th.— Early this morning, Major Hammond was informed of the death of a brother-in-law at the barracks. The circumstances of his sickness and death were not stated. He was captured at the battle of Gettysburg, and has been a prisoner at this place ever since; but the Major had never been allowed to visit him, and the two men knew as little of each other, as if they had been a hundred miles apart.

Grady was called down to Capt. Ahl's office, to assist in making out a duplicate roll of the prisoners from Camp Chase; and came back at ten o'clock, quite sick. He is still much indisposed. To-day he received a letter from Baltimore, indicating a disposition on the part of "the Commission" to recommend him for release, upon condition of his remaining in Maryland, during the war, and giving no aid nor comfort to the enemies of the United States. In consequence of his poor health, he will be likely to accept the terms. He has suffered much lately, on account of the death of a younger brother, belonging to the 12th Va. Cavalry, of which he had been kept in ignorance for several months, by his mother and friends, who feared the effect of the intelligence upon the health of the prisoner.

We have had another arrival of five hundred prisoners from Camp Chase. They are mostly connected with Longstreet's army. Jeff. Thompson, who saw them this morning, says they look very badly. I hope the poor fellows will soon recruit, and be exchanged.

The gambling appears, now, to be almost wholly confined to one room — No. 1. There are six occupants, several of whom spend hours, and sometimes the whole day, in this vicious amusement. Others visit the room, and join in play. The practice is so unpleasant to me, that I seldom go into that room — wishing to discourage in every way so great an evil.

Lieut. McConnel informed me, this morning, that there is no order about putting out our lights. This has created some surprise, as we have, at times, been greatly annoyed by sentinels

giving abrupt orders, and extinguishing the candles in the midst of important writing.

Our room is becoming quite a place of evening resort. Rasin, Maynadier, De La Mar, Long, Drummond, and others, who are great talkers, always have some subject for debate on hand, and sometimes the discussions become exceedingly animated. All the affairs of the country are talked over. Appointments, resignations, qualifications, feats, campaigns, successes, and defeats, are examined and settled. To-night we had a fierce discussion in regard to President Davis's reported appointment of Gen. Bragg as Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate forces. A majority condemned the act, censuring the President's persistency. Major Rasin, who took the side of Mr. Davis, became quite wrathy, and gave some of our younger men several severe ra about disparaging the officers of the South.

Capt. Daniels has received a letter from a friend in Philadelphia, who writes to him about money matters, informing him that some one has been borrowing his (the Captain's) name, and addressing him from the Fort, with an evident understanding of his affairs. As in the letters to Rev. Mr. McCown, in which my name was used without authority, the object has been to extort money. Who is the guilty man? Is he some official about the Fort; or a prisoner, and one of our own number?

Poor attendance at worship. Eleven o'clock; my fire out; a bad odor rises from the moat; Brogden and Richardson visiting; Tibbetts in bed.

Saturday, 5th.—We are again beginning to be troubled with the bed-bugs. Whenever it gets a little warmer than usual, they are almost as numerous and active as in summer-time. Last night they came out upon us with a furious attack. Bringing a light, the board immediately over my head was found to be literally covered with the filthy vermin.

They fell down upon us so thickly, that Tibbetts moved his bed to the floor. I tried to stand them, but had a hard time of it.

Basil W. Duke, a Colonel in Morgan's cavalry, was brought to the Island this morning. He has been a prisoner at the Ohio Penitentiary, and was one of those who were compelled to undergo the shaving operation by order of Gen. Burnside. He is a young man of about thirty years, very gentlemanly in his manners, and fluent in conversation. His ancestors were from Maryland, but he was born in Kentucky, and has been a lawyer in St. Louis. This distinguished officer is of light frame, about five feet ten inches in height, of dark complexion, and wears a brown goatee and light moustache. He has a small, keen, chestnut eye, pleasing face, and good teeth. His forehead, which is low, is overhung with heavy eye-brows. He has been three times wounded in the service of his country.

Col. Duke gave us a very interesting account of Morgan's escape from the Ohio Penitentiary. He verifies all that has been said concerning the shaving of Morgan and his officers—except that their heads were barbered with scissors instead of with the razor, the hair being cut very close to the scalp. The entire corps of seventy officers were compelled to lose their whiskers and moustaches; some of them after the operation, looking as though they had just recovered from severe sickness. The shaving and clipping did not annoy them half so much as the scrubbing to which they were obliged to submit, at the hands of the negro operators. Duke says he tried to beg off, as he had recently given himself a good bath. He was informed, that it was a necessary sanitary arrangement, and was obliged to yield. I was glad to hear him say, that he disapproves of retaliatory measures, except to inflict a similar punishment on those who have been immediately concerned in the work. He says, that the influence of the cruelties inflicted by the Yankees has resulted, not so much in a purpose to retaliate upon the prisoners in charge, as to arouse a firm resolve to take as few prisoners as possible.

Duke has been granted a parole of the Island on the same terms with Gen. Thompson, and has been assigned to quarters in the same room with him in the Fort-yard—and Jeff.'s orderly has been remanded to the barracks.

Was much interested with a narrative of adventure, related to-night by Welsh, who was a sergeant under Ashby in the 7th Virginia Cavalry. Whilst at home in Hampshire county, Va., with a detail of seven men, endeavoring to procure a lot of horses, he captured five Yankees, including a lieutenant and surgeon, and started with them for Moorfield, a distance of many miles, travelling through the woods for four or five days and nights until within sixteen miles of the place, when, finding himself in special danger, and the prisoners fatigued, he paroled them, not to take up arms until exchanged. The men were all Pennsylvanians, cheerfully accepted the parole, and are known to have faithfully kept it. They had with them large rolls of money and fine watches, which they were allowed to keep, but their papers were destroyed. Two horses, five revolvers, five sabres, and three Sharp's rifles were secured, which, with the parole of three men and two commissioned officers, made it a good thing as a private exploit.

My wife writes an encouraging letter, expressing the hope that I will be released in about ten days. Gen. Lockwood has requested Dr. Stewart, of Port Penn, to give a statement of the facts in regard to my arrest and imprisonment, which he has been active in collecting, and has already forwarded. I am encouraged to know, at least, that the case is not decided.

Worship as usual. A cloudy and rainy day. Boisterous conversation in the rooms at this hour, half-past nine o'clock. Hard work to pen these notes.

Sabbath, 6th.—Got up late. Suffering with a severe rheumatism in the neck and shoulders. Called in "Doctor Shanks," and had a good coating of iodine applied. Spent much time in my bunk, reading religious papers. No opportunity for

service until night. A number of persons coming into our room before dinner, noisy conversation ensued, which I greatly regretted, as a criminal violation of the Sabbath.

Gen. Schœpf and Capt. Ahl visited our quarters, before breakfast, in search of De La Mar, to inform him of an order for his temporary release on parole, to visit his wife, who is reported to be ill in Wilmington. He was to leave at three o'clock in the afternoon, but in consequence of some misunderstanding about the source of the order, he will not be allowed to leave until a telegram can be received from Gen. Lockwood, to-morrow. He has heard, however, that his wife is better.

The yellow framed building immediately in front of our quarters, occupied by Company Q, took fire this afternoon, and for about fifteen minutes created an intense excitement. Smoke and flames could be distinctly seen through an upper window of the building, and it was thought it must certainly be burned to the ground. Great confusion prevailed. In a very short time, the three hundred convicts had everything out of the house, and the yard was covered with bedding, and all sorts of trumpery. A ladder was thrown up on the gable-end, and a number of men ascended to the roof; buckets were plunged into the cisterns, and the fun (as many considered it) was soon stopped. Had there been much wind, it is probable that we would have had a general conflagration. As it is, the house is saved with little damage, and all are again in their old quarters.

Two men were caught, day before yesterday, who had planned an escape from the hospital. They had managed, by means of materials procured from the church, (which is now going up on the Island,) and articles sent them by friends on the other side of the river, to construct a rude boat, which they concealed during the weeks of its building, beneath the floor of the hospital. A few days ago the last screw was put in the little craft (for no sound of hammer and nails was heard in the building), and every chink caulked with white lead, pro-

cured through the "underground railroad." On the same night the boat was launched, and the owners actually made a trial trip of fifty yards, and then foolishly returned to the Island, for a little property which they had left behind, intending to make their escape on the following night. The boat was restored to its hiding-place; but before the next night, some spy who had witnessed its return, reported the matter to the authorities, and its owners, with their handiwork, were brought before Gen. Schœpf for examination. The General was much pleased with the skill displayed in the manufacture of the boat, and had it placed, as a curiosity, in his office. After an amusing dialogue between the "Rebs" and the Commandant, the former were ordered back to the barracks, instead of to the hospital, where they had been playing "convalescent."

Lectured to-night in No. 2, on "growth in grace." Congregation small.

Monday, 7th. — The fire of last night was the work of an incendiary belonging to Company Q. It was put out by the efforts of a single man — the others manifesting little anxiety about the result. The authorities were considerably alarmed, supposing it might be a signal for insurrection on the part of the convicts. Four hundred "Rebs" were ordered up from the barracks to assist in putting out the flames, but the fire was extinguished before they reached the scene of excitement.

I am surprised at the error, scepticism, and infidelity, which are still being developed around me. Every day I find myself assailed, if not from some new quarter, yet with some new objection—or rather with some old argument of Paine, Hume, or Gibbon rehashed, and urged with as much confidence as if it had not been answered a thousand times.

Young R—— is one of the most urgent opposers of Truth in these quarters. He professes to object, not for the sake of cavilling, but as an inquirer after truth. But he rejects everything beyond the existence of some unknown governing power. He

is incredulous on the subject of a future state; is entirely unsatisfied as to the authenticity of the Scriptures; regards the idea of prophetic teachings as absurd; blames God for his existence; and contends fiercely against the obligations of duty as laid down in the Sacred Volume. He admits that he is not happy, and never has been. The Christian religion appears to him so absurd and ridiculous, that he has little patience in talking about it, and in conversation (though trying to be gentlemanly) often shows temper. He is a young man of only twenty-six years of age, of good natural mind, fluent and expressive in his language, and of considerable reading; but rather confident of his own opinions, and extreme in his prejudices. Should he ever be brought to the knowledge of the truth, he will no doubt be a stable Christian, and a valuable man in the Church. His mind has evidently been arrested, and to-day, from curiosity or from some other cause, he has been diligently reading Baxter's "Napoleon, the Anti-Christ of Scripture." Whatever may be the eccentricities of the book, he will find enough in it to make him a better man, if it is pondered with candor and docility of mind. I feel deeply interested in this young sceptic, and pray God to help him in the search for true wisdom.

I have heard two men say to-day, that they have no fear of death. Neither of them were Christians. One of them—and he was no other than Gen. Thompson—affirmed that he and his old horse had, as he supposed, just about the same feeling on the subject. He admitted, however, that he had done many things worthy of punishment, and that he expected to be punished. His evident impression, though not expressed in the conversation, is that the chastisement for sin will be chiefly in this world. J——n, the other person alluded to, whilst admitting many shortcomings, and some very improper overt acts, is confident of God's mercy, because of his general good intentions. Of some of his benevolent acts he gave me an account, and I believe him to be a kind-hearted

and charitable man; but what delusion, to rest one's hopes of eternal life upon such shadows as these! I think both of these men were greatly surprised when I assured them, that whilst I have generally had credit for firmness, and bravery among those who know me best, I have never seen the day that I did not tremble at the idea of meeting a just and holy God.

Major Rasin has received a letter from his son, in which he says that Gen. Lockwood had refused to allow him to visit Fort Delaware to see his father, whom he supposed to be ill. The General told him that he had no authority to grant the permit. He also informed young Rasin he would himself visit Fort Delaware in a few days, and would see his father. What is the object of this visit? Will there be another examination of prisoners?

Found it necessary to make an application of iodine to my nose, to check some appearance of erysipelas. Shanks, who seems to have peculiar pleasure in painting the faces of his fellow-prisoners, was delighted with the idea of getting the job. He has suffered a good deal himself of late, and was obliged to yield to the popular remedy. Hence, like the fox who lost his tail, he would persuade others to adopt the fashion. Johnson, who has been my barber for months past, commiserating my condition, and with more benevolent motives perhaps (or at least with less mischievous intent), was equally anxious to officiate in painting my nose; and quite an altercation took place, on the question of priority of right — Shanks as our prison doctor, and Johnson as my personal tonsor. The latter being the less waggish of the two, I submitted to him, but not without a glass in my hand, as I preferred to direct the operation. He, also, gave my neck and shoulders a good coating of the specific, and I went to bed, really feeling that I would be much better, in the morning, both of erysipelas and rheumatism.

Services in No. 2. Only eight persons in attendance.

Tuesday, 8th.— Felt unusually well to-day, both in body and mind. Feeling so much better than usual, concluded to devote the morning to the wash-tub; and I am really so well pleased, both with the progress and result of my labor, that I must make a full record of the matter. I have succeeded in getting out as nice and clean a set of garments, as usually come from under the hands of any of our prison adepts. The articles thus washed, and dried, and ready for use, are two night-shirts, one undershirt, two pairs of stockings, two pocket handkerchiefs, six cravats, and one towel. Beat that, my five sons and four daughters, if you can!

De La Mar has been, again, disappointed in getting off on parole, to visit his sick wife. There has been a great deal of official "backing and filling" about this matter, which it is difficult to understand. I hope the anxious husband will not be made miserable by a final disappointment.

Had an animated debate, this morning, in No. 2, on the question whether the heathen are to be finally saved. Contended earnestly for the orthodox view; and was obliged to announce the teachings of inspiration, with more than usual emphasis, against some who ridicule the doctrines of the Bible on this subject, and sit with pride as judges of the conduct of the Almighty. On Scripture grounds they were obliged to yield the point; but the injustice of God was vehemently urged, if the heathen are lost.

Several unpleasant altercations have lately taken place in some of the rooms. In one instance, blows were inflicted by a rough and ignorant fellow, upon one of the most sensitive men, who, in this instance, was surely not to blame. Whiskey has much to do with these troubles.

Some of our sceptics, are diligently reading certain good books, which I have loaned them, but I fear only to seek occasion for cavil. Attention, however, has certainly been arrested, and good may result.

Thompson and Duke have gone to housekeeping for them-

selves. They occupy Col. Waring's old room, in the fort-yard, and are allowed to draw their rations without going to the common table. Bayley Peyton Key, a lad of sixteen years, belonging to a Tennessee regiment, is acting as orderly for the two officers. This boy is the only person, save one, of his entire company who has not taken the oath of allegiance to the Yankee Government. Among those who have thus proved recreant to the cause, are his two brothers. In reply to a letter from his mother, urging him to follow the example of his brothers, the lad wrote that he would "die first." He is an intelligent youth, and a hero of many battles.

Wednesday, 9th.— Last night, a new order of things was instituted among the sentinels. All night long they were calling the hour, and announcing, "Post No. 1, or 2," &c., and crying "all's well!" Either because it was a new thing, or because they wished to bring it into disrepute, they did not confine themselves to the regular intervals of half an hour; but, to those of us who were sighing for sleep, the call seemed to be repeated about every ten minutes; and what made the matter worse, was the barbarous screaming of several of the Dutchmen, who, at the top of their voices, preferred to cry, "All's better as good!" or something like the gibberish "All's slant,"—meaning, I suppose, that the post was vigilant. Heretofore, this system has been wholly repudiated at Fort Delaware.

Other changes have been recently adopted, such as calling the roll of Company Q three times a day, instead of twice, as formerly; and then causing each man, as his name is called, to move out of the line, and make his way to the kitchen for his bread and soup. The political prisoners are now allowed to bring their coffee and soup up-stairs, and to use it in their rooms, if they prefer to do so. Heretofore, this has been against the rule, and many a poor fellow has missed a meal, rather than stand up at the rough and uninviting table, on the lower floor.

Soon after breakfast this morning, Jones and Taylor were ordered to pack up, and make their way immediately to the General's office. It was soon ascertained, that an order had been received for their release or removal. Jones, who is a very firm and decided soldier, refused to take the oath, and was sent to the barracks, where, I suppose, he will remain until exchanged. Taylor took the oath of amnesty, and returned to his quarters, to wait the departure of the Osceola, at three o'clock. It is said, that had he understood the alternative, he would have followed Jones, and gone to the barracks. He left for his home in Loudon Co., Va., at the appointed hour, after an imprisonment of many months. The poor man went away almost penniless.

Another trouble occurred this morning in No. 6. One of the contending parties was a most estimable and quiet man, who regretted the occurrence exceedingly, fearing that as a Christian he had gone too far. The other party has made himself very obnoxious to all his room-mates, on account of his pedantic and disputatious spirit. This is the second time that he has narrowly escaped a severe drubbing.

Grady is quite sick, and Brogden has gone to sit up with him. On account of his illness, we could only have a prayer at worship to-night, as our services are held in his room.

Thursday, 10*th*.—About two hundred soldiers of the 5th Md. Regiment came to the island at about 12 o'clock last night, and marched to their quarters, to the music of a band. This morning, a company of newly-enlisted men, belonging to Schley's regiment of Marylanders, left for parts unknown. Before dinner, a large transport anchored in the river, between Delaware City and the fort, and delivered sixty "Rebs" on board the Osceola. They were soon landed, and marched to the barracks.

I have this day had access to a letter addressed to my son, by my estimable friend, Prof. N. B. Webster, late of the Vir-

ginia Collegiate Institute, at Portsmouth. He is now living in Ottawa City, Canada — a refugee from the terrors and persecutions of his old home. I thank my friend for his words of sympathy. Tears came to my eyes as I read his kind and encouraging pages; and I felt the more determined, if possible, to stand fast. This is the first word of sympathy that has come to me in the handwriting of any of my male friends, during this long and tiresome imprisonment. The good man invites me to join him in Canada, and offers to share with me his last potato.[1] Although a native of a New England State, he has had experience at the South to understand her position, and her trials, and to be indignant at the cruel and unfeeling oppression, which for opinion's sake, has made me a prisoner within the walls of this fort. I hope our lives may be spared, to rejoin each other in our own happy homes at no very distant day, among our loved ones, and in the performance of our accustomed duties at the South.

De La Mar has at last secured his release. He left this afternoon, having scarcely time, after the order came, to say good-bye to the unfortunate ones whom he left behind. There is universal joy that he is out of prison. He has suffered more from his peculiar temperament, and from the specialties of his case, than a majority of those around him. I wish him well.

R—— has spent the whole evening in reading the Scriptures, and is now about to retire, after finishing the Book of Job. He has offered no criticisms, and may be led by a way he knows not.

Friday, 11*th*.—The music at *reveille*, this morning, was excellent, and I enjoyed it very much. The band belonging to the newly-arrived regiment has taken its station outside of the fort, and in front of the sally-port. There are few evils

1 "If your father can only get here, I will share my last potato with him, and feel honored to have with me a *moral hero*, who, if he had lived some centuries ago, would have been one of the glorious company of martyrs."

unmixed with good. So in our tedious imprisonment, separated from so many things that render life pleasant, the sound of occasional music has a salutary and comforting influence.

The steam-pump has been operating in the moat during the entire week, and the water is again nearly all removed. The object, this time, is to cement the bottom—a very important and useful arrangement. But we are beginning to suffer, as heretofore, from the offensive stench. In a day or two, with a few hot suns upon the ordure, which has rapidly accumulated and is more exposed since the pumping process, we shall not be able to stand it.

Since the release of so many of our number, we have a remarkably calm and quiet time. Of those who remain, several occupy themselves in reading; others are busy with their ring-making; and I regret to say, many still adhere to keno, and other games at cards. Sometimes I am left entirely alone in my room; at other times, Richardson and myself are the only occupants, when we have a very cosy time in such studies as we may prefer.

Grady has just been informed of his release, on parole, to remain in Maryland during the war. His health is poor, and this perhaps is the best thing he can do. He has been very firm in refusing to take the oath—his heroic mother encouraging him with her intelligent and feeling letters. He will leave either to-night, or to-morrow morning.

The prisoners are greatly encouraged by the Confederate successes in all parts of the South.

Only six at worship.

Saturday, 12th.— The papers announce the imprisonment of the Rev. Dr. Armstrong, of Norfolk. He is to be shut up at Fort Hatteras, for alleged Southern sympathies. Some time ago he took the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, and encouraged others to do the same, on the principle of submission to a conquering foe, as in the case of an army

which has surrendered to a superior force. I have no doubt that this good brother has faithfully adhered to all that he considered implied in his obligation. But this does not seem to be enough. A man must think and feel with the Administration, right or wrong. He must have no opposition of heart, however wicked it may seem to him to be. He has no right to any views, but those prescribed by the Administration, however corrupt. And in carrying out this purpose, an inquisition must be instituted, to look into the secret soul of every man, or at least of every prominent man in the community. There must be not only no "evasion," but no explanation, no honorable statement of the true position. The Commission who are to make this investigation, are to decide not by what a man *does*, or even by what he says, but by virtue of their own perception in the case; and if in their opinion the poor man is "unsound," he must be thrown into prison, or put to work on the streets. The *inquisition* has commenced its work. What next? "Gather not my soul, oh God, with sinners, nor my life with bloody men, in whose hands is mischief, and their right hand is full of bribes." Dr. Armstrong has been kindly supplying my pulpit during my long absence from the people of my charge. Now that he is removed, I presume Gen. Butler, or Gen. Wild will install some divine more congenial to the "free North." If Christ be preached, even though it be through contention, then souls may be saved, and I shall be satisfied, patiently "biding the time," till the providence of God shall reinstate me among my waiting people.

Maj. Hammond has had a great treat to-day, in a visit from his wife and brother. They come, it is true, under painful circumstances; but after a separation of more than two years, their joy must have been great. Mrs. H—— is a sister of the young man who died a few days ago at the barracks, and whose case was referred to in these pages. Mr. Worthington, of Frederick county, Md., is also of the party. He has a son who is a prisoner on the Island, and who has been suffering a

long and painful illness, but is now convalescent. One object of this visit is to remove the body of the young Confederate (whose death has been recorded), for reinterment among his friends. The party will remain several days in the vicinity, and have permission to cross the river at will.

Gen. Schœpf has extended to Gen. Thompson and Col. Duke, an invitation to visit the hospitals and barracks. They have taken the rounds, to-day, but the engagement on the part of Schœpf was not fulfilled, perhaps from a press of business. These officers of opposing armies spent an hour together this morning, as they have done several times before, and they seem to be mutually well pleased. It is the opinion of the Confederates that Gen. Schœpf is disposed to make them comfortable, just so far as he may be allowed. I can add my own testimony here. But the General has many eyes upon him, and a number around who are ready to report at Washington any undue leniency. Hence he is obliged to be cautious, and sometimes has the appearance of severity, when he does not mean it. Schœpf says, he had to sit up all night not long since, to "prevent the guards from shooting Rebels, who were trying to make their escape!" There is a report now circulating, that the General is shortly to be removed. Some of his brother officers may desire a change; but the prisoners generally would be averse to the measure.

Some officious persons have written to Gen. Schœpf, from Philadelphia, stating that they heard Col. Duke say at the Continental Hotel, that he intended to stir up a revolt at the Fort. The Colonel is a man of too much good sense to publish his plans before their initiation. The object of the "canard" is to get him into close confinement, or in some other way to restrict his privileges. Such letters are frequently received by our officials, often I am sure to their disgust, and sometimes to the great annoyance of the prisoners. It has been intimated, that several such letters have been received, with a view even to my own greater suffering. The embargo upon my wife's visit is probably due to this pretentious loyalty.

Billy Baxley, who has been acting for months as an orderly to Dr. Silliman, and who has been accustomed to visit the interior of the fort, with messages, and reports from the hospitals, is forbidden in future to enter the sally-port. He is a sprightly youth, very firm in his Southern principles, and may be suspected of mischief, in communicating between the Confederate officers, and the men at the barracks. All this is very unnecessary, however, as Gen. Thompson and Col. Duke are punctiliously exact in the honor of their paroles.

The attendance at prayers, this evening, was confined to the few professors of religion in our company, with two others.

Sabbath, 13th.—An unusual scene occurred last night in No. 1. J——, who had been imbibing rather freely, and who at times is subject to fits, had three several paroxysms; and in each spasm, made fearful demonstrations upon his roommates, and was well nigh killing himself, by leaping out of the window upon the pavement below. It required the united strength of three or four men to hold him on the floor, until his rage was quelled. The noise occasioned by the *melée* was sufficiently great to attract the attention of the Provost Marshal, who came up, with Capt. Mulotowski and an armed soldier, to quell the disturbance, or take the offender to the guard-house. Their efforts, of course, were as unsuccessful as those of his ununiformed associates. After a while, a good dose of salt water, given as an emetic, had a fine effect, and the poor fellow was sufficiently restored to be willing to lie down. Through the remainder of the night, he continued quiet, and to-day he has slept nearly the whole time.

J—— is a wig maker and barber. He is an Englishman by birth, but has lived from childhood in the State of New York. Early in the war he was offered a captaincy in the Federal service, which he refused, and was consequently banished from his father's house. He was subsequently invited to return; and his father, discovering that he acted

from principle, and opposed the aggression upon the South, was reconciled. He afterwards accompanied a Yankee regiment to Virginia, in the capacity of a barber, and in a short time laid up several hundred dollars in greenbacks. He was arrested in the neighborhood of Suffolk, Va., as a "suspicious character," and was confined for a time at Fort Norfolk. He was subsequently brought to this place, and has been here several months. He seems to be a true Southern man, and is very kind-hearted and liberal to any around him who are in need.

We continue to have no appointments for morning service on the Sabbath. It is still too cold to meet in the hall, and some have an aversion to going into the rooms, for general meeting. A spirit of indifference is also sadly prevalent. Under all the circumstances, I prefer to wait for special invitations; hence we shall probably confine ourselves, for some time, to the evening worship.

Had an attentive little audience, at the usual hour in the evening. Spent the day in reading.

The weather a little cloudy, with the first muttering thunder of Spring.

Monday, 14*th*.—Awoke with a severe rheumatism in my neck and shoulders.

Had our usual daily visit from the Rebel officers, Duke and Thompson, who entertained us, in their accustomed style, with anecdotes and narratives of battles and hair-breadth escapes. The two men are alike, yet very unlike. Both are adventurous and fond of soldier life; both are great talkers; and both are brave and dashing men. Thompson is an indefatigable scribbler, writing to everybody he has ever seen or heard of. Duke, on the other hand, hates to touch a pen. Thompson's education (and it is not an imperfect one) has been picked up, here, there, and everywhere, in his contact with men. Duke, also, though still a young man, has seen much, and has

made corresponding improvement—adding thereto a cultivated mind, and valuable attainments in general literature. He has read much, both in history and romance, and without ostentation, exhibits considerable knowledge of the classics. Thompson would be called egotistical by many, but he speaks of himself with such good humor, and *naivété*, that it is by no means disagreeable. Duke is naturally a very modest man, and seldom refers to himself, except when drawn out by others. Both are free-thinkers in religion, and perhaps deists.[1] They both have a warm side for the Roman Catholic Church. Both repudiate the general teachings of the Bible—Thompson more radically, but with less learning; Duke with more reading, and show of reason, evincing at the same time a degree of caution, and a pleasant regard for the opinions and arguments of those who see not as he does.

Waited anxiously the arrival of the mail, hoping to hear something favorable in relation to my deliverance from prison. A letter came, but only to disappoint and annoy me the more. Enemies and spies have been pressing me hard. The first are determined that I shall suffer longer; the latter are endeavoring to establish themselves, whatever may be the fate of others.

Office of the Commission Respecting State Prisoners Confined at Forts Delaware and McHenry.

Rev. I. W. K. Handy, D. D.:

Sir:—Since our last interview at Fort Delaware, we have learned from other persons—prisoners with yourself, and citizens—that while at Portsmouth, and since the war, you were frequently employed in making up packages of letters from that place, to be forwarded beyond the lines of the armies of the United States.

Secondly, that since your confinement, your influence has been exerted to prevent other persons confined at Fort Delaware from returning to their allegiance to the Government—encouraging them to attempt escape, rather than exemplify their loyal intentions by an oath of allegiance.

[1] These officers never avowed themselves to be *Deists*—hence the possibility of error in the use of this word.

Thirdly, that while at Portsmouth, and since in Delaware, prior to your arrest, you had used your influence as a minister of the Gospel, to encourage and incite feelings hostile to the United States.

Your answer, as categorical as may be, in explanation, or denial of these statements, we should be obliged to you for — at your earliest convenience.

Yours, &c.,

HUGH L. BOND, *Com.*
JOHN C. KING, *Com.*
per A. M. ROGERS,
Sec. of Commission.

BALTIMORE, *Mar.* 12, 1864.

I scarcely know, whether, in this communication, there is good or evil intent.

Felt much annoyed and depressed. Suffered with nervous headache, and resorted to my usual remedy, the hot bath. Went to bed early, but to suffer much before relief.

More letters to-day by flag of truce.

Tuesday, 15th.—This has been one of the most anxious and unpleasant days of my imprisonment. The letter of yesterday has given me a great deal of trouble. If I knew exactly with what spirit it was penned, I would know precisely what to do. To each of the statements involved I can give an unhesitating negative. To answer them thus, categorically and without explanation, would relieve me, perhaps, from embarrassment, so far as the Commission is concerned; but I want to have a good conscience, and be perfectly understood by all who would wish to know my position. Details would only involve me in greater difficulty under the Yankee rule, and bring additional suffering upon my scattered and dependent family. Shall I, then, avail myself of the natural and legal right not to criminate myself, and to answer as categorically as possible, or shall I make out a statement, explaining my position and conduct, and thus involve myself the more?

I shall adopt the plan of using but few words, and risk the probability of being understood by my friends.

My greatest difficulty is in regard to third statement mentioned in the letter. All who know me are aware of my decided States Rights views, and of my cordial sympathy with the South, in opposing the Lincoln rule; but when I deny "exerting *my influence as a minister of the Gospel to encourage and incite feelings hostile to the United States*," it may not be understood that I make a difference between the *Government* of the United States, as based upon the Constitution adopted by our fathers, and the *administration* that arrogates to itself to be the Government, though despising the Constitution, and sustaining itself by despotic acts. It may also be lost sight of, that whatever may have been my interest in this great cause, I have never preached a political sermon, nor upon any occasion, introduced the subject of politics into the pulpit, nor in any way whatever taken advantage of my *ministerial* position to influence any mind, or to accomplish any result. My feelings are not hostile to the United States Government as based upon the Constitution; and it is my only business to preach Christ and Him crucified.

In regard to the course which I have pursued concerning the oath, whilst it is positively untrue that I have ever made efforts to prevent those around me from acting according to the dictates of their own consciences, I have never refrained when my opinions have been called for, to state my *own* position, and the arguments which have influenced my own mind in the course which I have pursued. As a matter of prudence, and with a reasonable allowance for the circumstances and surroundings of others, I have been willing that all should judge for themselves, whilst anxious that my own status should not be mistaken.

After much thought and prayer, I have at length drawn off a concise letter, which has been sent to the "Commission."

Written hoping the result may show the guiding hand of the Almighty, I wait my fate.

Held the usual services, and retired early.

Wednesday, 16th.—The rumor is still current that General Schœpf is to be removed. It is said, that Col. Schley will take his place at the fort, and that he will supersede Gen. Lockwood in Baltimore. Should the present Commandant be removed from this place, it would be a source of pleasure to all the political prisoners were he installed at Baltimore.

There has been a considerable stir among the "galvanized" men, about enlisting in the navy. Fifty-three were introduced to that branch of the service, and about twenty of them have left to enter upon their marine life. The convicts are, also, much interested on the subject, and numbers are applying to the Government for pardon, on condition of entering the naval service.

Dr. Arthur R. Smith, of Portsmouth, has been ordered to give up his house, and to leave his furniture, as a penalty for refusing to take the oath.

So many of our number are now taking their meals in the rooms, that the table is no longer set below stairs.

The following lines, written by Col. Duke whilst a prisoner in the Ohio Penitentiary, are inserted here as historical, and worth preserving:

THE CAPTIVE'S DREAM.

At midnight, in his grated cell,
  Bright visions to the captive came,
And o'er his spirits sank a spell,
  As potent as the magic flame
In which the wrapt disciple reads
The future's unaccomplished deeds.
  He dreams his turn of stay is done,
  His dungeon's door is open thrown,
And the stern warder bids him go,
Forth from these walls of crime and woe;
He dreams that Jeff at last relents—
To slacken up, and straight consents;
And by some apt negotiation
Redeems him from the Yankee Nation.

Then, thick upon the captive's soul
Anticipated glories roll;
Beneath him proud, the charger springs—
Defiantly his bugle rings;
Again in battle's stern parade
He sees the eager ranks arrayed;
Again, in triumph and in pride,
Kentucky sees the squadron ride,
And every horse in Indiana
Is pressed to follow Morgan's banner.

But hark! he starts! he wakes! what sound
Has still'd his heart's impetuous bound?
What awful sound, with horror rife,
Has backward turned the tide of life?
Upon his wakened hearing jars
The clash of those detested bars;
He hears his jailor's sullen tone
Which makes King Merion's[1] mandate known,
And bids him straight away prepare
To lose his cherished beard and hair.

Great God! no hope! must he resign
His youth's fair pride, his manhood's sign?
Ah, not that rebel chief who fell
From heaven's high battlements to hell,
Felt degradation more forlorn,
Or knew his honors closer shorn!

What cheers the wretched culprit now?—
What drives the shadow from his brow?—
His bosom, once with courage thrilled,
Is now "chock up", with sausage filled;
And he who once the battle led,
Attacks naught else but gingerbread.
I can no more! Alas! my theme
Is now aught else but passing dream!

Thursday, 17*th.*—"St. Patrick's day in the morning" found the inmates of No. 6 all in bed, until after nine o'clock; and though this was the finest day we have had for a long time, the breakfast table was not removed until near the meridian. Too bad! but there is some excuse in the fact, that most of us were up until two o'clock last night. Night seems to be the best time to use the pen, at this place. Often, until nine or ten o'clock there is so much chattering and confusion, that nothing can be accomplished. Midnight, with its silence, is the effective

[1] Merion, the keeper of the penitentiary.

period. Brogden, Richardson, and Tibbetts, each seemed to have some special writing on hand last night. I was in bed long before them, but was equally indulgent of myself this morning. Having no inclination to play the amateur at fire-making, while the others slept I mused; and we all came out of our bunks at the same time, with good appetites for the morning meal.

The report in regard to the contemplated removal of Gen. Schœpf proves to be a hoax; a change, however, has been made in the Department, which separates Fort Delaware from the Middle District, under Gen. Lockwood, and gives Gen. Schœpf supreme command, subject only to the Secretary of War.

Received a letter from Gibson, written at the request of Col. Waring, asking whether he should secure, in my behalf, the influence of Judge Goldsborough, Hon. J. F. Dent, and other distinguished Marylanders. Replied at once, that I would be glad to have any help they might choose to give me. As men of influence, I have no doubt they can do me important service. Dent was a schoolmate at Charlotte Hall, in St. Mary's, where I spent three years of my life. Judge Goldsborough knew me, a schoolboy at Cambridge, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

Mrs. Benj. Caulk, of Newark, Del., sends me word, that she has forwarded to Capt. Ahl, for my own use, a box of edibles. She writes kindly, and with pleasant sympathy. Such instances of remembrance by our friends, have an encouraging and happy influence, and give new strength for days to come. Mrs. C. sends several other boxes to the prisoners at the barracks, in which she has been assisted by the benevolent ladies of Newark.

A good deal of imposition has been practised by some of the meaner sort of "Rebs," on the sympathizers at the North. Having been here long enough to learn the best channels of supply, applications have been repeatedly made, in behalf of

pretended needy ones; and abundant supplies have been sent, not to be distributed, but to be appropriated by rascals, who have sold and speculated greatly to their own fraudulent gain. A good for nothing fellow was very nicely caught, a few days ago, in the presence of Major Hammond, who was occupying one of the offices for a short time during the visit of his wife. A fine box of clothing had come to his address, and he had been ordered up from the barracks to receive it. The rogue being very well dressed, the officer inquired, why he had written for more clothing. After stammering, and hesitating a good deal, he proved himself to be quite as silly as wicked. At length he replied,—

"Well, I've been thinking 'bout 'tempting to 'scape, and wanted the clothes; but they caught some fellows trying to get off t'other day, and I've give it up now."

Where did that man come from? Why has he not been galvanized long ago? Well, he lost the box; and as the officer told him he would settle with him farther about the matter, I presume he has by this time received his deserts.

Great joy is experienced among the prisoners, at the idea of a speedy exchange. The papers are eagerly examined, to find the most trifling allusions to the subject; and any letter, referring encouragingly to the prospect, brings new life into every heart. To-day, about 500 men arrived from Camp Chase, to be removed shortly, as is supposed, to City Point. Some ten or fifteen of this number were wounded convalescents. It was an affecting sight, to see these poor fellows, as they hobbled along with canes or crutches, on their way to the hospital. Preparations have been made for the reception of several hundred officers from Johnson's Island, so that before the week is out, we shall probably have an exciting time.

The Dutch battery, quartered near us under the same roof, are having a grand time, with their nightly jigs and breakdowns. Soon after dark the violin commences, and we can distinctly hear the music and stamping, even long after taps.

There seems now to be no order requiring the soldiers inside the Fort to retire early. As I write, the tramping and fiddling —and, now and then, the calls of the leader—can be distinctly heard, as the sound pours down through the ventilators in the massive walls.

Lucas received a fine box to-day from Billy Rust, and Richardson was favored in a similar manner by friends in Maryland. The latter gave us a fine turkey dinner in No. 6.

The attendance at evening service was unusually large. Several, who have been lately absenting themselves, were again in their places; and among these was one who has contracted the habit of swearing, but who told me, a day or two ago, that he felt it mean and degrading, and had resolved to renounce it. We have lately managed to get a fine kerosene oil lamp, and now we have a splendid light in the room, which gives us much comfort. The fine lamp, and beautiful shade, have a very attractive appearance, and we frequently have our neighbors joining us. To-night we have had a very quiet time, only two or three having thus given us their company. Maynadier has just left, after spending half an hour at the table, with his Bible. Richardson, who is one of our most constant readers, is poring over Byron, and has been thus occupied nearly all day. Devitt is looking over Jeff. Thompson's scrap-book; and as Brogden and Tibbetts are both out, I close this with unusual quiet in No. 6, but with sounds of card-playing in No. 7, and the noise of a breakdown by the Dutch in their neighboring quarters.

Friday, 18*th*.—The inmates of our room are later risers than any others in the apartment. They seldom get up before half-past seven, or eight o'clock. Tibbetts, who used to be an early bird, is now quite as dilatory as any of us. I generally awake at *reveille*, or soon after, and often being too unwell to stir, wait until one of my juniors has made the fire.

From this duty, I have ordinarily been exempt. Occasionally, however, when I get tired of a wakeful bed, and feel able to undertake the task, I show the young men that I can do it quite as well as they. We often have visitors long before we are up, calling in from different motives. Maynadier, Hammond, and Shanks seldom fail to give us a call. Maynadier simply from habit, in taking his morning round; Hammond to have a joke, and get a pipe of tobacco from Brogden, who generally keeps a supply for the whole house; and Shanks to annoy Richardson and Tibbetts, with one or both of whom he is sure to have a round of mischievous sport. Recently this waggish Englishman had the temerity to hold a lighted match under Richardson's nose, while the latter was fast asleep; and this morning he amused himself by secretly sticking an empty whiskey-bottle under my pillow. Such are some of the prison sports.

Sykes had the good fortune to get off to-day. He left this afternoon for Delaware City, and will take the Erickson boat for Baltimore, on his way to Norfolk. He has been a prisoner for twelve months, lacking only a few days, having spent the whole time at this place, and at Fort Norfolk. He was sentenced to this long confinement, on a charge of aiding deserters, the only testimony against him being that of two men, who, in order to have him arrested, called at his house, and representing themselves to be deserters, asked the way to Richmond. He gave them a sort of map of the road, as far as South Mills, and has paid the penalty by this long separation from his family. Mr. Sykes is one of the most quiet and orderly men in our apartment. He is a member of the Methodist Church, and has maintained a consistent Christian deportment, through the whole of his imprisonment. He has been our sexton, since Mr. Belt's departure, and has done his part well. We shall miss him very much. As the time drew nearer and nearer for his release, his quiet anxiety was striking and amusing. He has been one of our greatest whittlers, and

tinkers, and every day, with his coat off, he has always been busily engaged. For the last two days, however, he has kept his coat on, looking as if ready to start at any moment. It ought to be stated, that although his time lacked only a few days of being out, he was notified by Capt. Ahl, that he could not leave without taking the oath. He was not allowed to go out as a free man, with the privilege of doing as he pleased afterward about swearing his way to Norfolk; but having suffered the full term of his imprisonment, he must still remain until he accepts Lincoln's amnesty! Where is justice!

We had hoped, this morning, that Long was about to be released. He was called down in the usual manner, to the General's office, and we awaited with interest his return. It turned out, however, much to his disappointment and ours, that he was summoned, merely to receive a reprimand from the Commissary of prisoners, for his "Copperhead letters." Despairing of release, and unable longer to contain himself, he determined to tell his friends just how he felt, after an imprisonment of five or six months. The letters were tart enough, it is true; but it did not occur to him that they might be suppressed, and himself probably punished. He escaped "the cells;" but was informed that no more such letters must be put into the box, and that he was increasing the duration of his imprisonment. Some dark hints were made about other evil consequences. One of the letters (perhaps the boldest) was retained, and the others handed back to him, unapproved. Long is a plain, sensible man, from Sussex Co., Delaware; well read in newspaper politics; very free-spoken, and fearless; sometimes imprudent, but a well-meaning, honest, and upright person, and an earnest champion of Southern rights. The Administration deem him a man of too much influence to be allowed to remain at home, and among his old neighbors.

Col. Duke has had a visit from his god-father, Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia, who proposes to look after his comfort and

to see that he is supplied with whatever he may need in the way of staples, or delicacies. The Colonel tells me, that the Bishop was instrumental in the conversion of both of his parents to the Roman Catholic faith—his mother having been, originally, a Presbyterian. By the way, I have had an earnest but friendly discussion with the Colonel, on the subject of universal salvation. I find him to be a sort of Restorationist, admitting a limited future punishment, and accepting the Catholic doctrine of purgatory. He denies the infinite evil of sin, and draws the distinction, with much emphasis, between venal and aggravated offences.

Brogden has been informed by his aunt—a daughter of Chief Justice Taney—that she has effected an arrangement with President Lincoln, through a friend, by which he may be immediately returned to the South, when the Confederate Government will furnish a man of the same rank with himself, in exchange. He has already written to Richmond on the subject, and the exchange will, no doubt, be accomplished.

I am glad to find that resolutions have been introduced into the Virginia legislature, by my friend and fellow-townsman, the late Mayor Grice, calling the attention of the Confederate authorities to the shameful treatment inflicted by Gen. Butler, upon Messrs. Bain and Hodges, and asking that measures may be taken for their relief, by appropriate redress.

Received an elegant box of good things from Mrs. Caulk, for which she has my thanks. Sent a box of prison-made rings to my wife and children, by Sykes.

Grymes, Drummond, Maynadier and myself the only worshippers to-night.

Saturday, 19*th*.—Our number is now reduced to twenty-two. Nine of these were here when I came; a majority have been in some way connected with the C. S. Army; and are here, either upon charges yet to be investigated, or have been condemned after trial by court-martial, to imprisonment for

the war. Joice, Richardson, Rasin, Long and myself, are the only persons left, who may be strictly called "prisoners of State." The condition of those who remain is greatly benefitted by the recent jail delivery. The time passes more smoothly, and the opportunities for reading, writing, or pleasant conversation, are much improved.

The Yankee soldiers are all wearing their belts, and cartridge boxes—an order having been issued within a few days past, that they should keep them on, from reveille to retreat. What the object of this, I cannot tell. Perhaps, there is some apprehension of an insurrection at the barracks.

The fair weather is giving more life to the Island. The out-door work, which had been suspended for the winter, has been again resumed. The soldiers, also, are turning out of their quarters; and instead of hovering around the stoves, or lying in their bunks when not on duty, are frequently seen in groups engaged in different sports. We were entertained for some time this afternoon, with the boyish plays of a number of young men, belonging to the 5th Md., who were enjoying themselves, in front of our window.

Seven persons in attendance, at worship.

I close this, at a quarter past ten. Brogden and Tibbets are visiting. Richardson is at the table, closely absorbed in Lalla Rookh. The sentinels are, now, straining their voices, crying "all's well!"

Sabbath, 20th.— The forenoon of to-day was anything but what I could have wished it to be. No. 6 was crowded with visitors, and conversations on all subjects, except those befitting the Sabbath, were indulged in. Ships, dogs, horse-racing, and many other matters of little moment, gave rise to animated discussions; and I found it impossible, either to read or meditate. Of course, I could not lend my example to any such desecration of the day. For a time, I occupied a corner, with my Bible in hand; but failing to accomplish anything, I threw

myself upon my bunk, to make the best of my fate. In the afternoon, some degree of quiet prevailed; and I had considerable satisfaction in reviewing the book of Jeremiah, and referring, anon, to Watson's Bible Dictionary. It is a great trial to be interrupted in our Sabbath services. It has been altogether inexpedient, however, to attempt to resume them in the morning. At night we had a little congregation, in No. 2; and I made some impromptu remarks, on the old Testament evidences of a future state, and its suggestions in regard to the punishment of the wicked.

Dr. Silliman, the medical director, made a formal inspection of the room. This is the second time he has performed this duty, within eight months. The rounds were made with the usual stiffness and formality. The Doctor was dressed in full uniform, and his sword dangled at his side. He entered our room with no salutation of politeness, and looking around a moment, asked if we were "troubled with foul air." I told him the moat had until lately been exceedingly offensive. His question, however, had reference to the number of men in the room, and was evidently unnecessary, as he knew very well that there are only twenty-two men at this time in our apartment. Last summer, when the rooms were crowded, and we were suffering greatly from the heat, and offensive moat, it might have been well enough to inquire into our condition. He further asked, whether there was any case of scurvy among us. This question was proposed as he scrutinized our well spread table, for which we are indebted, not to the U. S. Government, but to our personal friends. These trifles would not be recorded, but for the very disagreeable manners of this self-important little man, who is quite as obnoxious to the Federals as to ourselves, and whose visits to the hospitals are generally announced by the watchers, with a sort of fright, as soon as he approaches the portico in front.

Monday, 21*st*.—Eight months ago, this day, I entered

Fort Delaware. At that time, had no idea of remaining for more than two or three days, or for a week at farthest. I felt certain of this, not only on account of the very trifling grounds of my arrest, but was satisfied that I had friends enough to look after my case. I have since realized, that although a man be imprisoned for thinking a little too loudly, there is, subsequently, no prospect for release, until he is completely broken, and cowed, or has made up his mind to play the hypocrite, and swear himself out; or, perhaps, he may be *pardoned* through the influence of very powerful friends. But I have also learned, that in these days of despotism and oppression, a prisoner, whatever may have been his former pleasant surroundings, has very few bold and active friends. Friends he may have, who feel for him, and pray for him, and would perhaps, if they dared, encourage him by their sympathy. To him, however, they appear, for the time being, as though they are not. We have had some men among us who have not, for months, received a line from their own parents. Others have had letters from brothers and sisters abusing them, either from real opposition, or to save themselves from oppression. These trials are even harder to endure, than the imprisonment. With the approbation and sympathy of friends, and a good conscience in the sight of God, even suffering may be a pleasure.

I have not been outside of the building, since my parole was withdrawn. After once enjoying a degree of liberty, it is exceedingly disagreeable to be placed under guard, and marched out a few hundred yards; and at the will of coarse and unfeeling men, to be ordered back again, before fifteen, or possibly thirty minutes have elapsed. Most of the prisoners feel much alike about this. Some never go out at all; others only occasionally, and when the weather is very inviting. At times, when the call is given to "walk," not more than half a dozen persons respond, and once or twice there have only been two or three.

The view from our grated window has been quite cheerful to-day. The "Rebs" have been out in large squads, at their old business of rolling barrels. They do this work for the sake of the exercise, and certainly do not hurt themselves at hard labor. It is amusing to notice their usual dignity of manner, in kicking them along, or in propelling them with a stick, instead of bending to the work, and earnestly pushing them ahead. To-day, even with the pleasant weather, they have been wrapped up closely, in their overcoats, blankets or quilts, many of them looking more like Indians than white workmen. Some of them, for appropriating a pocket full of sugar, were made to feel the weight of the sergeant's stick.

My wife informs me that she will go to Baltimore in a few days, for an interview with the "Commission." Capt. Jefferson, of Port Penn, will accompany her. Could I have a few words with her before she leaves, it might be well. It will be an unpleasant business for her; but I hope for the best.

Tuesday, 22*d*.— Thorn has returned from the hospital. The poor boy has been very ill with typhoid fever. He looks badly, and will not be himself again, for weeks. He has been in the hospital for more than a month, and during that time there were eight deaths in his ward. There are now 550 persons sick in the hospital—most of them cases of pneumonia.

Tried the wash-tub again this morning; but in consequence of first boiling the clothes with the dirt on them, did not succeed so well as heretofore. Was unfortunate also, in rubbing the skin from my knuckles; but I am not discouraged, and shall continue the business, as occasion requires.

It is reported, that a man was shot, last night, in attempting to escape from the island. I have heard no particulars.

My wife is now, probably, on her way to Baltimore, to press her suit before the agents of the Lincoln government, in regard to my release. For the sake of herself, and the children, I hope she may be successful. She has little, how-

ever, to encourage her, and I fear the result. I commend my dear family to Him who is able to protect them, and can make all their afflictions a means of blessing.

Five hundred prisoners are reported to have arrived, last night, from Camp Chase. They are said to be looking very badly.

Complaints are constantly heard, of irregularity in the mail facilities on the island. Several of our number are confident, that their letters are suppressed. Pearson has written *eleven* times to Washington, and has ascertained by a letter, just received, and enclosed to some officer, that only *one* of them has reached its destination, and that was sent "underground."

Five worshippers to-night in No. 2, viz: Grymes, Maynadier, Long, Devitt and myself.

Just ten o'clock; the room quiet; Richardson absorbed in "My Lady;" Nelson poring over "Les Miserables;" Tibbetts asleep on his pallet; Brogden out.

A storm is brewing, and some eight or ten vessels are at anchor near the island.

Wednesday, 23*d*.—The weather is cold, and the ground is again covered with snow. I notice, however, that we do not suffer in the Fort, even when the appearances outside are most bleak, and wintry. The walls of the buildings are thick, there are few openings to the rooms, and the stoves being furnished with plenty of coal, we can arrange the temperature to suit ourselves. We are more frequently troubled with heat than with cold. Indeed, we have all become so sensitive that no one thinks of venturing out in the open air, unless on a very fair day.

Jeff. Thompson had the misfortune to have a favorite knife broken this morning by his orderly. The knife was presented to him by an English gentleman whom he met in New Orleans, and was valued, as well on that account as for its intrinsic worth, as it was of peculiar make and fine metal.

The boy was using it contrary to the General's express orders; and, by some mishap, let it fall, and knocked out an elegant blade. This was more than Jeff. could stand, and Bailey got such a berating as he has probably never had before. He plead that it was only an accident. This only aroused the old "goriller" the more. He walked the room, stormed and threatened, until the poor lad was frightened nearly out of his wits. Jeff. was now "done" for the day. He could do no more writing or reading, and came up stairs to get what comfort he could from the "politicals." In the meantime Bailey resorted to his bunk, and continued in trouble at the sacrifice of dinner, and with little relish for his supper. I note the incident as the most exciting event of the day, and illustrative of Jeff.'s peculiar temperament.

Have been much exercised, to-day, about my wife's visit to Baltimore. As a change has been made in the department, cutting off Fort Delaware from the Baltimore command, I fear she will have to go to Washington, in which case the result must be even more doubtful.

Brogden has been assured by a letter from Washington, that President Lincoln has officially notified his friends that an exchange may be effected, as soon as the Confederate Government shall signify its willingness to send a prisoner of the same rank with himself. Pearson is making a movement of the same kind, and similar efforts may be made by others.

Rasin, Maynadier, and Devitt have been in the room all the evening, each of them with stories of the past; but Rasin has decidedly the best collection, and is the most long-winded. It is now half-past twelve o'clock.

A better attendance at worship.

Thursday, 24th.—No. 6 has been well supplied with boxes, since the opening of Spring. Brogden, Richardson and myself have each been well remembered by sympathizers, and friends. Our supplies have, recently, been so abundant, that

"Commissary" Tibbetts has appropriated No. 3 as a larder and pantry. We have been living upon hams, turkeys, chickens, tongues, jellies, pickles, butter, cheese, canned fruits, and jellies of various kinds, with all else that could be desired for comfortable and healthy diet. In some other rooms they have been doing quite as well; and those who have not been so fortunate, have shared with us, as we could afford it, or they have had need. The table is set twice a day—at about half-past nine o'clock, and at about half-past four. In the middle of the day, and before bed-time, each man helps himself to a lunch, as he may require it. The only article regularly furnished by the Government commissary is bread. Each man gets a well baked loaf, every other day, which is quite sufficient in quantity. Now and then Brogden, or Richardson will step down stairs, and get a plate of soup, which for some weeks past has been declared fine, by all the prisoners. Occasionally we draw a little sugar, and now and then, if our supplies are low, we get some coffee. The articles sent by friends are usually cooked, so that we have very little to do over the fire, beyond the daily pot of coffee, or frying a few slices of ham. Such are our present table arrangements. Perfectly comfortable. Did our good friends know how much our trials are mitigated by their attentions, it would do their hearts good—not that any of us are so much concerned for the gratification of the appetite. Not one of us, indeed, is an epicure; but whilst these good things keep off the scurvy and other ailments, we are especially grateful for such evidences of sympathy and affection on the part of those whom we would not have to forget us.

Gen. Thompson is corresponding with a New York lady—Mrs. Medora Thayer—a sister of Gen. Frank Cheatham, who proposes to furnish any articles of clothing, little or much, that may be needed for the comfort of the prisoners at Fort Delaware. Her liberality will only be restrained by the veto of the Commandant, or the prohibition of the Washington author-

ities. The General has accepted the generous offer, and the clothing will be distributed under his advisement.

Col. Duke received a splendid military overcoat, to-day, from his friend, Bishop Wood of Philadelphia. The authorities say, that they had to strain a point to permit its reception.

Have been indulging myself this afternoon, by way of variety, in a line of reading long since abandoned, with some exceptions. I have been trying David Copperfield. Whether I shall wade through it, remains to be seen. My mind at present is ill-adapted to anything of the kind; and on that very account I feel the more inclined to unbend. I have generally avoided novels, and have been willing to be regarded as unfashionable, and even wanting in literary taste, lest my example might injure others. Perhaps, I ought to have been more like Payson, whose habit was to read all the popular fictions, in order the better to warn his people against bad books.

We have had a sort of levee in No. 6, this evening. Various subjects have been under discussion — the "slave trade" being the principal item. Both sides of this question were earnestly advocated.

Only four persons availed themselves of the usual privilege of taking a walk, viz: Rasin, Nelson, Maynadier and Richardson. Major Rasin found an opportunity for a friendly chat with Chaplain Way. He became so much interested in his preacher friend, as to overstep the assigned limits, and was interrupted by the guard, who presented the point of his bayonet. The party returned, with a good laugh on "the Court" (as Devitt calls him), insisting that he was meditating an escape, and that although he had partially succeeded in reaching the boat, the cover of the Chaplain was sadly ineffectual after all.

Eight worshippers, to-night, in No. 2.

Friday, 25*th*.—Dr. Stone called in, early this morning, at the request of Brogden, to insert some virus sent him by Dr.

Buckler of Baltimore. The scab being regarded as something extra, four others, including myself, also submitted to the operation. Several of the prisoners have recently been vaccinated by this popular physician; and in every case the result has been favorable.

There are now, according to Dr. Stone, about six hundred sick persons on the Island. Of this number, fifteen have the small-pox. The others are mostly cases of pneumonia, and typhoid fever.

"Johnny Reb," (J. W. L. Wightman), after an imprisonment of one year and a few days, was *formally* "galvanized" to-day, and received his permit to leave the Island. After submitting to the operation, the poor fellow returned to his quarters, an object of deep commiseration. His usually cheerful countenance wore a saddened expression, and I thought I saw him wipe away a tear. Said he, "I have been a happy man until now; but *this* act has made me miserable. I am ashamed of myself, and can't bear the idea of going home." He justified himself, however, on the ground of his long confinement, and the impaired health of his wife and child. He left at about 4 o'clock, with the warmest sympathies of his fellow prisoners—all feeling that the *heart* of the man was as true to the South as it has ever been, and that he has been driven to what he regarded as a disgraceful alternative, by the extremities of the situation. Wightman is a brother to Jimmie W., who was released a few weeks ago, in a state of health that scarcely allowed him to reach home. They are both citizens of Loudon Co., Va., and have suffered much by the war. Johnny is an amiable and obliging fellow, and will be remembered by his associates in prison, as well for these qualities, as for his remarkable devotion to his invalid brother.

Had a warm but friendly discussion, this morning, with Col. Duke, on the comparative success of Catholic and Protestant missions, and the modes adopted by the two churches for the propagation of the Christian faith — he averring that the

Roman Catholics have far outstripped the Protestants in the work of evangelizing the world, and I denying the statement; —he, also, urging that the Catholic priesthood have been emphatically *preachers* of the word; whilst Protestants have only obscured the truth, by circulating bad translations of the Bible and numerous useless tracts and books. This is not the place to record the several arguments elicited by the debate. It is only necessary to state, that the Colonel has just been reading an elaborate work on the subject of missions, sent him by his friend Bishop Wood, and that if he were only part Romanist before, he seems now to be thoroughly indoctrinated with the teachings of "Mother-Church."

I had hardly concluded the talk with my friend Duke, before Gen. Jeff, who had just finished a gutta-percha cross, which he intends as a present to the Lady Superior at the "Convent of the Sacred Heart," came down upon me with some of his impassioned thrusts about the hypocrisy of the great mass of professing Christians, and the necessity of purgatorial punishment. The General has adopted a great variety of off-hand notions, which he urges vehemently, utterly eschewing the old maxim, "*audi alteram partem.*" He is certainly satisfied with himself. Among the curious opinions which he advances, are the following:

All men are liars, or, which is the same thing, no man on earth tells the truth.

It is impossible for a man to be a Christian without making *restitution;* and, by way of illustration, as neither Gen. Jackson nor Mr. Clay made restitution before their death, the first being notoriously irregular in his life, and the other a great gambler, although they both professed to repent, and joined the church before they left this world, they could not possibly have been true Christians.

He positively affirms that in the whole course of his life he has never met with but *five* persons whom he regarded as real Christians.

Acknowledging that he is a great sinner, and that he deserves punishment for guilt, he professes not to fear the issue; that he is ready and willing to die at any moment, and says that when God shall punish him, he intends to meet it "game."

He believes that some degree of future punishment is inevitable with all; that there are no just terms upon which God may forgive man in this world, and that temporary purgatorial fires are prepared to purge the soul.

In the afternoon had a conversation with Brogden, in regard to the salvation of the heathen. For some reason this subject is frequently introduced; and the Bible teachings are generally repudiated.

I am occupying a strange position among infidels, sceptics, free-thinkers, Universalians, and non-professors of religion. I am not fond of debate, and dislike to find myself in an attitude of opposition to others. My ears are constantly assailed with unscriptural opinions; and suggestions are frequently made to draw me out. Then, I am sometimes attacked by several individuals at once. The mysterious doctrines of the Gospel are urged as illustrative of the unreliableness of the Word. All discussions must be outside of the Bible, and vain man is continually sitting in judgment upon the ways of God. My position is responsible. What influence I am exerting for the glory of God, may not soon be discovered. I feel my weakness and insufficiency, and fear that little is accomplished. But I am conscious of earnestness and jealousy for my Master. I think He has given me the confidence of my fellow-prisoners; they respect my feelings; they listen to my words, and it may be that the "bread cast upon the waters" will return after many days.

Three blank cartridges were fired from the guns on the parapet this afternoon. This is only the second firing since I have been at Fort Delaware. The object, I suppose, was simply to empty the guns.

Walked out for the first time since my parole was with-

drawn. The weather being pleasant, some ten or twelve others availed themselves of the opportunity to get an airing. For a wonder, only one guard was in attendance; he being a Baltimore man, and judging from his looks, one of the "Plugs." He was unusually watchful, and restricted us to very circumscribed limits, which Richardson, having unwittingly passed, was ordered back, the fellow at the moment putting a cartridge in his musket.

Company Q had an accession, last night, of thirty-three new men. Their whole number is now nearly four hundred.

Ten persons at evening worship.

Saturday, 26*th*.—We have had a stormy, disagreeable day, the wind blowing furiously toward the Delaware shore. Numerous vessels have been seeking shelter under the Island. The Erickson boat was unable to get into the mouth of the canal, and hauled up with the other shipping. We shall probably hear of many wrecks on the coast.

We have very little musical talent among the political prisoners. Formerly Gibson, Green, Brogden, Nelson and Johnson would sing a pretty good song; but now that the first two have left, the others seldom regale us with an exhibition of their powers. Major Hammond broke out yesterday with some fine words, to the tune of Annie Laurie, which astonished the company. We had never heard him do the like before, and immediately sent a committee to bring him into No. 6 for an "*encore*." He persistently refused, and like some storied bird, singing only at distant intervals, he has probably given us his first and his last effort. Welsh has some talent for sacred music, and Tibbetts at times does tolerably well; but for some reason, they never exercise their powers unless urged to do so. Grymes is our main dependence at worship. He is familiar with appropriate tunes, but sometimes gets them too low. Of late we seldom do more than sing the doxology.

Lucas is the only man among us who practises instrumental

music. He is a pretty good performer on the violin, but is generally so much absorbed in the prison jewelry business, that he seldom finds time to take the bow. Now and then, however, he tries his hand, and thus instantly puts new life into the limbs of the old beaux among us, to say nothing of younger men. The sound of the instrument has pretty much the same effect upon "Judge" Rasin, as the bugle upon an old war-horse. The "Court" begins to move at once; his limbs become elastic; head, hands, arms, legs, feet, all keep time to the music; he darts over the floor with the grace of a Chesterfield; the more rapidly the bow strikes, the more animated he becomes; every muscle quivers, and thus for fifteen minutes or more, he will go through the most astonishing feats of the terpsichorean art. The "Judge" is fifty-seven years of age; is fattening upon our prison diet; keeps up a wonderful flow of spirits, and with his "break downs" and various industrial habits, is renewing his youth and establishing his health.

Josh, the head cook below-stairs, has again altered his rule concerning the distribution of bread. Heretofore, in special cases, a person has been allowed to draw for himself and others of the same room. Somebody has been taking advantage of the privilege, and secured a greater number of loaves than his mess is entitled to, thus occasioning a deficiency in the general supply. The result is, that every man must now appear for himself and receive his allowance. Tibbetts has usually drawn for No. 6. To-day we carried our own bread, and thus, according to Chief Justice Marshall's rule, "that no man is entitled to his dinner, who is too proud to bear it," we made ourselves worthy of our loaf.

Have received two more letters from my good friend and brother, Rev. B. H. McCown, of Kentucky—one yesterday, and the other to-day. He has also sent me, by express, a nice pair of calf-skin boots, and three pairs of fine woollen socks. One of the letters contained a small sum of money and some

postage stamps for myself, and also a lot of stamps for Col. Duke. Surely, this excellent man is never weary in well-doing. May he reap the reward of those who "do good and lend, hoping for nothing again."

A goodly number at worship.

Sunday, 27th.—"What a long dreary day is Sunday—decidedly the longest in the week!" is the frequent exclamation of some of our prisoners. No pleasure, no interest whatever have they on the day of sacred rest. With some sense of obligation in regard to the impropriety of spending it precisely as they do other days,—for shame's sake, for public opinion's sake, or it may be for the sake of an absent wife, sister, or dear friend—the usual cards and dice are thrown aside, but there is a constant hankering after the week-day amusements; the time is long, and at length, when night approaches, and the weary, irksome hours are nearly passed, what a relief in the prospect of another day, or of six more days at "bluff," "whist," or "all fours." Others, less conscientious, or with less firmness of character, can't hold out the full twelve hours, and the Sabbath becomes as any other day. Thus it was to-day. In passing Number One, I discovered four persons absorbed quite as earnestly in their play as during the week, excusing themselves, no doubt, like Chesterfield, who, in his old age, sought "to *kill time* the best way he could."

Another very objectionable method of getting rid of the monotony of the Sabbath, resorted to by several of our number, is in *novel reading*. Sometimes the whole day is thus occupied. Nothing else will interest. Even the religious newspapers are eschewed, sometimes under the plea (with too much truth) of their being filled with politics and abuse of the South; but more especially on account of the heart-searching character of some articles by more moderate and godly men. Frequently the day is spent in loud and boisterous conversation, in relating anecdotes, in stories of battles, in discussing the movements

of the armies, or the policy of the two Governments, or the character and abilities of prominent men — anything save the one great matter so pre-eminently appropriate to the day of God. There are exceptions to the general rule. Occasionally a man will lay aside his cards on Sunday, read a chapter or two in the Bible, and in his general behavior through the day show, that he has not been entirely devoid of religious training. For weeks past there has been no *call* for preaching; on the contrary, the majority manifest opposition. At the evening services, which are continued as a matter of course, there are seldom more than a dozen present, and often not more than five or six. When I enter No. 2 with my Bible, it is not uncommon for careless ones to walk out, to avoid the worship. Prayers and card-playing are frequently going on at the same time in neighboring rooms. I have no evidence of personal opposition. On the contrary, I am treated with consideration and respect by all in the house. It is simply indifference, or aversion to the truth. The feeling prevails that a prison is no place for religion. Chafed by confinement, the heart is aroused to extreme vindictiveness against oppressors, and the mind contemplating modes of retaliation, there seems to be no place left for religious sentiment—no purpose of good in the soul.

Was glad to have the opportunity for a temperance talk with sundry persons not so averse as myself to the use of alcoholic drinks. Had some advantage over my competitors, I think, from a perfect familiarity with the whole subject, the result of diligent investigation in days long gone by. If Jeff. Thompson agreed with me, in the argument, it was not because he intended to make any practical use of his correct judgment. He avers that he was never so happy as when under the influence of liquor; he then "felt himself to be the greatest man in the world;" he was, also, the "most agreeable man in all creation." This last he knew to be true, because coming home, on a certain occasion, pretty full of the "ardent," he had a great romp on the parlor floor with the

children, who were so delighted that, when leaving them to go up town, they innocently inquired, "Father, won't you come back again *tight?*" The sum and substance of it is, that although the simple question of his little children drove him for months from his glass, and his present position as a General requires that he should abstain, he intends—he jokingly remarks—to "resume the habit as soon as he is forty years of age, and is determined to keep drunk all the time."

After the usual evening services, which were pretty well attended (having addressed the company on the nature and importance of regeneration,) retired to my room, and had a long and earnest conversation with R——, who can see no evidence of a future state in the Old Testament, nor any wisdom in the doctrine of salvation by a crucified Redeemer. The talk was conducted in good spirit on his part, and with a real desire, I think, to know the truth. We continued the conversation until near midnight, and I turned to sleep, leaving him still up, Bible in hand.

Monday, 28*th*.—We had an unusual excitement, this morning, caused by the arrival of three hundred and thirty-three Confederate officers, some sixty of whom belong to Morgan's command, and directly from the Ohio Penitentiary. The others are from Camp Chase. Among the number are Gen. Vance, of North Carolina, and Col. Dick, and Capt. Charlton Morgan, brothers of the General. The inmates of No. 1 were ordered to vacate their room immediately, and to occupy No. 3, the object being the accommodation of certain superior officers. A general disorder ensued—the discomfited movers complaining on account of their loss by the exchange—No. 3 being a side room, and considerably smaller than the one to be left. The white-washers and scourers were soon at work, and the vacated room was ready in double-quick time. It was late, however, before No. 3 could be in order. Difficulties arose about a stove, which led to unpleasant words with No. 4, and

which was after awhile settled by an exchange of stoves between No. 1 and No. 3. Four officers, at length, made their appearance, and took possession of their quarters, with a wet floor. Three of the new-comers are Captains, and one a Lieutenant. Their names are Cunningham, Coombs, Croxton and Taylor. Civilities were offered by the old occupants of the prison; but the strangers informed us that they were under parole not to communicate with us, and as they seemed shy, and reserved, they were shortly left to themselves, and their own reflections. Col. Duke coming up in the afternoon, stated that the four strangers were all Kentuckians, and that they were preparing to "*galvanize.*" The pleasure anticipated from their accession was not realized, and little has since been heard or seen of the party.

My wife has returned from Baltimore, having failed to secure a personal interview with the "Commission," but not without considerable information from Col. Purnell, who communicated with the Judges, and reported to her accordingly. She learns that the man who informed against me was Snyder, and that he endeavored to make the most unfavorable impression, by representing me as the most violent man in the prison; and that I had been a regular mail agent for the South, and had shown Shanks the way to run the blockade. My wife, also, states that through some strange misapprehension, the Judges had gotten the impression that I am now willing to take the oath of allegiance. Perhaps the technical, and literal response to their late letter of inquiry suggested the conclusion. Nothing, however, was farther from my mind. Had I not deferred to the advice of some around me, and followed the bent of my inclination by inserting only a clause or two as it regards my personal feelings, there would have been no misunderstanding. My only remedy now, is a letter of explanation, which I have already addressed to Col. Purnell.

Prayers at the usual hour, and but few in attendance. Quite a crowd in our room to-night. Got to bed late, with a mind ill at rest.

Tuesday, 29th.— Our troubles with the bed-bugs continue at intervals. Sometimes we are annoyed beyond measure. If the room is a little too much heated, the very moment the light is extinguished, they begin to work. Scores of little fellows, too minute to be caught in the dark, but severe biters, infest the hands, whether under cover or not, and produce a burning sensation, almost intolerable, and the larger ones will drop from the holes and cracks in the bunks above, upon the face and neck; and with their crawling, biting, and unpleasant odor drive away sleep, and make night miserable. Last night I had a dreadful time. I had hardly gotten into bed, before one of the most disagreeable of the species fell upon my upper lip near the bridge of the nose, and gave me a most unpleasant prelude to the trials of the night. Things are getting too bad; we shall have to make a raid into the enemy's country, and try the effects of steam and turpentine; or at least we will scald them with hot water, and seal them in the lurking places with daubings of soap.

A second letter from my wife, since her return from Baltimore, assures me, that Snyder's report before the "Commission" was instrumental in protracting my imprisonment.

Another letter states that Snyder has been passing himself off in Delaware as one of my particular friends, and soliciting funds in behalf of himself and "suffering associates." By reading my "Lines on the Old Flag" to a lady in Newcastle, he so aroused her sympathy that she gave him Fifty Dollars, with which he made off, and has not been heard of since.

Since the arrival of the Confederate officers, there is an evident increase of watchfulness on the part of the Island authorities. The number of guards has been increased; certain

1 This man was regarded as such a nuisance, that long before he left the Fort, few persons had anything to do with him. Nearly the whole time he was in prison, he was the subject of a loathsome disease, which was often unblushingly exposed. He represented himself as a member of some Virginia Regiment, and was thought for a while to be from that State. It, afterwards, appeared that he was from Pennsylvania, and shortly before he left, it was generally believed, that he was a prison spy.

lights, which have not been noticed heretofore, have been hung out in the sally-port; and an order has been issued, directing that lights in the rooms be extinguished as early as nine o'clock. There is reason also to believe that we have another spy among us, and a conversation which took place a few nights ago about a plan of escape during the late storm, came to the knowledge of the authorities.

The inmates of Number 7 have been entertaining themselves for a few days past with sundry tricks, very good humoredly played upon one another, and which they have quite as pleasantly received, notwithstanding the coal and wood which some of them found between their blankets or under their pillows. Rasin and Joice were not quite so amiable, to-day, when after hurrying through the passage, and down the entire flight of stairs into the kitchen, they found that some one had made the call for dinner, half an hour before the time, only to see them returning, and to laugh at their disappointment. The "Court" was especially chagrined, and threatened boisterously for a time; but he soon recovered, and after the laugh was fully over, he was ready to avenge himself by any legitimate method, suggested by his own mischievous and inventive mind.

We met at the usual hour in No. 2, for the worship of God. The little company could at least rejoice in the promise, which has for ages encouraged the assembled *few*, viz: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there I will be in the midst of them, and that to bless them."

As I close this, the storm is howling around the bastions, and old Eolus whistles about the bars of our long and narrow window. The poor sailors will have a hard time, to-night. Many vessels will be driven on the strand, and the tale of to-morrow will be a sad one for feeling hearts. It is cold, indeed, but I trust the five thousand men, who are lying upon their hard bunks at the barracks, are now sufficiently well clad to sleep soundly, and dream sweetly of distant friends and home.

Wednesday, 30th.— The supply of coal is exhausted, and our Island fires are suffering. In some of the quarters, the stoves have been out of use for twenty-four hours. If it had not been for a small bucket full, clandestinely obtained by Richardson from No. 1, and for which he accuses me of giving him absolution, we might this morning have gone without a breakfast, or at least have been minus our cup of coffee. As it was, ten o'clock found us still in bed, and it was nearly one o'clock before the table was cleared and out of the floor.

We had not yet seated ourselves for breakfast, before we were favored with a visit from Gen. Vance, now quartered with Gen. Thompson and Col. Duke, in the interior of the Fort. In the course of the day, Col. Dick Morgan came up— he also being of their mess. We found both of these gentlemen to be very pleasant in conversation, and were gratified with the opportunity of making their acquaintance. Three other officers have obtained paroles, viz: Col. Ward, of Tennessee, and Cols. Coleman and Tucker, of Kentucky, who have been assigned to a room adjoining the Generals' mess. We shall probably see them to-day or to-morrow.

Dr. Stone called in, to look after his patients. All of his vaccine cases have resulted favorably, except my own; or, rather, they have all sore arms, except myself. More than forty-five years ago, the virus left me with well defined pits on each arm, and I am now regarded as impervious to the disease. Thorn is still much "under the weather," and Brogden is again complaining. But there is generally no lack of sick men, when the doctor comes; and his presence is always greeted with pleasure. If no one is ill, there are sure to be some whose health would seem to require a bottle of "spirits." The good natured physician ordered this popular medicine for two of my room-mates, to-day; the one complains of cough and debility, and the other requires a little gin, for his kidneys' sake. There has been so much abuse of this privilege, that all prescriptions of the kind must now be countersigned by Captain

Ahl. Even with this precaution, the sutler is doing a driving business; and there is a sufficiently free circulation of "the ardent" to make occasional gay times on the Island, both among the "Rebs," and the "Yanks."

A scene of gymnastics was witnessed, this afternoon, in the passage, which brought out a number of spectators, and aroused a deep interest, not only on the part of several amateurs in the art of pugilism, but stirring, also, the blood of some who would repudiate the low fisticuffs of a Hyer, or a Heenan. We were shaken with the most convulsive laughter—*ab imo pectore;* and presently, when our risibles had become measurably composed, we were ready to extend a vote of thanks to the bold athletes, who had so graciously concentrated into half an hour, the full benefit of several days' bodily exercise. For this episode, we were indebted to Nelson,[1] who borrowed a set of boxing gloves from Co. Q. Placing a pair of them in the hands of Pearson, he challenged him for a fight. They both professed some knowledge of the art of "self-defence," and being pretty well matched as to height, and length of arms, the boxing commenced. It soon appeared, that Pearson was the more scientific man of the two; and Nelson being, also, considerably lighter than the other, he presently gave way, stepping backwards the whole length of the long passage, each pommelling the other with a rapid hand, until both were quite out of breath.

Welsh (or "Reddy," as we usually call him) came forward, to attack the champion. Pearson stood, at least, a head above him, and his arms were longer, by several inches. "Reddy" had the disadvantage, too, of being a novice in the use of gloves. Nothing daunted, however, and with an ardor characteristic of red-haired people, he dashed into the affray; knocked and pelted his antagonist, and with the rapidity of a broken wheel, striking here and there with unchecked velocity,

[1] The true name of this person was not known to any one but myself. At the time of his capture, he assumed the name of the Rev. Dr. Nelson, of St. Louis.

BOXING MATCH

he mashed the cushions, first upon the breast, then upon the shoulder, and anon upon the head and face of his antagonist. Pearson, more deliberate, stood off, struck quick and sure, hitting right and left, upon Welsh's head, and sent him staggering away, completely out of breath, and wholly unable to renew the contest.

And now came the tug of war, between David and Goliah. "Old Sussex," (Capt. Long), game to the back-bone, rough and ready, wild as a bull, wholly unused to gloves, and ere he had adjusted them upon his hands, rushed forward, with an impetuous confidence, which astonished the spectators. Pearson, still firm, fended off; made scientific passes, darted his long arms, with the speed of lightning, into the face, and over the ears of the "Sussexer," who, notwithstanding a sore nose covered with a coat of iodine, persistently continued the assault; and now changing his tactics, bent down, plunged forward, and sticking his head into the abdomen of his Goliah, there held fast — pelting right and left, "unsight and unseen," into the face, and upon the nose and eyes of the stalwart six-footer, who had defied the ring. It was a game, in which science lost. Little David, untrained, and yet persistent, bore away the palm with unbroken breath. Both, however, were for a few hours, the worse for the fight; for Long had gotten a considerable bruise on the forehead, and Pearson in his efforts to conquer three men, was brought to bay with headache, and short breath.

What folly I may have committed, in writing the above! but my five noble boys will not mistake. They know, too well, their father's aversion to every species of rowdyism, and will receive the description as one of the few prison incidents, which gave him a good laugh, and for which he felt decidedly better for some hours afterwards.

Through carelessness, forgetfulness, or design, Cunningham has neglected to take the letters out of the box; thus occasioning the loss of a whole day, and perhaps of two, in their trans-

mission. I regret it, particularly on account of an important communication, which I wished my wife to get without delay. This "lance-sergeant" has our mail facilities entirely too much in his own hands. He has ordered the letters to be put in the box, to be taken out early in the morning. They are seldom removed, however, until near noon; and sometimes, not until the afternoon mail is distributed. He has, also, been known to carry letters in his pockets, for days; and has thus subjected some of the prisoners to great inconvenience, for the want of funds enclosed.

Had a letter from Miss M. N. Smith, of Baltimore, a benevolent young lady, who informs me that she has sent me a box of clothing and edibles, furnished by herself and some of my "cousins."

Our little band still steadfast in prayer.

Thursday, 31*st*.—We have been without coal, all day, and have been obliged to make out the best we could with a few sticks of wood, obtained from the kitchen. Fortunately for us, the weather is not so cold as it has been. Although we have experienced inconvenience, we have not suffered much. Yet we regard it as strange, that the island should be allowed to be without fuel, when it may be so easily procured.

The strangers in No. 1 are keeping themselves remarkably close. Their door is always shut, except when passing in or out; they seldom exchange words with us; and they look like men who are ashamed or afraid. They have paroles of the island; but seem to make very little use of them, except at night, when they appear to be visiting among the Yankees. Preparations are being made to block up the stairway with a door—probably with a view to keeping out the Confederate officers, whose passing to and fro may not be agreeable to the "galvanized" men, now that they are not on speaking terms.

A very large steamer has hauled up at Delaware City, which we hope may be a transport taking in coal, preparatory to receiving a load of prisoners for exchange.

Brogden's health is failing fast. He needs the open air, and suitable exercise. A few more months of imprisonment would probably bring him to an early grave.

The representatives at evening worship, were Grymes, Maynadier, Drummond, Devitt and myself. Major Rasin, who is very regular in his attendance, was absent to-night. Devitt, though not a Christian, is seldom absent—a pleasant record, perhaps, for his father, who is a Presbyterian elder.

XI.

April.

Friday, 1*st*.—"All Fools Day!" Could the world have looked in upon our prison, to-day, perhaps we would all have been considered fools, sure enough. It is astonishing, what an interest grown men, aged men, wise men, will take in the merest trifles, when shut out from their accustomed duties, and avocations. The passing of every vessel upon the river, the arrangement of every new detail of men, every arrival, every sound of a gun, the receipt of a box, the opening of a letter, a discussion, a change, a rumor, anything and everything will attract attention, relieve the monotony, or give a moment of pleasure. The man that can tell the best anecdote, or crack the best joke, is the person whose society is most sought, and who really does most to while away the tedium of the long and dreary hours.

The business of April fooling commenced, before the inmates of No. 6 were out of bed. Nelson, whose voice is generally heard before that of anybody else, was delighting himself, at an early hour, with his success at deceiving several around him. Others had "caught" him, also; and after break-

fast, I could not resist the opportunity to play a little trick upon him myself. The morning papers were seen dangling from the coat-tails, or placards were found upon the backs of unconscious ones. False calls were made; mysterious vessels were seen upon the river; and many a "sell" was effected, to the amusement of the by-standers. But the best joke of the day turned upon myself.

I was earnestly engaged in conversation, with Brogden and others, explaining a certain scripture in the 38th of Jeremiah, in regard to the conduct of the prophet in withholding a part of the truth—when a man from Company Q came in, bearing a box, and calling for "Dr. Handy." I received the box, thanked the porter, and returned to my talk. By this time, a number of persons had congregated in the room; and having finished what I had to say, I very unsuspectingly approached the box, and examined the marks—discussing, in my own mind, whether it came from Baltimore, or Philadelphia, as I had received intimation of two boxes that were on the way—and this being not such, as to size or weight, as I expected, I was the more perplexed, and hesitated the longer, before opening it. My mind was still on the conversation in which I had just been engaged, and the restrained smiles of the several visitors entirely escaped my notice. Beginning, at length, to open the box, I took from it, first, a second-hand gray shirt; and proceeding downwards, the character of the articles grew more and more mysterious. I was just exclaiming "what in the world——," as I put my hand upon a large bundle of old rags; and it was not until this moment, that I saw I was "sold." Nelson being the first to shout, I instantly suspected him of being the father of the joke. The whole company was now in an ecstacy. The laugh became uproarious. I had immediately pounced upon Nelson, and enjoying the fun, myself, chased him around the room, at the toe of my boot—anon shaking him lustily. Everybody screamed, clapped, and, I verily believe, some cried with delight. It

was a scene for a Hogarth. Every man who witnessed it will remember it for years to come. It turned out, after all, that Nelson had nothing to do with the matter. The whole thing had been concocted by Tibbetts, who knew that I was anxiously expecting a couple of boxes. Both he, and his convict accomplice, performed their parts well—for nobody would have dreamed, from their straight countenances, that they had the slightest idea of mischief. A Latin poet has written *Dulce et decorum est desipere in loco;* and a wiser and better than he has said, "There is a time to laugh."

We were disappointed, to-day, in not having our usual visits from Generals Thompson, Vance and Duke; and instead of making the acquaintance of Cols. Coleman and Tucker, the whole party received an order, forbidding all intercourse with the political prisoners. No reason is assigned; but the "galvanized" officers, in No. 1, are supposed to be in some way at the bottom of it.

Lieut. Russel, of South Carolina, who was formerly with us as an officer, and who had reported himself to avoid the sufferings, during the cold weather of last winter, is now at the guard-house, in special duress. He has, also, been noticed at labor with the convicts. No one has been able to learn what is the matter. It is a strange thing, and is arousing curiosity. It is reported that he is not an officer, and is punished for trying to pass as such. Others say, he is suffering a penalty for having reported the cases of certain prisoners, who were frozen to death. All these are rumors; but has the man been in the guard-house, ever since he left us in January? We would like to know.

A magnificent Drummond light has been erected on the west bank of the island, in front of the barracks, and in the direction of the Delaware shore. It is capable of illuminating the water, and bank, for a space of one hundred yards in circumference—another precautionary measure, adopted since the arrival of the Confederate officers.

Saturday, 2*d*.—"Commissary" Tibbetts has done a great work to-day, in the way of scouring. Refusing to receive help from Brogden, Richardson, or myself, he has shouldered the whole responsibility, and with Welsh as his right hand man, the room has been put in the best possible order. Our floor is now sweet and clean; and the table, benches, and bunks are beautifully white—reminding one of neat housekeeping in the rural districts.

The four galvanized officers, all, seem to have some special tie to the U. S. Government. Cunningham, it appears, was formerly an appointee of President Buchanan, in Washington Territory. He has now been released, to return to the scene of his former duties. Croxton is a brother of a Colonel in the Federal army. Coombs is a nephew of Gen. Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky.

I have learned that Snyder handed my lines on the flag, to a private in Ahl's battery; that others have copied them; and that they have now become pretty well known in the Fort.

Yesterday, Brogden, very unexpectedly, obtained a parole of the island, from Gen. Schœpf, who expressed concern about his health, and great satisfaction at the prospect of his speedy exchange. To-day, he learns from Gen. Vance, that *my* parole is to be restored; and that I shall be allowed the privilege of preaching to the Confederate officers. This information, General Vance obtained from the Commandant himself. I shall be happy to accept it, especially with a view to service, and intercourse, with our brave soldiers.

Another stormy, disagreeable day. As I now write (10 P. M.,) the wind blows towards the Delaware shore, and the night is dark, and rainy.

Richardson, and Maynadier have been occupied, all the evening, by our bright, quiet table. Shanks has now come in, and monopolizes Fremantle's "Three Months in the Confederacy," which I have been reading, during the day, with great interest, and would like to finish. Tibbetts' day's work has

driven him to his pallet, and Brogden is finding his amusement in No. 7.

The number at prayers is holding firm at half a dozen.

Sunday, 3*d*.—At about ten o'clock this morning, a messenger came to the door, with an order from Gen. Schœpf, for "Dr. Handy to call at his office." Immediately complying with the order, I found Gen. Vance had preceded me, and was awaiting my arrival, in conversation with the Commandant, and Capt. Ahl. They were talking about an arrangement for preaching, at the barracks. After a little pleasantry, in which I was cautioned not to encourage escapes, and to do what I could to "convert" the Rebels, Gen. Schœpf handed me a parole of the island, with permission to be out "from *reveille*, to retreat." Accompanying Gen. Vance to his quarters, we there agreed upon 4 o'clock P. M., as a suitable hour for service.

At the appointed hour I walked over to the place of preaching, accompanied by Generals Thompson and Vance, Colonels Duke, Coleman, Morgan, Tucker and Ward, and Lieut. Smith, a young officer on the staff of Gen. Vance. No previous notice had been given, and two services had already been held during the morning and afternoon. All seemed ready, however, for another sermon, and preparations were made immediately, by circulating the notice and arranging the seats. The "division" to be used was that occupied by the officers of Morgan's command, lately from the Ohio Penitentiary. In a very short time the apartment was entirely filled—benches, bunks, and every available standing-place—with intelligent and noble looking young men. I was introduced to the assembly by the Rev. Mr. Samford, a "Rebel" captain, who being a Methodist minister, is officiating as chaplain to Morgan's Brigade. I have not had such an audience since I have been on the Island; and for intelligence and fine appearance, and all males, not for many a day past. I preached about three quarters of an hour, on

the desperate wickedness of the heart. The attention was profound to the last moment. Not a single man left during the sermon, nor did the slightest interruption occur. It was a decidedly pleasant time; and I thank God for the opportunity of proclaiming the truths of His Word to a congregation so unusually interesting.

After preaching, a number of officers came forward, seeking introduction through Gen. Vance and Col. Duke; others had been introduced before the services. Among those whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of forming, were Major Bullock, brother of the Rev. Dr. Bullock, of Baltimore; Major Steel, son-in-law of Rev. Dr. R. J. Breckinridge; Major Kilgore, Adjutant-general on the staff of General Ector, of Texas; Major Lamar Fontaine, the reputed author of "All Quiet along the Potomac;" Capt. Charlton and Col. Dick Morgan, brothers to the General, besides various others whose names I cannot now recall. One young man held me very cordially by the hand, stating that he had recently had a good deal of affliction, and that he had experienced a change of heart during his imprisonment at Columbus. He also requested an opportunity for a private interview as soon as convenient.

The quarters occupied by these officers, with the buildings and fence, constitute a sort of *Pen*, with an area of about two acres. The long side of the building and the parallel fence are each about 300 feet, running east and west; and the two ends are severally about half that length. The *Campus* is low and flat, and at this time quite muddy from the recent rains. Intersecting walks, constructed of planks, are arranged at proper distances, and add greatly to the comfort of those who would seek exercise in bad weather. The quarters seem to be ample for the present number of prisoners, the bunks wide and comfortable, and the "divisions" well heated. One large stove appears to be sufficient for the shelter occupied by the Morgan men.

By request of Capt. Samford, notice was given that I would

preach, *Deo volente,* at the same place, at 10 o'clock on next Sabbath.

Our usual evening services were held in No. 2, with an increased attendance. Omitted the lecture; read a chapter; made a few practical remarks; had one hymn; and closed with the doxology, sung in a standing position.

Monday, 4th.— Have been making good use of my parole. Made two trips around the Island—one this morning in company with Brogden, and the other in the afternoon with Gen. Vance.

I find Gen. Vance to be a very quiet, pleasant man, and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He tells me, that his father was a ruling elder in connection with the Presbytery of Holston, and that his paternal ancestors were all Presbyterians. He speaks in terms of great respect for his father, whom he lost when about sixteen years of age, and mentions with feeling the coincidence of his capture on the twentieth anniversary of his death. The General was born in 1826, and is, therefore, nearly thirty-six years of age, but (without gray hairs) looking somewhat older. He has a modest blue eye and a staid, settled visage, with an occasional smile, showing a good set of teeth, under his long brown moustache. His forehead, though not broad or high, is sufficiently well chiseled; and his head is thinly covered with dark hair, of a deeper color than his moustache. His frame is rather muscular, his height medium, and he is a rapid walker, stooping slightly forward as he moves.[1]

The General says, that one of the greatest difficulties he has had to contend with, as a Christian, since his connection with the army, is the pressure in regard to the use of intoxicating liquors. The custom is so universal, that an officer who

[1] Gen. Vance was commissioned in the Spring of 1862, and distinguished himself on the bloody field of Murfreesboro. He made himself useful in Tennessee, by harassing the enemy, and driving off fat hogs for the use of Bragg's army. He was captured under peculiar circumstances, Jan. 1864. He is now a representative in Congress at Washington.

would resist the temptation, is regarded not only as singular, but as guilty of a sort of ostentatious piety. He mentioned an instance, when in the presence of General (Bishop) Polk, and other distinguished officers, his resolution was put to the severest test, but in which he was enabled to maintain his accustomed abstinence.

An escaped convict (Company Q), who has been absent six months, and who has been wandering in Maine and elsewhere, was caught at Wilmington, and brought back to the Fort, to-day. He will probably have to pay the penalty of his folly, by a term of service in the cells, with the ball and chain upon his leg. During the earlier months of my imprisonment, it was common to notice the convicts, both inside and outside of the Fort, carrying balls and chains of divers weights and lengths. At one time there were no less than a score of men, going to and fro with these badges of opposition to shoulder straps and Uncle Sam. Now, for some unannounced reason, the balls have been entirely laid aside, and not a prisoner is to be seen with these instruments of torture.

Visited the Federal Chaplains, and was pleasantly received. They have an arduous work, and I think would have no objection to some new field of labor. The duties of Chaplain, either hospital or post, are very self-sacrificing, requiring good health, tact, and a heart earnest in the work.

Better attendance at worship. Our table surrounded until late with neighbors, who are more pleased with our light than their own.

Tuesday, 5th. — The paroled officers have received orders not to visit the barracks, nor the apartment of the political prisoners. Should they desire to see any of their brother officers, there must be a special permit. The privilege of attending worship, yesterday, was an indulgence supervening the order.

Paroles have been extended to Captains Charlton Morgan

and Hart Gibson, who have moved into the interior of the Fort, and have joined the mess of Generals Vance, Thompson, and others.

The two Morgans are sprightly, dashing young men, soldierly in their bearing, of easy manners, and quite sensible and communicative. Dick, who is the older of the two, is not more than twenty-seven years of age. Charlton may be a year or two younger. The latter, though fluent and interesting in conversation, has a catching or drawing-in of the breath, which may be caused by a wound received in the breast at the battle of Shiloh.

Col. Morgan tells me, that my sermon on Sabbath afternoon was well received; but that there was some abatement, on account of the entire absence of allusions to my political sympathies. He approved of my caution, however, as did most of those who heard me.

Capt. Charlton gave me an account of a recent interview with a colporteur, who had been visiting the barracks as a professed minister of Jesus Christ. Morgan received him kindly; but called his attention to his singularly inconsistent course, in circulating the most rabid sort of *ex parte* papers, some of them being decorated with highly colored drawings of the United States flag. The man seemed to have no idea of the offence he was offering, nor of the utter impossibility of reaching the hearts of Southern prisoners by such politico-religious documents.

Capt. Morgan also gave me a brief, but interesting account of the indignities perpetrated upon the officers of his Brigade in the Ohio Penitentiary. Among other things, he said they were all stripped stark naked, and scrubbed by a negro man, who used a hard brush; and that the same water was used for twenty or thirty persons. When Gen. Morgan was scoured, the women of the establishment gathered about the windows, and witnessed the whole operation, as he stood in the wash-tub. It was also common for females to come into the

room, without the least reserve, when the men would be standing in their drawers, or lying, half naked, in their beds. Merion, the Penitentiary turnkey, according to the Captain, is the son of convict parents, and prides himself in being an Atheist. Once, when a prisoner requested the use of *a Bible,* is was peremptorily refused. The prisoners were not allowed public religious services, even on the Sabbath.

Col. Duke affirms, that it was common to force the officers into a foul dungeon, known as the "sweat box," and that for the most trifling offences, such as speaking to a brother officer at table, or asking one to hand the bread or salt. Such was the effect of confinement in the horrid "sweat-box," that prisoners would sometimes partially lose their reason, and would emerge from confinement with their hands and fingers bloody, from scratching the stone walls; and it was not uncommon for a prisoner, on coming out into the open air, to throw up the entire contents of the stomach. Merion's cruelties were so intolerable, that almost every prisoner has sworn vengeance against him; and it was a subject of constant conversation, as to what methods of torture it would be best to inflict upon him, should he ever fall into their hands. Col. Duke thinks, that this miserable and wicked man had begun to experience the fires of Hell in his own bosom, even before the prisoners left—as he was, evidently, suffering with the most terrible apprehensions.

Gen. Thompson has been busy, all day, opening boxes, and assorting various articles of clothing, and provisions, forwarded by benevolent parties, intended for himself and others. Gen. Vance was also the recipient of a lot of shoes, designed by Northern sympathizers for their Southern friends.

"Judge" Rasin met with a very disagreeable *contretemps* this afternoon, in the return of a letter, in which he had expressed himself very freely concerning a Federal official, in Baltimore. A note accompanying the letter, informed him, that should the offence be repeated, he would be placed in close

confinement. The "Judge" is now rather *hors du combat*. Heretofore, he has wielded heavy weapons, in this way, against some of the Baltimore "plunderers in high places," and especially upon the robber Fish, and his coadjutors; but, happening this time to push his arms against a more popular magnate, the authorities concluded he was carrying the joke too far—hence the sudden and threatening *finale*.

The papers, of to-day, bring cheering news, in regard to the prospect of a speedy and general exchange. To the prisoners, of every class, there is no subject of more interest than this. The delay is very trying to all; but the "State" or "political prisoners," are especially annoyed, as they are altogether uncertain, in relation to their *status* in the eye of the government. As citizens, and sufferers for the cause, they feel that they have a claim for protection; but never observing the slightest notice of this class of prisoners, in any newspaper announcements, or in any proposed plans of the Commissioners, they, sometimes, fear they may be forgotten.

I have received a copy of the *True Witness*, of Louisville, Ky., in which the cases of Rev. Dr. Armstrong, and Rev. Mr. Wingfield, are referred to by the editor, with appropriate sympathy, and reprehension for the cruelties practised by Gen. Butler at Norfolk. God grant that the press everywhere may be awakened, by a sense of the enormity in these cases; and as chroniclers of the times, repudiate this wickedness on the part of rulers, in a Christian land.

We have had another day of wind and rain; at this hour (10 P. M.) the storm continues, with no prospect of abatement through the night. A collision took place on the river, this afternoon, in full view from our window. A brig, at anchor, was run into by a barque—the former losing her bowsprit and jib-boom, thus, in sailor parlance, making a "buffalo" of her, in an instant.

Wednesday, 6th.—Had another tour around the island,

with Gen. Vance. He expressed considerable anxiety about Capt. Wright, of Alabama, a friend who jumped off the cars, as the officers were coming from Camp Chase to this place. It was a little singular, that the escape of this officer was not noticed until yesterday. He was standing by Gen. Vance when he made the leap.

Col. James F. Brewer, who made his escape from the island, some time last June, by swimming the river on a board, is again a prisoner at the barracks. He was carried by the tide about twelve miles up the Delaware, but landed in safety, and made his way to the army, in time to take part in the battle of Gettysburg. He has seen fit, since his return to his old quarters, to remain *incog.*, passing himself off as a cousin to himself.

Gen. Schœpf has had a social interview, to-day, with the paroled officers, and was in conversation with them for a full hour, in Welsh's (the sutler's) private room. A good deal of pleasantry passed between them; and the General expressed himself very decidedly, in regard to his constant purpose to treat the prisoners with kindness, and due consideration. He hoped, that should *he* ever be taken prisoner, he might fall into the hands of Gen. Morgan, and his officers, from whom he would expect the very best treatment—just such as he had bestowed, upon those of them who had fallen into his own hands. He told Col. Duke, that Gen. Morgan was not worth much without *him;* and that he intended to keep him as long as he could. The parties were mutually pleased; and the interview closed with the social glass, the General imposing certain reasonable injunctions in regard to the conversation.

Several new orders were issued, at evening parade, restricting the prisoners to certain bounds, and requiring all to make both ingress and egress through the sally-port. The postern-gate is not now to be used by prisoners; and the "convicts" are not to be allowed to go out, at all, without passes, or under guard.

Great carelessness, or mismanagement, still prevails in regard to the receipt and care of boxes. It is not uncommon to lose them entirely, if forwarded by the Erickson line, and left at Delaware City; or if they are delivered, to find them rifled. Two boxes, lately addressed to myself, from friends in Delaware and Maryland, have failed to come to hand.

A number of soldiers went to Baltimore, to-day, to cast their votes for the Emancipation Constitution.

Prayers as usual.

Thursday, 7th.—"Fresh fish! Fresh fish! A whale!" was the call made, at an early hour, this morning. The newcomer proved to be Mr. Hazwell Magruder, of Prince George's Co., Md., who has been sentenced by a court-martial, to an imprisonment of one year, for harboring and assisting "Rebels." The particular person whom he befriended was Col. Gibson, of Georgia, who was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg. Magruder has spent several months in confinement, at Washington, and was four weeks in irons. He is delighted with the improvement in his condition, by the removal to Fort Delaware.

Several officers, at the barracks, have expressed an earnest desire to have me visit them, for private conversation on religious subjects. I shall certainly be gratified to have the opportunity to do so. Gen. Schœpf will have to be consulted, and I do hope I may be allowed to see them, to-morrow.

Nine thousand and forty-one votes were cast, yesterday, in Baltimore city, for the convention, and seventy-five against it. As the actual number of voters, in that city, is about 30,000, it is to be presumed that the opposition, had it been allowed to vote, would have been 20,000, thus making a majority of 10,000 in favor of the South.

Cunningham came up as late as half-past nine, to see that we were all safe. The watchfulness increases.

We have had a beautiful day; and I have made the best

of it, in perambulating the island, in company with several officers.

Eight persons at worship; others at cards; a few writing; one sick.

Friday, 8th.—Had another pleasant walk, with Gen. Vance. Afterwards, enjoyed a chat with Cols. Duke, Dick Morgan, and Tucker, and Capt. Gibson, whom I found sunning themselves, in front of their quarters.

Capt. Gibson has recently had the pleasure of a visit from his wife, who had been fortunate enough to obtain a permit to come to the island. The happy couple were entertained for three days, at Gen. Schœpf's own house; and the utmost kindness, and hospitality, were extended them. The Captain, who is a fine looking, and well educated young man, is Gen. Morgan's Adjutant-General.

Maj. Steele was called out, from the barracks, to see a lady friend from Philadelphia. Gen. Schœpf mistook him for a minister. The Major remarked, that although not a minister, he was the son-in-law of the Rev. Dr. Breckinridge. At this, the General expressed great surprise; and was even the more astonished, when he found that a sort of connection existed between the Major and myself, through my relative, the Rev. Wm. C. Handy, who married another daughter of Dr. Breckinridge. "Well, well," said he, "how very strange! all you Southern people are connected somehow or other." In the course of the talk, Major Steele inquired, "General, how does it happen, that you, a *Hungarian*, should be found in arms, against an oppressed and wronged people, struggling for liberty?" It was a home thrust; and such as our exotic commandant has had frequently to bear. He could only reply with some trite remark, and was glad to change the subject.

Col. Wilmer, late Provost Marshal of Delaware, visited the Island, and had an interview with his relative, "Judge"

Rasin. "The Court" was absent so long, before it could be learned what had become of him, that we feared he had been consigned to the cells. To the great joy of his friends, he was safely back, after an absence of what seemed to be two hours. His quick walk and happy face indicated good news. "Not a scrip of the pen against me," said he. "They can't find a single record. Col. Wilmer says old Fish has committed a fraud upon the Government, and that I ought to be released at once. Capt. Ahl, too, is astonished, and thinks it outrageous, if he did threaten to lock me up, a few days ago."

Everybody congratulated the "Judge" on his prospect of speedy release. Devitt, who is always ready for a joke, said something about "soon flying around among the widows." Sure enough, long before night, Johnson had actually dyed the old gentleman's hair; and if certain ladies in and about Baltimore are disposed to demur, they had better hunt up Judges Bond and King ere the lapse of the next fortnight, at least.

Ninety-three recruits for Company Q, were landed at the wharf, under a heavy guard. They were afterwards drawn up in the interior of the Fort, and thoroughly searched by two sergeants (one of them galvanized), under the inspection of the Provost Marshal. The galvanized man (a Louisiana "tiger," named Deetz) was far more particular than the other. Several of the men had money, which was passed over to the authorities for safe keeping. Company Q now numbers upwards of four hundred, most of them able-bodied and healthy young men.

Occupied much of the time, to-day, in reading the "Parson of the Islands," an interesting biography of a remarkable Methodist preacher, who lived and labored on Deal's Island in the Chesapeake Bay. I am glad to see the history of this good man in print. I have long known him by reputation, but was not, until recently, aware that any attempt had been made to perpetuate his name.

About half our number at worship, others at cards, and a few reading or writing.

Saturday, 9th.—Five hundred Rebel prisoners from Alton, Ill., arrived last night, making the number now in confinement a fraction less than six thousand. As the exchange is going on, it is hoped, that in less than four weeks they will all be safely returned to Dixie.

Had a long talk with Chaplain Way about old times and old acquaintances, suggested by incidents in the life of Parson Thomas. He promises me some recollections for my forthcoming family history.

Another cloudy day and stormy night. Nine persons at worship.

Sunday, 10th.—We had a terrible storm last night, which drove the water over the banks all around the Island. At Post No. 12, the sentry stood knee deep in the water until relieved by another who was not quite so literal in the interpretation of orders. Two men, who were trying to make their way to the privy by adjusting some boards across certain low places, were hailed by the sentinel, but not hearing the call, were shot. Neither of them were killed, and one only is reported badly wounded. I have not learned further particulars, except that the men were Tennesseeans.

At 10 o'clock, in company with Gen. Vance, Cols. Duke and Coleman, Capt. Morgan, and my room-mate Brogden, I repaired to the barracks, to hold another Sabbath morning service with the officers. The congregation was not quite so large as on last Sabbath, but the room was well filled, and we had a pleasant time. I preached from 1. Cor. ix, 24, "*So run that ye may obtain.*" Gen. Vance and Major Bullock, with other officers, sat near the stand, and acted as a sort of choir. The Chaplain, Capt. Samford, did not come forward until after the services were over.

On leaving "the Pen," a young man approached me, and extending his hand, said he:—

"I heard your sermon and listened attentively. You told us that a man might be a lawyer, a physician, soldier, or anything else, and serve God righteously as such, provided, the duties of his profession or occupation are performed with an eye single to His glory. Now, sir, I am a lawyer; and I want to know why a *gambler* has not as much right to serve God as any other man."

I had, in the course of my sermon, alluded indirectly to the vice of card-playing, and the question was evidently proposed with a sort of exultant air, to catch me with my own words.

"If it were true, as I had suggested, that secular duties were religious duties, when attended to at the right time and in the right place, why," said he, "could not a man, as an amusement, indulge a little in gambling?"

"It is impossible," I replied, "to serve God and be a gambler. The two things are wholly incompatible."

"Does the Bible say anything about gambling, or card playing?" he rejoined.

"It is true," I answered, "that the word of God is silent, in regard to the specific vice of *card playing;* but the principle involved is clearly revealed, and there can be no question about the sin."

"Well, sir," he again inquired, "tell me, how you make it a sin?"

The sin, I assured him, did not consist in the mere tossing and arranging of a number of painted cards, but in the waste of time, idle words, profane swearing, drinking, brawls, fights, dishonesty, and other ills, which, so constantly, attend the practice.

"Then, upon the same principle, you may denounce the business of merchandizing, or any other pursuit of life, because men choose to be dishonest, or otherwise to commit evil, in connection with their various occupations."

"By no means! for sin has no necessary connection with these. Card playing, on the other hand, is seldom or never unattended with one or more of these acknowledged evils. Even 'playing for fun,' as it is called, has the 'appearance of evil'—which the Apostle denounces; and it is rarely the case, that those who play merely for amusement, do not presently put up a small sum, to add interest to the game; and thus sooner or later, from the fascination of the sport, or from love of gain, involve themselves to such an extent, as to be guilty in the long run of all the attendant sins."

"Well," said he, "I love God; and I think I can serve God quite as well as any other man."

At this point, the conversation ended; and as he turned to leave me, placing my hand upon his shoulder, I remarked, "I hope, my friend, you will see, ere long, that it is utterly impossible for a *gambler* to be a true servant of God." A crowd had gathered around; and I learned from one of the company, that my lawyer friend was one of the most noted card players in "the Pen."

The young man, who on last Sabbath sought a private interview, was Capt. W. C. S——, of Texas. Whilst the gentlemen who came with me, were moving around among their friends, I had an opportunity for a full talk with him. He told me that he had been piously educated, and that his parents were Presbyterians. His conscience had reproved him for neglected opportunities; but he never experienced any special seriousness, until he found himself a prisoner in the Ohio Penitentiary. Here he got hold of Nelson's "Cause and Cure of Infidelity," and although not a sceptic in regard to Divine teachings, he felt himself to be a sinner, and the book was well adapted to him in his distressed condition. His convictions increased with such power, that he could do nothing but read the word of God, and talk upon religious subjects. His companions thought he was losing his mind, and advised him to lay the Bible aside. They all jeered and tormented

him to such an extent, that it was a relief to him to get into his cell, and there in his loneliness, commune with God in prayer. Under these circumstances, and calling to mind the teachings of his good mother, he at length found peace in believing.

Capt. S. tells me, the trouble now is, that with the consciousness of great shortcomings, he fears he is presuming too much. He also complains of difficulties in his way, from his surroundings at the barracks. He was anxious to know what course he should pursue, to avoid the appearance of ostentation in his devotions—there being no opportunity in the "pen" for a moment's privacy. I advised him, under all the circumstances, to make a closet of his bunk; but not to shrink from an open and regular perusal of the Word. I suggested, in this connection, that God might have some work for him to perform, in the way of usefulness to others; and if so, he should not turn from it. He admitted the probability, and expressed a desire to study theology, for his own edification and comfort. It is not unlikely, that this young man, who has been "led by a way he knew not," may yet become an honored servant of Christ, preaching liberty to the captives.

I met with two other young men, who introduced themselves as belonging to Presbyterian families, and as old acquaintances of the shorter catechism. One of them, Lieut. Andrews, is a step-son of the Rev. Dr. Mitchell, of Florence, Ala., who was four months a prisoner under the Lincoln rule, because he could not make just such prayers in the pulpit as suited the men in power.

Services in No. 2 at the usual hour. Preached Christ to the accustomed few.

Monday, 11*th*.—Major Fontaine sent me a copy of his "Dream Thoughts while in Prison," which I wish to preserve for his own sake, as well as the intrinsic value of the poetry. I saw him yesterday on his return from the hospital to the barracks. He is walking with a crutch, on account of a

wound received in battle, and which is not yet healed. The Major has seen much service, and has been wounded thirteen times. He was shot five times whilst acting as a scout for Gen. Pemberton. He was the only one of Pemberton's scouts that succeeded in getting through to Gen. Johnston, on the Big Black River. For his gallantry, and sufferings, he was promoted from the ranks to his present position, by Gen. Johnston. On the arrival of Major Fontaine, at Fort Delaware, he was offered a parole of the island, by Gen. Schœpf, with permission also to visit Philadelphia; but he declined the privilege, preferring to remain in closer confinement, with his brother officers.

Reports having reached the ears of Gen. Schœpf, that certain Rebel officers have been imbibing too freely, he visited the quarters on last Sunday, and with a paper in hand, which had called his attention to the subject, he made a little address, at the table, in somewhat the following style:—

"There now, gentlemen! you see how it is — I am obliged to notice the matter. I know that a little of the 'ardent' is necessary to keep soul and body together; and I have given the sutler orders to let you have it; but you must not get drunk. If anybody, however, does get too much, you must not let him walk about 'the pen.' I want you to take him to his bunk immediately; and you must keep him there until he gets sober." This good-natured, but rather too indulgent speech, from the "old Hungarian," made him a popular man, at least for one day; and three cheers having been proposed, were given with a good will, for Gen. Schœpf.

As an off-set to this lecture, my friend Tibbetts soliloquizes:

> "Brandy, brandy, bane of life!
> Spring of tumult, source of strife!
> Could I half thy curses tell,
> The wise would wish thee safe in hell!"

The Confederate officers have had their money returned. The General says it is not worth much, and they can have it to play euchre with.

Tuesday, 12*th*.—The finest day we have had for many months; the water smooth; the atmosphere clear; and the view across the river so distinct, that the scenery of the Delaware shore was developed more strikingly than I have ever noticed it before. The panorama, including the village of Delaware City, the snug farm-houses, the noble river, the many and different varieties of vessels, all contributed to make the picture beautiful, indeed. I regretted that we had no artist upon the island, to daguerrotype a scene which may not soon, again, be presented in such interesting combinations. After my usual excursion, I returned to a convenient and eligible position on the bank, and there, for an hour or more, contemplated the prospect; talking, the while, with a poor soldier who had joined the Fifth Maryland regiment to avoid the draft, and who had occasionally sat under my ministry in the days gone by.

On this day, three years ago, the first guns were fired in this miserable war. On that day Sumpter fell. It was a sad necessity that induced that terrible, but noble effort in defence of right against usurpation, in our family of States, and in opposition to a self-seeking and fanatical combination, that would have crushed out the very life of the South to build up a sectional interest in a distant corner of the Republic. How dreadful has been the result! How many thousand hearts have been made to bleed; how many thousands of immortal souls have gone prematurely to their final account! What vast expenditures of treasure! What alienations; what spite; what horrible vindictiveness has been engendered; and, alas, how long is this state of things to continue? Separation — positive, permanent separation — is *peace;* and, if there is to be any prosperity in the future, it can only be found in the independent existence of the two portions of the country. A nominal union, continued from year to year at the point of the bayonet, would be a perpetual curse. "I am for peace; but when I speak they are for war."

One of the young men (S. B. Davis) recently shot by a sentinel, died last night at the hospital. The matter has been investigated by the authorities, who blame but do not criminate the act. Is it not too bad, that our poor suffering fellow prisoners should thus be shot down, without redress?

Gen. Schœpf announces, that he is daily expecting an order for the exchange of the prisoners on the Island. The officers will probably go first; the privates next; and it is hoped, that those of us who are called political prisoners may not be forgotten in the winding up.

Several of the Confederate officers are amusing themselves with the prison jewelry business. Generals Thompson and Vance have been quite steadily occupied, for a day or two, in manufacturing gutta percha chains, as mementos of their prison life, to be presented to friends.

Cunningham, one of the galvanized officers, has left and gone North. The other three are closely occupying their room, with only a sort of nodding acquaintance with those who live on the same floor. Now and then, they walk up and down the passage for exercise—but this is very seldom. There is more sympathy for Taylor than for any of the others, as he is said to be a brave man, and at heart a true Southerner.

We had our usual service in No. 2. At this hour (10 P. M.) the band is serenading in the distance; a calm prevails on the river; and the air is sufficiently pleasant to allow the window to be raised.

Wednesday, 13*th*.—It would be mere repetition to record constant trouble with bed-bugs. Sometimes we have special difficulty. This is generally the case when the nights are warm. According to anticipation, last night was spent in the midst of peculiar trials. The dirty things were continually falling from the old perforated and cracked wood in the bunk above me, which is occupied by my friend Brogden. Every time he turned or moved, I thought I could hear them

dropping about my pillow; and several times they fell upon my head and face. Once, a plump, bloody fellow struck me directly in the mouth. Hours passed before I could get to sleep; and, then, only to dream, toss to and fro, and to scratch my poor hands and feet. Brogden and Richardson rubbed themselves well with oil of cinnamon before retiring, and they censure me for not using what they assure me they have found to be a specific.

Notwithstanding mud and mist, walked with Gen. Vance as far as the sutler's. The General tells me, that much to his regret, he has found many of the Chaplains at the South altogether unworthy, and really exerting a most unfavorable influence upon the interests of religion in the army. He says that a Chaplain, formerly in connection with a regiment under his own command, had fallen so low, that he became the butt of the men, who amused themselves in throwing at him, or in other ways showing their disgust. The fellow at length forged a paper—purporting to be official—dismissing himself from the army. He, admits however, that he has met with many pleasing exceptions, and highly commends the piety of those earnest and laborious men who, in spite of opposing obstacles, are excellent "in season and out of season," in the performance of their legitimate work.

Had a pleasant conversation with Charlton Morgan, whom I find to be a very gentlemanly and affable person. At the breaking out of the war he was residing in Sicily, where he had been United States consul, and was at that time acting *Chargé d'Affaires*. He immediately resigned his commission, and for a time acted as Secretary to the Southern Embassy in Paris. He has been in the army some two years or more, and has the reputation of being a gallant fellow.

I find that Col. Tucker is a Northern man by birth, and a graduate of Yale college. He was educated for the bar, but prefers the life of a farmer, in the fine blue grass country about Lexington, Ky. Hearing that several of his negro men

wanted to leave their old home, he wrote to his wife, directing her to give them twenty dollars a piece and let them go, with the injunction, that they should proceed immediately to the North, and select for themselves white wives among the advocates of miscegenation.

Our apartment has been surprisingly quiet since the release of about twenty of our number. Reading, gutta-percha work, and games occupy most of the time of those who remain. The boisterous rompings, which formerly prevailed, are almost at an end; and I have heard no loud swearing for several weeks. Several of our number (whatever may be said of others) are seldom out of their own rooms, and are literally staying at home and minding their own business.

To-morrow, three weeks will have passed since I wrote to Baltimore, defining my position on the subject of the oath, and suggesting to Col. Purnell my preferences in regard to the manner of release, then supposed to be near at hand. No reply has been received. What the strange silence means, I am at a loss to know.

News from the South encouraging; the exchange working slowly; gold $1.75 in New York

Only eight at worship.

Thursday, 14*th*.—A Dutchman, belonging to the 5th Md. Regiment, committed suicide by drowning, either yesterday evening, or last night. His body was found in the river this morning. The cause of the act is unknown.

Charlton Morgan showed me a list of battles, and skirmishes, in which his brother's command had been engaged, up to the 19th of July, 1863. They numbered *forty-eight;* and in nearly every one of them, the Confederates had been eminently successful. He also states, that up to Feb. 15th, 1863, they had captured not less than 25,000 men. The catastrophe which resulted so disastrously to these brave and patriotic men, was occasioned, altogether, by the sudden and unexpected inundation of the Ohio.

The business of smuggling liquor, into the rooms, is not likely to be stopped. It has always been done, with occasional interruptions; but not generally in such quantities as to produce very manifest results. Sometimes, however, we have had three or four, or perhaps half a dozen, evidently under its influence at one time. For a day or two past, the miserable stuff has been circulating with such abundance, as to upset several of our fellow-prisoners; and although there has been no actual outbreak, the querimoniousness of some has been exceedingly unpleasant. How strange and almost universal, in these war times, is the thirst for strong drink! Would that our young men could see the evil in its true light, and dash forever from their lips the poisoned bowl!

I have suffered terribly, of late, for the want of congenial *Christian* society. We have only two or three professors of religion in our apartment — only two, indeed, who are positively known as such. These (Grymes and Maynadier) are both good men, and I esteem and love them much; but they are cramped, and restricted by surrounding circumstances. Sometimes, I am almost tempted to wish, that a few more earnest, whole-souled Christian men could be arrested, and sent to Fort Delaware, that we might lay ourselves out in some more decided and systematic efforts, for the spiritual well-being of the unbelieving and impenitent ones around. I find my imprisonment wholly unfavorable, not only to bodily health, but quite as deleterious to mental improvement. Close study is impossible. Indeed, it is, sometimes, difficult to fix the mind upon the easiest and lightest reading. I am not alone in this experience. Some are complaining of an utter impossibility in this respect; and others, of an entire loss of retentiveness, even after repeated readings. Anxiety, care, suspense, and the sense of oppression so engross the mind, that there seems to be no room for new thought, nor sufficient control for any valuable combination of ideas. In two or three cases, I have noticed an evident

weakening of the mental powers, and the gradual decline has been a distressing spectacle. How frail is man, under any circumstances, but especially in prison, without the help of God!

Felt discouraged to-night, with only six persons at worship.

Friday, 15*th*.— My friends, Grymes and Maynadier, had a hot discussion about the comparative valor and activity of Maryland and Virginia regiments, during the present war — each contending earnestly for his own State. The debate was long-continued, and it is impossible to say when it would have ended, had not Maynadier bethought him of an argument in Grymes' beautiful Maryland wife. The allusion to the necessity of a Virginia soldier resorting to Maryland for such aid and comfort, was like oil upon the troubled waters, and the excited disputants relapsed into their accustomed good humor.

Had a short walk, in company with Colonels Duke and Ward. Col. Ward is a Tennessee lawyer, commanding an unnumbered regiment in Morgan's Division, which bears his own name. He is tall, affable, and quite communicative in conversation. He regretted not hearing me preach last Sabbath, and informed me that the officers had expressed the wish that I should preach twice on each Lord's day.

Lieuts. Thomas, and Andrews—both of them staff officers— are enjoying paroles, handed them yesterday; and are quartered with the other gentlemen who have the same privilege.

A revival of religion is in progress, in the Methodist and Presbyterian churches in Delaware City. A large number of persons are said to have found the pearl of great price. In the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Mr. Hamner, son of Dr. Hamner, of Baltimore, is assisting the pastor, Rev. Mr. Gaylord. The latter minister, it will be remembered, was instrumental in my imprisonment at this place. I can truly say of

him, as Paul did of Alexander, the coppersmith, that he "did me much evil;" but I have, from the first, heartily forgiven him; and it has never occurred to me to pray, "the Lord reward him according to his works." All I desire is, that he may see his error, and that, as a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, he may win many to righteousness.

Major Hammond dreamed last night that he saw me in a dying condition, with a tin cup in my hand, trying to drink. He thought he made an effort to assist me, and was annoyed that others around did not lend a helping hand. In his distress he called loudly, and was heard by Brogden in our own room.

Gen. Vance tells me that he has received a letter from his friend Major Wright, who made his escape between Camp Chase and this place, and that he is now safely in Montreal.

Eight persons at prayers. The sentinel has just announced —10 o'clock P. M.—"all's well." He is mistaken, as I for one am *quite unwell*, and must hurry to bed.

Saturday, 16*th*.—I was somewhat surprised this morning, to receive from Gen. Schœpf a pass for my wife to visit the island. She has written to him, and this is the result. I managed to get it to her in advance of the mail, and I trust she will come over on Monday.

A pleasant interview took place about noon to-day, between Gen. Schœpf and myself, with the paroled officers, at their quarters. The conversation continued for some three quarters of an hour. The General was in a remarkably good humor; passed a number of jokes; told us some interesting things about his native country; referred to his travels at the South; said that he came to America in 1853; had great difficulty in mastering the English language; gave me a pass to visit the officers at the barracks, at will; treated Gen. Vance, Col. Morgan, and others to some extra cigars; apologized for keeping his hat on during the conversation, and left us eventually

with the best impression of his natural goodness of heart, and disposition to treat all the prisoners well.

Gen. Vance handed me his prison album, with the request that I should give him an autograph transcript of some of my rhymes. He has promised, in the same way, to favor me with some of his own pieces. A pretty ballad which I find in his book, penned as lately as yesterday, I take the liberty of transferring to these pages.

THE SOUTH.

My Sunny South! My Sunny South!
Thou land of joy to me,
The blissful clime where sinless youth
Was spent in peaceful glee;
To-night, from bars and prison walls,
On pinions light and free,
My spirit breaks its many thralls,
And wildly seeks for thee.

O'er hill and brake and rushing tide,
And city's lofty spire,
And silver stream and valley wide,
The home of son and sire;
With tireless wing and swelling heart,
Which naught around may stay,
I'll burst these cords and chains apart,
And seek thee—far away.

The eye may droop, the form may bend,
The hair be touched with gray;
Nor night, nor morn, blest peace may send,
To cheer the captive's way;
But sentry's tread, nor musket bright,
Nor all the dread array
Which Northmen use to show their might,
Can cause the *soul* to stay.

I'll seek thy fields and woodlands wild,
Thy own savannas fair;
And be *again* the happy child
That lived and sported there.
And when in sleep I view thy streams,
Which flow *forever* free,
My gladdest, brightest, sweetest dreams
Shall be of *home* and thee!

FORT DELAWARE, *April 16th*, 1867.

King Alcohol reigns, with supreme power, over not less than six of our imprisoned *politicals*, to-night. Two or three are completely "soaked," and others are sufficiently under the influence of the poison to be by no means themselves. It is curious to notice the different effects produced—some merry, some angry, some talkative, some morose, or silent; but all making themselves more or less disagreeable and troublesome.

We still have a few ignorant and unprincipled fellows among us. Why these characters should have been associated with others, so superior to themselves in decency, position and influence, it is hard to divine. To call them "political prisoners" is a burlesque. Some of them can't read their own names; they have no just appreciation of the questions at issue; they are wholly influenced by the love of gain, or brutal spite; and have no more love for the South than for the North, except as they anticipate personal benefit. They are to be blamed, and yet to be pitied. They ought to be anywhere rather than here, and wherever they are, they ought to be watched.

A bloody fight has just occurred between W—— and the two L——'s. I heard the struggle in the passage some time before opening the door, hoping that it would soon subside. The parties were all more or less worsted, and the result might have been tragic, but for the timely interference of Hammond and others, who interposed to take them apart.

I was about closing without mentioning my visit to the hospital. On showing my parole, I was allowed to go in and see Robert Reynolds, and a young man named Lefevre, from Baltimore. Reynolds is from Portsmouth, and has been at Fort Delaware ever since the battle of Gettysburg. He is now suffering with pneumonia. His mother has visited him once, and is expected again next week. I endeavored, faithfully, to advise with both the young men, and pressed the subject of a personal interest in the blood of Christ.

Sunday, 17*th.*—On entering "the pen" this morning, my attention was called to a crowd of persons, standing on the two sides of a ditch, in which was a surface of water some four or five feet wide, stretching across the area. Approaching the spot, I found that they were officers of various grades, amusing themselves with miniature vessels of chips, or bark, with extemporized sails. Had it not been the Sabbath, I should not have been surprised—as it is a fact that almost any trifle will serve to amuse a prisoner, whose life is generally one of the most wearisome monotony. But why should I have been astonished at all? For what is the Sabbath, in these days of war, more than any other day, but as a day of inspection and parade—or (if varied at all) but a soldier's play-day; and what are soldiers (like other men) but *children* of larger growth?

My congregation, at the officers' barracks, was quite as good as on last Sabbath. The services were held, as usual, in No. 31, the apartment occupied by the Morgan corps. The body of the room was well filled; and many persons occupied the two tiers of bunks on either side, which, as I stood at the end of the room, had much the appearance of galleries. I have never had a more intelligent and orderly congregation. The time of service was announced by a choir of singers, who sounded forth their full notes of excellent music, with enlivening effect. My discourse was founded upon Prov. iii. 17—my object, of course, being to show the pleasures of religion. At one period of the sermon, I thought I observed considerable feeling; and it seems to me that God is with us. Who knows but that the seed sown this day may bring forth much fruit? "The day will declare it."

Among the officers at the barracks is Major Ferguson, of Va., who captured the Yankee General Scammon. He was afterwards separated from his command, and was himself taken—the capturer, and the captured, each now beguiling their hours in his enemy's prison. The Major is a fine looking man, with full black beard.

I also met with a young Lieutenant, belonging to the 3d Georgia regiment, which was for several months quartered near Portsmouth. This young man, whose name is Bristed, says he has heard me preach several times.

My services to-night, in No. 2, were short, and the congregation as small as usual. We prayed for those who joined not with us. * * * * *

Monday, 18*th*.—I have had a great treat to-day, in a visit from my wife. She was accompanied across the river by Chaplain Way, who, with great kindness, invited us to occupy his room. An annoyance occurred at the wharf, with a corporal, who refused to let a hand trunk pass, until searched. The trunk contained clothing, which Mrs. H. had brought over, to provide for any sudden emergency of my release by exchange. Just as she was leaving Delaware City, a person handed her a small bundle, and a pamphlet, giving her no information about them. For more than an hour I was exceedingly uncomfortable, lest there might be something contraband. After the search was completed, and both the trunks and a basket were pronounced approved, my relief was great.

An opportunity occurred for walking around the island, and, for the first time, Mrs. Handy became acquainted with the locality of different buildings, and out-door movements on the "Pea Patch." After an agreeable day, she left on the mail boat, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by Mrs. Stanley, wife of Rev. Mr. Stanley, of Prince George's county, Md., whose son is an invalid at the hospital.

After the usual worship in No. 2, a general debate arose in regard to the reported massacre at Fort Pillow—some approving, others condemning the current newspaper statements. A majority seemed to think it perfectly right to refuse quarter, in all cases, to officers and men of negro regiments. To my own mind, one of the most horrible features of this war is the vindictive and relentless spirit that is so commonly manifested

on either side. The barbarian character of the invasion, and the remorseless idea of extermination, with the ten thousand cruelties inflicted upon prisoners, citizens, and even women and children, have engendered in the Southern mind a feeling of hate, and a desire for retaliation, that roots out all piety from the heart, leaving oppressors and oppressed in a like condition of dreadful sin. Alas, for the Church of Christ! What a miserable wreck does she seem to appear! But thanks be to God—the day cometh, when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Tuesday, 19*th*.—A very exciting day—more so than any we have had for a long time. In the morning a bloody fight occurred in the interior of the Fort, between two members of Company Q, who were seized by the guard and removed from sight. In a few moments after, another member of this redoubtable corps was taken to the guard-house, the spectators from the windows concluding that he had some connection with the fight.

In the forenoon, perambulated the Island with Gen. Vance. Having made our rounds, hauled up at the "bull pen," showed our passes, and went in to the prisoners. Visited several of the divisions, formed some new acquaintances, and had a cosy chat with several clever fellows, who gathered around to hear something new. Was informed by Capt. Samford, that regular evening services are held, in which he, Major Bullock, Capt. Shane, and others take the lead. Found that the number of professors of religion, known to be such, is not more than fifteen or twenty. A few persons had expressed some interest during the week, about the welfare of their souls, and one had solicited special prayer in his behalf. Cards seemed to be the order of the day in one room; in another a number of persons were busily engaged about the stove in reading, and others were occupied at chess. Many were promenading the board walks, and a number were sunning themselves against the sides of the building.

Inquiring about the "living," all agreed that at present there is no scarcity of food, but the quality was universally reprobated. The bread was complained of, as exceedingly coarse; and the meat, they affirm, is invariably boiled without salt. They have rice and beans occasionally, but no other vegetables. A few cases of small-pox had occurred, but there was not much complaint of sickness. Capt. W. R. White, of Arkansas, who is suffering from general debility, and looks bad, referred to his own need of appropriate diet. Col. Brewer gave me a short account of his remarkable escape last spring, after swimming nearly all night in his pants and boots, and landing ten or twelve miles up the Delaware. Left at the call for dinner, with pressing invitations to come frequently.

Tibbetts has had a day of trouble, arousing the sympathy of all his fellow prisoners. Just as I was about leaving for my morning walk, a message comes, ordering him to the General's office. The object is, to show him a letter intercepted in Philadelphia, and to ascertain what he knows about it. It proves to be a letter which he wrote some three weeks ago, to a lady in Western Virginia, and which he had sent by the underground conveyance. The General excited; wants to know how he came to send such a letter (it was severe on the "Yankees," in the region of New Creek); demands the name of the carrier; threatens him with the cells; Capt. Ahl interposes, and Tibbetts is sent back to his quarters, acknowledging the letter, and implicating no one, save the washerwoman, whom he had unfortunately referred to in the letter. At intervals of an hour or more, our room-mate is sent for a second and third time. The General questions him more fully as to the manner of sending the letter; presses the subject, to ascertain whether Tosner, the regular mail-carrier, and husband to the washerwoman, is not implicated. He wishes to know also, to what extent the contraband communication has been going on, and which of the prisoners he had aided in sending letters. Tosner and his wife are both called up and catechized.

Mrs. T. admits, that she sent this one letter in a bundle by her husband to Delaware City. She gives no satisfaction as to whether the carrier had any knowledge of her act. Tosner is threatened; he remonstrates; the General orders the engineer to discharge him forthwith; Tosner thinks the sentence should be delayed at least for a day or two. The General talks more mildly to Tibbetts, who gives no more information than appears upon the face of the detected letter. The "Commissary" returns, greatly troubled about Tosner, and caring nothing for himself, even though he be sent to the cells. Everybody wants to know the result. A sort of levee is held; the whole story is told; and Tibbetts comes off with flying colors, receiving the congratulations of the whole house for his firmness and honor.

"Fresh fish!" Two young men, J. W. Boucher, of Georgetown, D. C., Samuel H. Pairo and Kent Williams, of Baltimore, have joined our corps of "Politicals." They are all charged with blockade-running; and have been sentenced by Gen. Lew. Wallace to confinement at this place. The second named is a son of Mrs. Pairo, who was recently sent South by the Yankees.

The excitement produced by the arrival of the strangers reduced our praying circle, to-night, to a number — I was about to write, barely sufficient to claim the blessing — Grymes, Maynadier and myself, who comprise our prison *church*, were each in our places; and Long—who, though not a professor of religion, is seldom absent—was true to his rule.

Wednesday, 20th.—Three-quarters of a year, this day, since my arrest in Sussex. It is difficult to realize it! To look back, in detail, the time has been long. The confinement, separation from my wife and children, anxiety of mind and bodily sufferings, have all contributed to give me a protracted ordeal. At a general glance, however, going back to the latest scenes, I can scarcely realize the lapse of more than two

or three months. This seems to be the experience of others. In looking forward, we should scarcely feel capable of enduring; but in the retrospect, we are like those that dream.

Mrs. Reynolds, of Portsmouth, is still here. She has been more fortunate than others, in getting to see her sick son. Happening to be ward-master, at the hospital, he has a private room, where she may be with him night and day, rendering such attentions as he may need. I found no difficulty in getting access to the room; and spent an hour talking to the mother about the state of things in Portsmouth, and to her son on the more important subject of his soul's welfare.

Mrs. R. congratulates me upon my absence from home at this time, assuring me that the Yankee rule in Portsmouth and Norfolk is almost intolerable. Among many other things, illustrating the cruelties of Butler, she says that he sent a young lady, named McCarrick, to Fort Hatteras, where she was without a single female associate, and kept her there twelve days, because she would not reveal the names of certain parties, who had aided her in getting across the lines with a few articles of clothing, needed by her brother in the army. The wicked tyrant is, also, said to have connived at a forged letter, purporting to be from this same young lady, in which she is made to criminate Mrs. Foster, of Norfolk, and an acknowledgment is thus extorted, corroborating the charges; and, of course, he made her to suffer the consequences. After prayer by the bedside of young Reynolds, for which he heartily thanked me, I hurried away to other scenes.

About thirty wounded prisoners from David's Island, N. Y., were landed this evening, and made their way to the hospital. All of them were on crutches, save one man.

Preparations are going on for the exchange of five hundred convalescents from the hospital. A transport is expected to take them off to-morrow. Gen. Schœpf says that all the prisoners, now on the island, will be exchanged in about ten days. So, also, he told us, near two weeks ago—that there would be

a number of transports here in less than ten days. All this may be to encourage the prisoners; but the effect is sadly the reverse.

Richardson says a sentinel with whom he was talking on the bank, spoke very bitterly of the political prisoners, and remarked that the "Rev. *Able* Handy, who wears the long hair, ought to be hung."

"Mosieur Tonson has come again!" De La Mar popped in upon us, suddenly, to-night, looking and acting very much after the old fashion. He has been under parole at Wilmington, but with a strict guard, day and night — a paradoxical condition certainly; guarded, and yet on his honor not to make his escape. His wife, who has been ill, is now better. He has renounced his British protection, and returns to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, with a view to his release to-morrow morning.

Thursday, 21*st*.—I was much surprised by another visit from my wife. She came over to show me a letter from Col. Purnell, announcing the decision of Judges Bond and King in relation to my release. He says, "I am sorry to inform you that Judge Bond sent me a note, this morning, stating that he is unwilling to recommend Dr. Handy's release, upon any other terms than those proposed to him, to wit: taking the oath of allegiance — this, notwithstanding he promised me to allow him to go South, or to Canada. Judge King, however, is perfectly willing to his release, and says it should take place immediately." He also advises my wife, as the only remaining alternative, to go with letters from prominent persons, to the Secretary of War, and in case of refusal, to make direct application to the President. Such then is the prospect before me— still a prisoner, and likely to be for months to come, unless God shall interpose some special providence in my behalf. I have no hope whatever through Stanton; and though, by a persevering and toilsome effort, Lincoln might be reached, and perhaps

moved, the embarrassment and exposure would be more than I am willing that my wife should encounter. Thank God, I feel strengthened, and my mind is steadily fixed in regard to the unreasonable and wicked test, which those in power would force upon me. I will not injure my conscience, nor bring disgrace upon myself and family, to save the flesh. Duty seems to me to be plain. The result shall be left to Him who hath said, "Fear not him who can kill the body, but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

The three new-comers, Boucher, Pairo, and Weems, called in this evening at No. 6, and made themselves quite pleasant in conversation. Boucher is a merchant of Georgetown, D. C. He has been imprisoned for three months in the old Capitol at Washington, and is now sent to this place by sentence of court-martial, for aiding a Miss Murray to get as far south as Rockville, Md. He is to serve out a term of twelve months, in addition to the time already spent in prison. At the old Capitol Mr. B. was confined in the same room with twelve Yankee officers—all of them charged with robbing the government under which they held military commissions. Among the number, was the notorious Fish, late Provost Marshal of Baltimore. The account which he gives of this man's character corresponds with the generally received statements of his low-mindedness and villainy. He says he is one of the most vulgar, and indecent men he ever saw. His conversations are constantly of lewd women. It was his boast, that he had stopped the ladies of Baltimore from wearing the Confederate colors, by employing bawds, and women of the town, to dress in "red white and red." This he did, officially, and by direction of his superior officer and coadjutor, the tyrant Schenck, who encouraged him in the payment of large sums to employ this vulgar agency in the protection of the United States Government. Boucher affirms that the other officers with whom he had the misfortune to be thrown, were of the same low stripe with Fish; and that they were so

exceedingly disagreeable to him, by reason of their constant obscenity, and other expressions of depravity, that he got a parole, which allowed him to leave the room with long intervals of absence.

Pairo was formerly connected with the 3d Alabama regiment, which was encamped, for a time, near Norfolk—as fine looking a body of men as I ever saw. I remember well when they passed through Portsmouth. Their unusual height, intelligent and healthy appearance, and numbers, were subject of universal remark. Pairo's grandfather was a Prussian, whom I distinctly remember from the days of my childhood.

Mrs. Stanley, wife of the Rev. Mr. Stanley, of Maryland, who has been visiting her sick son, was to-day ordered to leave the island. I saw her going to the boat, in company with the Provost Marshal. The order took her by surprise, and of course caused her great distress. Her son, who was expecting an immediate exchange, is now denied the privilege. No explanations have been given, and we are all ignorant of any cause.[1]

Friday, 22d.—Spent much of the day with the Confederate officers, in the interior of the fort and at the barracks. Conversed with Capt. W——, whose health is very poor, on the

[1] The following extract from a letter of C. H. Stanley, Esq., dated Oct. 28th, 1873, and received since this work was sent to press, will sufficiently explain what was regarded at the time, as a great mystery:—

"In May, 1864, just before Meade made his advance (I think) an order was received at Fort Delaware to send off the wounded and sick prisoners on exchange. I had been ill, and my mother allowed to be with me. Gen. Schœpf, who was in command, supposed I should take the oath of allegiance in return for the kindness he considered he had extended to my mother and myself. I had requested that my name should be put in the list to go. Hearing of it, he came to me—my mother was sitting at my bedside—and said: 'Stanley, do you want to go South and fight again?' I answered, 'I wish to be exchanged.' He replied, 'You shan't go South, you shall stay here and die.' Being anxious to go, I asked my mother to go to the Fort and remonstrate with him. He told her he could be 'as mild as a lamb, and as fierce as a tiger, and if she was such a rebel as to be willing for me to go South, she did not properly appreciate the privilege of visiting me.' He then ordered an aide to take her to Delaware City, and refused an earnest request to go back and bid me goodbye. I could only surmise that she had been sent off, no message even being brought me. She left her gloves and satchel, and I kept them until I returned, after the war. As it happened, the advance of the Federal Army prevented an exchange at that time, and through the Secretary of Schœpf I managed to be exchanged among the first in September."

Mr. Stanley was wounded, and captured at South Mountain, near Gettysburg, on the 5th of July, 1863.

subject of personal religion. His mind is much exercised in regard to his spiritual condition, and I was gratified to learn that he had been benefited by my sermons, and is now "faintly hoping."

Had a long talk with Capt. Morgan on religious subjects. Questions were proposed in regard to the condition of the soul immediately after death; an intermediate state; the justice of God in the eternal punishment of the sinner; the final condition of the heathen, &c.—a field entirely too wide even for a partial survey; subjects too high even for the greatest intellects, or most profound Bible students, to speak with certainty.

Major Rasin has received a mysterious letter, postmarked New Castle, Del., and purporting to be from a friend, who informs him of a wonderful feat performed by De La Mar, just as the steamer was leaving the wharf. It states that a lady having fallen overboard, De La Mar had leaped into the water, and after swimming a considerable distance, had saved her life. The "Judge" does not know what to make of it—he is unable to identify his reputed friend, and says the style is peculiar.

Company Q has had an accession of some thirty recruits, all from the Potomac. The corps have been notified, that many of their number will leave to-morrow, for the Dry Tortugas. On the strength of the news, some of the fellows got up a burlesque pay-day scene. A man was rolled around the yard in a wheelbarrow, with a box in his lap, to represent the paymaster. On the arrival of this important personage, the Fort resounded with cheers, and there were many demonstrations of joy. A good hit; but it will be a long time before their pay-day really comes.

Tosner, our late mail agent, moved his effects from the island, to-day.

The average attendance at prayers.

Saturday, 23*d*.—An artist from Philadelphia has been at

work all day, in the casemates, photographing the faces of Confederate officers, and a few of the political prisoners. Special permission was granted by Gen. Schœpf, who selected the photographer, and sent for him, himself. He seemed to enjoy the progress of the work; and as most of us appeared in our best attire, we were complimented by him, upon our improved appearance, which, of course, was attributed to our residence at the fort.

Another visit to the barracks. Took my autograph album with me, and left it for the signatures of the officers, and such scraps and sentiments as they might choose to record. Became acquainted with Lieut. Moore, of East Tennessee, who was at one time a Ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Church, at Chattanooga, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Mr. Bradshaw. Major McCreary is another young man from a Presbyterian family, exceedingly gentlemanly and polite, and his appearance soldier-like. Capt. Moore, of Texas, seems to be a pious man. Capt. W—— told me that some years ago he joined the Church, but at a time of excitement, and with no well grounded hope.

Capt. S—— is greatly in earnest to know more of the Scriptures, and the religion of Jesus Christ. He longs to be a minister of the Gospel; but shudders at the long preparatory training required by the Confession of Faith; is determined, however, to persevere in the work. He gave me an interesting account of his religious feelings, and of the change wrought in his heart, at the Penitentiary; and referred with modesty and gratitude, to the blessing which God had already given him, in making him an instrument in the conversion of one of his associates. We secured an opportunity for a private interview, in a vacant ward; and spent half an hour or more in talking of such matters as most delight a young Christian.

The interior of the fort has presented a scene of continued excitement, all day. Besides the picture business, which has engrossed many minds, and much time, the authorities have

been busily making preparations for sending off a part of Company Q to Florida. One hundred and eighty men took the boat, this evening, under a guard of fifty "galvanized" men belonging to Ahl's Battery, and who, though not one of them is from Delaware, are called "Delaware Volunteers." Several of the convicts have privately notified some of the Politicals, of a scheme to seize the boat and run her on the Southern shore.

A number of poor Confederates from the barracks, came within the Fort this afternoon, with a cart to haul out some rubbish. By some means it was ascertained that they wanted bread. Every loaf or slice that could be spared from our rooms, was gathered up and thrown out to them from the windows. It was painful to see them eagerly rushing with uplifted hands, to catch the smallest stale scrap. Some of them began to devour with eagerness, whatever they were fortunate enough to secure; and others filled th ir pockets and coat-bosoms, with the precious food. What does all this mean?—Are these men starving? They are hungry, *very* hungry—else they would never degrade themselves by rushing for stale bread—scrambling for it if it should fall into the dust, and then eating it with evident relish. Who is to blame?—There is fault somewhere.

The "Judge" has found that the letter of yesterday was a hoax. It was handed to the Sergeant (as he came up with the mail), who, being a new man and a jolly fellow, was willing to humor the joke. The poor man has suffered for his folly; for the "Judge" having discovered that he had been "sold," accosted the carrier, and threatening to report him, gave him a dreadful scare. Some of our mischievous boys are chuckling over the trick.

Our number was increased to-day by the addition of Capt. Aud, of Montgomery Co., Md., who has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment at this place. He is charged with aiding, or promising to aid, Miss Murray in her escape to the

South. He has been robbed by the Yankees of about $3000 worth of stock and other property, besides losing a number of servants.

Eight or ten at prayers.

Sunday, 24th.— My congregation at the barracks was quite as good as heretofore. We assembled in a new room, and consequently had many new faces; whilst some, who have been heretofore attending, were not present. This occasioned some embarrassment, as I had selected a subject with special reference to several, whose difficulties had become familiar to me from repeated conversations. My audience, however, was respectful and attentive, and the result may show the particular ordering of Him who wisely directs and over-rules all things. Subject: the *Mysteries of Divine truth*—taking John iii. 9, as the basis of remark.

Had some conversation with Capt. Samford, in regard to the propriety of appointing a sacramental meeting. He agreed with me as to the utility and importance of such a step; and it is probable that we shall arrange for the service on next Sabbath.

I found the photograph man at the officers' quarters, regularly fixed up for taking pictures. I am told that during the day he took a number of faces, paying no respect whatever to the sacred hours of the Sabbath. But this desecration of the Lord's Day is not at all uncommon. In the course of the afternoon, I could see from my grated window, great crowds of men, belonging to the 5th Md. Regiment, engaged in various sports, such as throwing at a mark, pitching quoits, and boxing; and afterward the usual dress parade, with music by a full band.

Very unwell all day, and have done but little reading. At night tried to hold the usual services, with body and mind wholly unfitted for the work. Few in attendance.

Monday, 25th.— Several days have passed since the announcement that the sick were about to be removed. Many poor fellows have been waiting in anxious suspense; but still no transport comes. On the night of the order to get ready for removal, an unusual number of patients died in the hospitals. Since then, everybody has been trying to be ready to go. Many are now convalescent, who were thought to be quite low. The rolls have been newly revised; the men have been paroled; many letters have been written, and handed over to the authorities to be sent directly through; and all is anxiety and expectancy.

Capt. Long was very unexpectedly released to-day, after taking the oath of allegiance. He has always been ready to avouch his attachment to the Constitution; but has no friendship for the Administration, or its acts. Like most of those who have been released, however, he considers the oath of very little force, in view of the compulsory circumstances under which it is subscribed. Capt. Ahl, having some knowledge of his feelings on this subject, asked whether he would be *sincere* in taking it. Long simply replied, that "he would take it." On his return to his room he was evidently disturbed; and it was some time before he could be prevailed upon to gratify the general curiosity to know why he was called down. He presently jumped into his bunk, where, as he stretched himself out, and feeling more at home, he acknowledged the act; said he would not have done it, but for his family; and that it was the first time he had ever taken an oath in bad faith. Such are some of the evils of this imposition upon the rights of conscience.

Maynadier gives an account of a young man named Dashiel, from North Carolina, who, after a long imprisonment (at Fort McHenry), finding no way of getting out, except by taking the oath, applied to the authorities for permission to do so. Not altogether satisfied in regard to his loyalty, said Gen. Morris:

"What are you in favor of?"

"I am in favor of everything the Government wants," replied Dashiel.

"But what *measures* do you approve of?"

"Why, Sir," was the reply, "I am in favor of abolition, amalgamation, subjugation, confiscation, miscegenation, and last, but not least, of the President's amnesty proclamation."

The thing was too glaring. Morris was outdone, and called out in a rage:

"Sergeant, take this man back to prison."

"Aunt Janie," or Semiramis, as Gen. Thompson calls her, a fat negro wench, formerly of Maryland, who has been cooking for the paroled officers, has been ordered outside of the fort; and her valuable services are thus lost to the company, who must hereafter care for themselves as best they can. The darkey, too, must suffer by this peremptory order of our capricious authorities, for her bargain was made at seven dollars a week, in greenbacks; and her "pickings" were no small matter.

Chaplain Paddock informs me, that he has not had a funeral for several days. The hospitals, however, are full of sick, and I frequently see a hundred or more, who are not considered sick enough for the hospital, applying for medicines, in the morning. At the last account there were eighty cases of small-pox.

Ten persons present at worship; we remembered Captain Long, who leaves us in the morning.

Tuesday, 26th.—Capt. Long left this morning. In parting with his fellow prisoners, he exhibited considerable emotion. As he took us, each, by the hand, he could scarcely speak, and the tears filled his eyes. He is a worthy man, and a true friend of the South. Though not a professor of religion, he made it a point, always, to be present at worship; he repudiated all liquor as a beverage; was a great talker; and being

always earnest; modest, and sensible, he was one of our most popular men; and has left with the good wishes of all his prison associates.

It was near eleven o'clock before we got through with breakfast. I am generally up some time before my room-mates; and occasionally make the fire out of my turn, which I, now, choose to fill. I should generally be up soon after reveille, but for the dilatory habits of the others. When the weather is warmer, I shall not wait for them.

Missed my walk with Gen. Vance, in consequence of the late breakfast. Had a round with Lieut. Andrews. This young gentleman is an aide-de-camp to Gen. Roddy. He is from Florence, Ala., and the son of a Presbyterian father. From peculiar circumstances, he did not enter the army for fifteen months after the commencement of the war. He was a prisoner at Louisville, Ky., for several months. He has been a successful planter and merchant, and gave five hundred dollars, before leaving home, for the benefit of the widows and orphans about Florence.

Had a protracted, and earnest discussion with Brogden, about the true and literal meaning of the word *enfilade*—he contending that it meant, "firing upon a column from either side, or upon both sides, but not at a right angle;" and I that it simply meant, "firing upon a line in its prolongation, or a raking fire in the direction of a straight line." Brogden was persistent, and the matter was submitted to the paroled officers. Quite an animated talk arose; authorities were consulted, and my definition sustained. Although the two Generals, a Colonel, a Captain, and all the lexicographers were against him, my friend Brogden firmly adhered to his position, illustrating the old couplet:

> "A man convinced against his will
> Is of the same opinion still."

A strong feeling of opposition exists between the regular Yankee volunteers and the "galvanized" men, now garrison-

ing the island. To-day a quarrel took place, which had well nigh resulted in a regular battle. A fight did occur, which caused Deitz, the Assistant Provost Marshal (a galvanized Louisiana "tiger"), to send the "Yanks" to the cells. Afterwards, a number of men, representing both parties, met near wharf No. 4, where they passed threats and curses; and a furious mêlée must have ensued, but for the apprehension of severe usage by the authorities. The disturbance, which continued for some time, occurred in the presence of most of the political prisoners, who were at the time airing on the bank.

Some of the liquor men complain of a stoppage of their accustomed supplies, Dr. Stone having been informed of the very disagreeable effects resulting from his large prescriptions in favor of certain parties. They have been very curious to know who could have made himself the busy informant, and quite a wrathy feeling has developed itself against a suspected person. The truth is, that the evil has grown so much, that an embargo has been necessary for the general good.

Finished reading a work entitled "Beyond the Lines; or a Yankee Prisoner loose in Dixie." The author claims to be a Methodist Protestant preacher, named Geer. Having patiently, and dispassionately waded through its 285 pages, I have laid it aside, disgusted with its palpable prejudice, malice, and falsehood. It is disgraceful to the pulpit, that such a thing should have been given to the public. Its object is, evidently, to keep alive the burning malignity of the extreme fanatics at the North. The intelligent will, at once, discover its distorted statements; and the truly pious will be astonished at its immorality. But why should I occupy space in referring to a book, which justifies the servant in stealing from his master; connives at the making, and circulation of spurious money; and excuses a minister of Jesus Christ in telling a lie to save his life? I mention it, only, to warn the inconsiderate against the morality of this teacher of religion, and to save the time of those who do not wish to occupy themselves in reading

malicious falsehoods about clay-eaters, and blood-hounds; chaining white men in pairs by the neck; pinning prisoners to the ground, with stakes, and exposing them to the rain for hours, to be released only to die; and last, but not least, of one who, though a married man, and a preacher, talks about a yellow girl who brings him a "possum leg," as "an angel in his eyes."

Wednesday, 27th.—Visited the barracks. Found the photographer still at work with his pictures. Was introduced to Col. Welby Carter, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry. He is a large, fine looking man, about twenty-seven years of age, and has the reputation of being a brave and dashing officer. His home is in Loudon county, where he has a fine residence and elegant farm.

Dined with the paroled officers. Had a good dinner of ham, mock-turtle, stewed tomatoes, and other delicacies, prepared by Col. Dick Morgan, who happened to be cook for the day. No complaint can be made by these gentlemen, as to "prison fare." They are abundantly supplied by friends in Baltimore, New York, and *Boston*, with all that can be desired for comfort or luxury. Scarce a day passes that one or more boxes are not opened. To-day the assortment of condiments, confections, sealed fruits, vegetables, and other desirable articles, to the value of one hundred dollars—all from Yankeedom—and the benevolent donation of James Oakes, (Editor of the *Sporting Journal*), assures us, that there is some heart yet left in the old Bay State. Gen. Thompson, who is at the head of the mess, and to whom a large proportion of these articles is sent, spends much time, assisted by all the other officers, in arranging boxes, to be divided out at the barracks, among those who have not the same opportunities to procure these comforts. Mrs. Thayer continues to send clothing for our needy boys.

Lieut. Tomlinson, who is quite a young man, and an aide to Gen. Ferguson, is rooming with Gen. Vance. He was

captured during the recent Stoneman raid in Mississippi. He has been in a number of engagements, and has had two horses shot from under him. When the first was wounded, he was charging a regiment, of which his own brother was Colonel. He gives an account of the shooting of a negro woman by fifteen or twenty men, belonging to an Illinois regiment, for the inhuman murder and desertion of her three children. She was from the neighborhood of Canton, Miss., and was running off with the Yankees. Becoming tired of her helpless offspring, she managed to make way with two of the poor things; and when nearing Vicksburg, she put the last from her arms, and was leaving it by the road-side, when the exasperated soldiers levelled their guns, as by a simultaneous impulse, and riddled her body with bullets. Tomlinson was an eye-witness of the scene.

Spent an hour in a theological talk with Capt. Morgan, Lieut. Andrews, and others—aroused by the proposition of various questions which they wished me to answer. Was pleased to have this opportunity, and was gratified to find them interested in my remarks, which I endeavored without "preaching" to make as practical as possible.

Frequent losses are occurring both of boxes and of money, which have been forwarded to prisoners. Maynadier has recently lost a valuable box, which he had waited for with anxiety. To-day, Joice has been looking after a remittance, which he ought to have received long ago, and which, though acknowledged on the Postmaster's books, has never been put into the hands of the person for whom it was intended. The circumstances, as developed, reveal ugly dealing among some of the lower officials. Sharp words have passed, and the matter may have an unpleasant sequel.

Mr. Rasin received the news of small-pox in the family of his son, and of the death of one of his grand-children.

Eight persons at worship.

Thursday, 28*th.*—Accompanied Colonel Tucker to the barracks. Find, that the Colonel is a native of Boston, and that he left there at ten years of age. He has suffered much at the hands of the Yankees, not only in the loss of a large amount of personal property, but also in the great indignities offered his family. He is an intelligent gentleman, about thirty-two years of age, genteel in appearance, and quite unostentatious.

I requested on last Sabbath, that any persons desiring special advice or conversation on religious subjects, should make themselves known to me during the week. To-day, Capt. J. H. D——, of Arkansas, sought an opportunity for private talk. He is a member of the Methodist Church, but like many others, who have been exposed to the evil influences of the camp, he has found himself wandering from the fold. Our interview was pleasant, and I trust not without good.

I found Capt. S—— in one of the vacant wards, seated upon a blanket near one of the windows, diligently engaged with his Bible, and McIlvaine's Evidences of Christianity, which I left with him on last Sabbath. His heart is greatly warmed, and he is thirsting for knowledge.

Gen. Vance told me, to-day, that my sermon on last Sabbath had awakened much interest, and that some of the views presented were being used by the friends of religion in repelling an infidel opposition, which was developing itself among some of the officers.

It is reported that Schley's regiment is to be sent to the front; and that the Fort is to be garrisoned shortly by negro troops. I doubt this; but the rumor creates some feeling. Should it be true, our situation, as prisoners, will be greatly aggravated.

The evening papers report the fall of Newbern, N. C., but it needs confirmation.

I close this at 10.20 P. M., hoping to finish the evening in scratching a few lines to my family.

Friday, 29th.—We have had a remarkably fine day—the sun shining brightly; the air pleasant; the river ruffled only by a gentle breeze, and the verdure of the fields on the Delaware shore promising plentiful harvests, and deriding the folly of those who delight themselves in war, rather than in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. How often does my eye stretch across to those beautiful banks, and my mind wander still farther into the interior, bringing vividly to memory not only the fertile country, but the people to whom I once preached—whom I sincerely loved, and who loved me; a people who thought, and felt with me, not only in regard to the interests of religion, but for the most part, on the great issues of the day; who approved of my votes, and speeches in the highest conventions of our church; and who sympathized with me, in my attachment to the South. But what, now, is the feeling between us? For myself, I am conscious of no change of sentiment, nor of any alienation of heart. But I fear it is not so on their part. With some interesting, and ever to be remembered exceptions, those old acquaintances know me no more, save as an alien, or an enemy. In sight of their very church spires, they have suffered me to languish in prison; when sick and in need, they have not visited me; nor have they so much as sent me a trifling remedial for my health; nor a kind word to cheer me, in my absence from my family and amid the trying scenes of prison life. "Not that I speak in respect of want; for I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

A floating target, roof shaped, with a staff running out from the top of the cone, and bearing a white flag, was towed down the river by the Osceola, to the distance of about a mile, and there anchored. We anticipated an interesting trial of some of the barbette guns, and waited with patience, during the preparatory movements. Powder and ball were conveyed to the parapet, and a good deal of ogling was done by the officials,

with their long glasses; but the target, which had been very restless under the action of the tide, was presently capsized, and the fun was spoiled for the day. Monday has now been appointed as the day for the grand trial.

A number of the completed photographs have been returned from Philadelphia—most of them are very good. General Vance's, Gen. Thompson's, Col. Duke's and my own, with others, are pronounced admirable. Others are objected to.[1]

We had eleven persons at worship; others were busy at cards, and the remainder preferred to be excused.

For a wonder, Brogden is in bed at 11 o'clock. Richardson has just seated himself, for an hour or two in correspondence.

Saturday, 30*th*.—General inspection to-day. All the companies out; the soldiers in their best attire; fine music; the paroles signed; and with the fine weather, the island has worn a holiday appearance.

The photographer has been the great man of the day. After the inspection, Capt. Mulotowski had his company paraded in squads, for their pictures. He appears to be on very familiar terms with his soldiers; and it was amusing to see him fixing the men, and adjusting their arms, caps, etc., to give them a graceful appearance. Mulotowski is a Hungarian, and was a military man before he came to this country. He has more dash and flourish than any of his brother-officers, in the garrison. He is a clever, social fellow; loves his beer, and schnapps; acknowledges his ignorance of American politics; says "soldiering is his profession," and that he fights for the money. He treats the "Rebs" with kindness; cordially shakes hands with the Confederate officers; and admits that a prisoner not only has a right to try to make his escape, if not on parole; but, that duty to his Government requires him to do so, if possible.

1 The copies on wood, which appear in this volume, and which were carefully executed by distinguished artists, whilst they do not profess to be perfect *fac-similes*, are as nearly like the originals as such pictures are usually made.

The artist tried his skill, with a group embracing the paroled officers, Brogden and myself, making fifteen in all. The company did me the honor to give me the central position, with General Vance on the right, and Gen. Thompson on the left —the others seated on either side, or standing in the rear, with Bailey Key, the orderly, on a blanket in front. Something was said about bringing a couple of Rebel ladies into the picture. Gen. Jeff. good humoredly suggested, that it was "bad enough to introduce a *preacher* into such company;" and so the ladies, beautiful, and thoroughly "secesh," will be more appropriately daguerreotyped upon the hearts of certain distinguished heroes, for whom their visit was more especially intended.

Visited the hospital, in company with Gen. Vance — he to see certain sick officers, and I to have another interview with young Reynolds. Dr. Barker, who happened to be the officer of the day, and who has the reputation of being "a very bitter man," seemed disposed to throw obstacles in the way. We were admitted, however, and spent half an hour or more, with the sick. Capt. ——, whom Gen. Vance desired to see, died just after the General entered the ward. There seemed to be some fifteen, or twenty officers under treatment; but not more than half a dozen are much sick. I was introduced to Col. Dougherty, Capt. Robards, and others. Reynolds has been quite ill, but is now better. His mother is still with him, and expects to remain until he gets well. Prayed with the mother, and son; and hurried back to the fort, through a smart shower of rain.

Lieut. T———n has received a letter, informing him that his brother, who has heretofore been a Colonel in the Federal army, has resigned his position, and is now "all right." This young officer has had much to endure since the war, as well in the loss of friends, as in the great sacrifices he has made in identifying himself with the Confederate cause. Declining preferment in the Yankee army, he was disinherited by his

1. H. H. Brogden, C.S.S., Md.
2. Col. Jos. T. Tucker, C.S.A., Ky.
3. Lt. Lucius H. Smith, A.A. & I.G., Ky.
4. Capt. Hart Gibson, A.A.G., Ky.
5. Lt. Jos. J. Andrews, Ala.
6. Brig.-Gen. R. B. Vance, P.A.C.S., N.C.
7. Col. Cicero Coleman, 8th Ky. Cav.
8. Rev. Isaac W. K. Handy. D.D., Va.
9. Baily Paytou Key, Orderly.
10. Col. R. G. Morgan, C.S.A., Ky.
11. Brig.-Gen. M. Jeff. Thompson, M.S G.
12. Capt. Charlton H. Morgan, Ky.
13. Col. W. W. Ward, Tenn. Cav.
14. Col. Basil W. Duke, C.S.A., Ky.
15. Lt. Jno. A Tomlinson, A.D.C., Ky.

father. He was derided by the Union men in his own town, and his arrest ordered by his brother, for running a man through with his sword. He managed to make his escape, on a horse belonging to this same brother. He was, subsequently, captured in Mississippi, after shooting a man through the neck. The two events had no connection with each other. Both of the wounded men died. Since he has been at Fort Delaware, he has received tidings of the death of his father, mother, and two sisters, and of several children of his brother. A strange, and sad experience, for so young a man.

Gen. Schœpf has again intimated to me, that a very bitter feeling exists against me, among the subordinates — for what reason he did not inform me. I presume, chiefly because I am a minister of the Gospel, and make no attempt to "curry favor." Be it so! I can never be a hypocrite. But I will not be revengeful — though my enemies may continue to be ignorant of the fact that my heart sighs for peace; and that it is my constant habit to submit the whole controversy to God, with perfect acquiescence in His will.

Solemn and impressive worship, but only nine in attendance.

XII.

May.

Sunday, 1*st*.—Had a good congregation, at the barracks, in Division No. 28. Preached from Ecclesiastes ix. 18: "*One sinner destroyeth much good.*" Unusually wearisome, and dragging in my remarks; but felt in earnest, and was anxious to do good. The attention was much better than I had any right to expect. Gave notice for a lecture, and prayer meeting, at 3

o'clock on Wednesday afternoon; and for the administration of the Lord's supper on next Sabbath. Was introduced to Capt. F. C. Robbins, a very sensible, and pious Christian brother, who is looking forward to the ministry.

We have had a report that the political prisoners are to be removed into one of the rooms of the building, occupied by Company Q. Much feeling has been aroused about the matter, and a paper was drawn up this evening, to be presented to Gen. Schœpf, remonstrating against the change. The paper was brought into No. 6, signed by nearly all the prisoners in the house. I declined putting my name to it, on the ground that no official information has yet been received; and because too much was made of a supposed reason for the change, to wit: that we had complained of our quarters. The paper, though intended to be handed in immediately, will now be deferred until to-morrow.

Mulotowski's Dutch have been dancing, at intervals, all day, and the sound has been distinctly heard in our quarters.

Monday, 2*d*.—A beautiful morning; up early, expecting to see my wife. Took breakfast before my "chums" were out of bed. Was too soon for the boat, and occupied myself with "Young's Night Thoughts" (a favorite work), seated upon a chosen spot on a pile of rocks, where, should I be detained here during the summer months, I expect to have many moments of delightful musing. My wife came over at 9 o'clock, bringing a couple of heavy baskets, for the comfort of her imprisoned husband. We took quarters at the island hotel, and spent some hours in conversing about our mutual interests.

Got a pass from Gen. Schœpf for my wife, to visit Mrs. Reynolds, who is still at the hospital. Had a pleasant interview, and prayed by the bedside of the young soldier, who is now considerably improved.

Saw the "Rebs" marching in front of their quarters, during

the process of cleaning up. Was pleased to find them generally looking well. Some poor fellows, however, were evidently worn down and out of health. Noticed one man clad only in his drawers and a United States blanket. The sight greatly moved my wife.

A man named Stevens, b longing to Battery A, who has been detailed as painter on the new church, fell down the stairs in one of the towers, some time last night, and was killed. This is the *fifth* person, out of nine engaged upon the building, who has died since its commencement. Most of them were "Rebs." This man was a Dutchman, from Philadelphia.

A hoax has been played off at the barracks, by some of the paroled officers (the younger men) on their less favored brethren. It was reported yesterday morning, that in a few days, five hundred privates and sixty officers would be sent off, on exchange; and the officers would be allowed to decide which of their number should go. In the joy occasioned by this apparently well-authenticated news, the question arose as to who should take the precedence in getting away. Various plans were proposed, until a suspicion arose that the report might not be true after all. Different opinions were expressed; bets were made, and large sums staked, when, presently, the bubble burst, and great exasperation prevailed. The young bloods, who concocted the hoax, were threatened with ducking, the next time they should come into the pen. The future will reveal the result.

The greatest excitement which we have ever had in our quarters, occurred to-night, resulting in a general *melée*, involving M——— and B——— as principals, and H———, P———, R———, and others as collateral belligerents. Blows were struck by the first two; much feeling was manifested by everybody; and it was some time before a few of us, who were more pacific, could throw oil upon the troubled waters. It was a most unpleasant occurrence, which grew out of a misunderstanding in regard to words uttered by G——— in relation to

B——— and myself, which M——— felt it his duty to report, especially to me as his particular friend. There may have been an error of judgment; but it was the act of a good heart. Calmer thoughts have now settled the whole matter, and with the exception of the principals in the dispute — both of whom are good and true Southern men — they are as good friends as ever. May they, too, presently see eye to eye.

My wife, who left in the Osceola, at 4 o'clock this afternoon, expecting to meet the steamer Reybold on her way to Delaware City, was disappointed, and had to come back to the island; the Osceola being detained by an accident, which nearly cost the life of a poor man, who was trying to get a tow-line aboard the steamer from his own small boat, which was heavily laden, and tossed by the wind and tide.

Worship in No. 2 omitted. Spent the night at the hotel.

Wednesday, 4th.— Brogden has received an order from President Lincoln for his release, forwarded by his aunt, who is a niece of Chief-Justice Taney. She gives him sage advice as to the manner of conducting himself, on his way to Fortress Monroe, and especially in passing through Baltimore.

Held the services at the officers' quarters, at 3 o'clock, according to the notice of last Sabbath. There were, perhaps, fifty officers in attendance, most of them, as I presume, professors of religion. Had intended to lecture on the first four verses of the eighth chapter of Romans. Concluded, after reviewing the congregation, to offer some practical remarks on the subject of prayer. Was assisted in the services by Captains Tracy, Robbins, and Samford, who at intervals led in prayer. I invited any person who would like to consult privately upon religious subjects, to remain after the benediction. Several persons availed themselves of the opportunity, among whom were three old professors, mourning over a backslidden state. Lieut. A—— was deeply moved. At the request of Capt. Shane, I appointed a similar meeting for Friday afternoon.

The political prisoners are now allowed two hours a day for airing — one in the morning, and one in the afternoon. They are often, however, hurried in, long before the expiration of the allotted time. This morning they were out scarcely fifteen minutes, before the guard very insolently ordered the return. This incensed the company the more, when they found that the officer of the guard was indisposed to notice it. Before going into quarters, Richardson made his way, escorted by a corporal, to the office of Capt. Ahl, and reported the treatment, requesting that some definite orders might be given to the guards in future, that the prisoner might be protected from the insolence of the men performing the duty. The Captain was courteous, and instantly ordered the same guard to go back, and remain a full hour. The mortified man, though obliged to obey, pointed his finger at the "little editor," and shaking it earnestly, remarked: "You shall never leave this place alive, Sir!"

Unusually full attendance at prayers.

Thursday, 5th.— Brogden left this morning — the loss of his good company being universally regretted; but all rejoicing in the good fortune which releases him from a disagreeable imprisonment of a full year. He was, for several months, in close confinement, at Fort McHenry; was for a long time ill, with the scurvy; had an experience of several days and nights among felons and outlaws, in the guard-house, at this place; and had been sentenced to imprisonment for the war. Brogden is a cheerful fellow, and has borne his trials well. His sprightliness, intelligence, and extensive acquaintanceship with men and things, at the South, have made him a very agreeable companion; and we shall all greatly miss him. His long imprisonment and good memory have familiarized him with the cases of all the political prisoners; and he will have it in his power, to represent them to great advantage at Richmond.

A middle room having been prepared for the purpose, in the building occupied by Co. Q, the political prisoners were transferred to those quarters, soon after breakfast this morning. After removing all my goods and chattels, and with the assistance of Tibbetts, having arranged, and located in the most eligible part of the house, I was informed by Cunningham, that *my* removal was only temporary; and that I could go back, as soon as the whitewashers and scourers were through with their work, if I desired to do so. My preference, of course, was to remain in the old quarters; as I could have no prospect in the exchange, but of millions of bed-bugs, incessant noise and confusion, disagreeable scenes of card-playing and keno, a thronged room, and the mixed breath of numbers, with the scorching heat of the approaching summer.

About four o'clock, the paroled officers moved into the vacated quarters—Gen. Vance and Gen. Thompson going with myself into No. 6, and the others arranging themselves, in small parties, in the other rooms. Bailey Key came into No. 6 as a sort of orderly.

Our room being a little damp, thought of spending the night with my old mess; but calling in at about nine o'clock, found the whole company hard at work, burning and otherwise destroying bed-bugs. Became alarmed, and — I must confess it — beat an inglorious retreat, leaving my friends and companions to their sad and miserable fate.

Joice was officially informed to-day, that the Commandant was indisposed to incur a personal loss, on account of his (Joice's) late remittance from Baltimore; and without explanation as to what has become of the money, the matter is finally disposed of, by a *kind* permission, to order and receive a like sum from the same source, *by express*.

Have been cheered by a letter from my "good Samaritan friend," Rev. B. H. McCown, and by another from my daughter, by flag of truce. My daughter's letter is dated as late as the 25th of last month. She complains of having received no

communication from me for three months, although I have written several times. I can't account for it, that letters from the South are regularly received, while those from the North rarely reach their destination.

Capt. Wm. F. Gordon, Jr., an early prison friend, who was condemned to be shot, but whose sentence has been commuted to imprisonment for the war, arrived at Fort Delaware.

The changes of to-day interrupted the evening worship.

Friday, 6th.— Called in, this morning, to know how the Politicals spent the night. The tales were doleful indeed. The enemy had been down upon them, in countless myriads. The whole night was spent in desperate battle. The floor, walls, and bedding were stained with blood. Sleep was impossible. Some sat up all night. Others were up and down at intervals. The din of battle became so tumultuous, that Cunningham, who occupied an adjoining room, commanded order, and threatened the poor wounded sufferers with the guard-house. 'Twas all, however, of no avail. Lamentations and exclamations prevailed, until near day-dawn. One man gave up in despair; sent valedictions to his friends at the South; and requested they should be informed that he "died game."

Several escapes have occurred, within a few days. Five went off at one time. Some of the "Rebs" have also been getting into the officers' quarters. Their object is not reported. Last night two men were caught making their way back from "the pen" to the barracks, and were lodged in the guard-house.

In consequence of the demonstrations of last night, the division at the barracks, heretofore used for religious, and other meetings, has been nailed up. By request, another apartment was granted for the services this afternoon, and we had a good congregation, at the hour appointed. Spoke on the great importance of *living near to God*, and the means of

acquiring a high grade of piety. Had great freedom and earnestness. Much interest was manifested. Several backsliders remained for special conversation. Several others sought advice concerning the interests of their souls. Two *unbaptized* members of the Methodist Church desired that the ordinance should be administered to them to-morrow. The meeting was profitable; and it is evident that a work of grace has commenced, which promises the happiest results. God be praised!

Had a long and delightful conversation with Capt. Gordon, on religious subjects. Find that some remarks made months ago, and prior to his leaving this place for Fort McHenry, made a deep impression on his mind, and had their influence, in correcting his views in regard to the utter worthlessness of a mere morality as the basis of eternal life. He is now a professor of religion His father, also, once a moralist, is, now, an earnest believer in the doctrine of salvation through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ. Father and son have cause to thank God for the terrible afflictions through which they have been called to pass.

Gordon tells me, that the guard who accompanied him from Fort McHenry, deliberately considered a proposition to escape with him; and was only deterred from starting, immediately, by apprehension of failure; or, if accomplished, that he would be hung by President Davis, as a deserter; he having been once a soldier in the Confederate army.

Circumstances have not justified a notice for evening worship. I have preferred, with our present company, to await their own suggestion.

Saturday, 7th.—This whole day was spent by the political prisoners in plastering every open place in the walls, and in stopping holes and cracks in the wood-work of the building, in the hope of ridding themselves of the dreadful plague of last night. Suspension beds were also rigged up by some of

them, and canopies thrown over to prevent the bugs from attacking them by way of the ceiling — a method to which they commonly resort. To-morrow will show with what success all this labor will be crowned.

Two young men from Kentucky (sons of Judge Woolley, and grandsons of Hon. Robert Wickliffe, former Postmaster-General) were introduced into our quarters to-day. They have been attending a military school near Baltimore, under the care of Prof. Chefelle. All the boys from nine to eighteen years of age, were forced to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, save these two — one sixteen, and the other eighteen years of age — who preferred imprisonment rather than yield to an act contrary to their feelings. Both of these youths are wearing military clothes, and are designated, one as a Captain and the other as Sergeant. They are intelligent, polite, and evidently well bred young men.

Sunday, 8th.—This has been the most active day I have spent on the island; and I may add, the most interesting, and perhaps the most pregnant of results. I preached to the officers at 10 A. M., from I. Cor. 21: "*Ye cannot drink of the cup of the Lord and of the cup of devils; ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table and the table of devils.*" We had a full house. The attention was earnest to the last. After the benediction, numbers remained for conversation and advice. Capt. White and Lieut. Caldwell were examined, with a view to a seat at the Lord's table; and were advised to come forward. Capt. H. H. M———n gave evidence of the great change, but hesitates about an open profession at this time. Lieuts. Hardee and Cyrus responded to an invitation for those who have never been baptized, but who are hoping in Christ, to make it known. After examination, they were requested to present themselves this afternoon. Capt. D——, Lieuts. B—— and A——, and others, church members of long standing, but lately cold and backsliding, were encouraged in view

of their manifest penitence, to renew their covenant at the table of the Lord. Some old professors seemed to be established; and one lately converted in the Ohio Penitentiary, told me that he could now think of scarcely anything, night or day, but the subject of religion. He said that Christ was precious to him beyond measure; and that he would wish no greater happiness than to gaze upon His face, through an endless eternity.

In the afternoon, we assembled to celebrate the death and sufferings of our blessed Redeemer. Forty-four persons had handed in their names as professors of religion, of different denominations. These were publicly announced, that they might be better known to one another, and a closer intimacy established. The services were commenced with singing, prayer, and appropriate Scripture readings. An address was delivered, explanatory of the nature of the ordinance; and illustrative of the obligation involved in the Saviour's command, "Do this in remembrance of me." Great solemnity prevailed; and many tears were shed by strong men, and gallant soldiers. Hardee, Cyrus, White, and Caldwell, in a standing posture, responded to certain questions, with a view to a public expression of their faith in Christ. The first two were baptized, as they still stood erect; and the four, in answer to the usual interrogatories, solemnly avouched the Lord to be their God.

To relieve the services from every sectarian bias, persons of various denominations were requested to assist in the distribution of the bread and wine; all of them being officers in their respective churches. These persons were Capt. A. M. Samford, Methodist; Capt. C. L. Bennett, Baptist; and Lieut. F. C. Moore, Presbyterian. During the circulation of the sacred elements, a profound silence prevailed. At the close of the distribution, the communicants were requested to engage for a few moments, in silent prayer to God, asking strength and

[1] See Appendix F.

blessing for themselves, under the present new and trying circumstances; and for such other things as they might desire for their families and others. It was an interesting occasion; every man arose, and responded a cordial *amen* in his heart, to this audible expression from their fellow-prisoner pastor. The entire services were concluded with the dedication hymn:

"Lord, I am thine, entirely thine"—

the whole congregation rising, and the communicants joining with a full and earnest expression, which told that their whole hearts were stirred within them.

Thus passed this precious Sabbath. May the good work be continued, until many souls shall be brought into the Kingdom.

Monday, 9th.—How Company Q managed to endure their old quarters, is inexplicable. The Politicals, certainly, have not managed so well. The bed-bugs have swarmed upon them beyond endurance. Failing after the most persevering efforts to accomplish anything in the way of subduing the enemy, boisterous complaints were made, and orders were given this morning for a general inundation of the building. Hose and pipes were introduced through the ceilings, and it was not long before the water was pouring in heavy streams, from the lofts, cuddies, bunks, and every other conceivable rendezvous of the multitudinous horde. Of course, every man had to do the best he could for himself, in the protection of his "duds." These were scattered all about the interior of the fort; and the "animals" so lately caged, and guarded, were wandering here and there about the casemates, hunting quarters, and promising themselves at least one good night's rest in the open air. Suffering from a violent headache, I had retreated for a time to No. 6, in hope of relief by a short nap. The announcement was soon made, that all my old associates were being removed to the barracks. On going down, I found but a single man left to tell

the tale; and notwithstanding the number of very pleasant fellows around me, in the persons of Generals, Colonels, Captains, and Lieutenants, I really felt, for a time, as if I had been deserted by all my friends. If they have gone to the officers' quarters, they will have no cause to regret the change. Had not this relief from bed-bugs been afforded, a plan to burn the building would certainly have been executed to-night.

My sickness continued all day, and towards evening the pain became intense. Gen. Vance and others were very kind in their attentions. Mustard was applied to my forehead, temples, and the back of my head, and my feet soaked in hot water. Nothing seemed to do me much good, until the stomach was relieved by a glass of milk-warm water, and the nerves quieted by a good sleep. These headaches are almost inseparably connected with my Sabbath labors, especially after scenes of special interest and excitement.

Capt. Gibson is enjoying a visit from his wife. General Schœpf has been very kind in extending him this privilege; and apologizes that the condition of his own family is such, at this time, that he cannot have Mrs. G. at his house. Gibson is a very clever fellow, a graduate of both Yale and Heidelberg, and very much of a gentleman. His wife is a daughter of Henry Duncan, Esq., of Kentucky, and as I understand, a lady of considerable property. She is accompanied by her sister, Miss D., and the party are putting up for the present, at the island hotel.

A flaming heading appears in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* of to-day, proclaiming great victories for the Federal armies on the Potomac. A few years hence the papers of this date will, no doubt, be a literary curiosity. Is not this the age of *mendacity?*

Tuesday, 10th.—We have had several days of unusually fine weather. The Delaware river has been as smooth as glass—while vessels have appeared as usual, in every direction.

Visited the officers' quarters, and found the political prisoners located in the vicinity of the west gate, next door to the sutler, who has established himself in "the pen," near the bank. Regretted to notice several of the Politicals but just recovering from a heavy "drunk," and was informed that a number of officers had joined with them in the spree. Altogether, they have had a "high old time." Among the first whom I discovered in a state of intoxication, was one in whom I felt special interest, and who promised me weeks ago, never to touch the poison again. How often it is that a "man resolves, and resolves, and yet does the same."

The awakening continues. A number of persons have, publicly, expressed an interest on the subject of religion—among whom are Capt. H. H. M——, and Lieuts. J. H——, J. M——, and R. T——, with all of whom I have had free conversations, and find them not far from the Kingdom of Heaven. I have advised them according to their several phases of experience, and pray God to lead them in the way of all truth.

The two pens, occupied severally by officers and privates, are separated by fences, which stand about fifteen or twenty feet apart. These fences are guarded by sentinels, who perambulate an elevated platform, from which they may overlook the two enclosures. It requires considerable dexterity to elude the watchfulness of the rough "blue coats," who are there night and day. The cunning "Rebs" have found an expedient, in every pebble of suitable weight to secure the necessary impetus for communication across the parapet. Notes are constantly falling into the area on the officers' side, complaining of hard usage by the Yankee authorities, and asking help or redress from the Confederate leaders. To-day, one of the little carrier pigeons brought the following to Gen. Vance:

SOLDIERS' QUARTERS,
FORT DEL., *April 28th*, 1864.

To Gen. ROBERT B. VANCE,
Or any other Rebel officer:

Prompted by the gnawing of hunger, I am emboldened to

make this appeal to you; hoping that being informed of our sufferings, you can and will appeal to the Commanding General in our behalf, and if possible have our rations increased.

For breakfast we get one-fifth of a loaf of bread, and from four to six ounces of meat—fresh or salt beef, or both—and a pint of very inferior coffee. For dinner we get the same amount of bread and meat—Sunday and Wednesday excepted—when, instead of meat, we get two or three potatoes, and a cup of bean or rice soup. As to supper, we have none.

Whether the rations are allowed us by the authorities and wasted by the cooks, I cannot say, as I do not know. But one thing is certain, we are suffering.

Respectfully,

A Hungry Rebel

This note was handed to Gen. Vance, who, feeling it to be his duty to do so, presented it to Gen. Schœpf. The immediate reply was: "Say to them, for their consolation—*the rations are to be reduced.*"

The authorities are "shutting down" upon the prisoners, in every part of the island. Officers and privates are, alike, subject to the rigors of this change. Rations are to be reduced; paroles are to be restricted; and there are strong indications of an entirely new order of things. A notice has been stuck up in the hall, in regard to a more systematic, and regular inspection of the rooms; and an order has been issued, restricting prisoners of war on parole, to very circumscribed limits, and disallowing all intercourse between them and the officers at the barracks.

Unfavorable news by the "grape vine!" The Yankees are encouraged!

Heard a musket fire, and noticed a great running towards the barracks. What is the matter?

Wednesday, 11th.—Great suspense in regard to the news from Virginia. All are anxious, but confidence prevails.

Felt doubtful as to whether the order of yesterday includes

myself. As it mentions only *prisoners of war*, concluded to consider myself not implied, and started with my Bible in hand, to hold the usual Wednesday evening service in the barracks. To test the matter—after consulting with the Chaplains and others—resolved to advance on the sentinels. Was halted at the bridge. Showed my permit to visit the officers' quarters. Without reading it, the Dutchman informed me, that his orders were to let no one pass, with or without a permit. I argued the matter with him, and directed him to call the corporal. After some delay, the officer came, furiously swore at the sentinel, and demanded how he had dared to stop a man with a pass; and whilst the two continued the quarrel, I walked on. Other sentinels challenged me, and a second corporal came, who hesitated; but after assuring him that I was neither an officer, nor a prisoner of war, he took the responsibility and cleared my way to the barracks. A crowd gathered around, and I found great anxiety to know why the new order had been issued. I could only say, that it had probably grown out of the spree of night before last; others thought the Yankees were in the receipt of bad news.

Found quite as much excitement in "the pen," as in the interior of the Fort. The division, in which we had been holding meetings, was nailed up. Another room had been granted by an officer; but in the midst of the service, a second official came in and ordered the company to disperse. It was doubtful how far the embargo extended. Some thought, it had no reference to the day-light meetings. I advised, that we should make no movement in the opposition, and suggested a suspension of the services, until such time as we can be clearly and definitely informed.

The firing, yesterday, was occasioned by Maj. Halliburton's passing the board-walk, which runs midway across "the pen," —an order having been recently issued, interdicting the space between the walk and fence next to the quarters occupied by the privates. Halliburton had heard nothing of the order;

nor did he hear the order of the sentinel. He was immediately fired upon, and though but a few rods distant, fortunately escaped the shot. The sentinel came very near being mobbed at once. Colonel Carter, who was standing by, immediately rushed upon the man and seized his musket. The fellow called the Corporal, and a squad of soldiers from the guard-house were in "the pen" in a moment. The excitement was intense, but the appearance of an officer, and the interposition of several calmer "Confederates," prevailed to quell the riot. Halliburton, Carter, and the sentinel were all taken to the guard-house. After a night in duress, the "Rebs" were dismissed. What has resulted to the soldier, is not known.

There is an evident apprehension of an outbreak. Imprudent persons have been making open threats, and a message was sent to Gen. Schœpf, that should Gen. Lee succeed in Virginia, the Fort would be taken with brick-bats, and he confined in the ice-house. These words were vauntingly said by some poor fellows under the influence of liquor, and of course meant nothing; but the result is a great increase of vigilance, and all the ills of the last few days.

The fall of Fort Darling was announced to the troops, this afternoon, whilst on dress parade! What a farce! Don't these people know the falsehoods they publish?

Capt. Noel, an officer belonging to the staff of the late Gen. Bowen, was this evening brought into the Fort, and assigned to No. 4.

Thursday, 12*th*.—Gen. Vance has become an intimate and pleasant associate. He is fond of his books, and pen; and is near me all day, either at the table, in reading and writing, or in perambulating the island, which we generally do about twice a day. The General is a devotee to poetry, and has written several very sprightly articles, since he came to the Fort. He is fond of a good joke, loves to sing, and is always in a fine humor. His penmanship is elegant.

I have comforted myself, to-day, with the following spontaneous lyric, which I record for the meditation of my family:

THE ALL-SEEING EYE.

There is an eye that pierceth far
  Through weighty clouds of darkest hue;
Its lustre brighter than the star
  That shines upon the evening blue.

That eye pervades the pris'ner's cell,
  Defying e'en the walls of stone;
Lights up the gloomy dungeon well,
  And proves the sufferer not alone.

It penetrates the secret soul,
  And searches every silent thought—
It radiant burns beyond control;
  And melts the hardest chains to naught.

It prompts the oppress'd in God to trust,
  Mid sorrows, low'ring as the night—
Displays the Tyrant's hand but *dust*—
  And fills the soul with heavenly light.

That eye beholds the hidden fount
  Of human motives deep within;
And reckons with unerring count
  The conscience-throbs, that hold from sin.

The eye that thus such power displays,
  Beams from the dazzling throne above;
Illumes the breast with cheerful rays,
  Enkindling fires of purest love.

Sweet thought!—that nerves the mind to deeds
  Of stable and unfaltering will—
My soul, nor bars, nor halter heeds;
  For God alone the soul can kill!

Jehovah! search this heart of mine!
  Scan Thou the secret motive there—
Grant me a purpose kin to Thine,
  And bless the fervor of my prayer.

A contract surgeon, from Camp Chase, named Lee, became one of our number to-night. He says he is a native of Virginia, and was born on the James River. His mother was from England. He has been sentenced to one year's impris-

onment, for bearing money to Rebel patients. He has a wife and five children in Chicago; and left one of his children at the point of death, with the small-pox.

Friday, 13*th*.—Had the good fortune to get two letters from my daughter, in Virginia — one dated March 7th, and the other April 11th, and both post-marked the 10th inst. I am glad to find that friends, in Richmond, have not forgotten me, and that my dear children are well.

Spent nearly the whole day in writing Scriptural acrostics — an amusement, in which I have been joined by Gen. Vance. We have been prompted to this, by a request from my daughter, who asks that I would favor her with an acrostic on her name, in the style of one written years ago, for her brother. We have found this employment an agreeable pastime; and hope the result may be useful, to absent loved ones.

Startling reports from the Potomac! Great suspense and anxiety among the prisoners! — but firm confidence in the wisdom of our Generals, and in the purpose and bravery of the Confederate armies. Some of us — and among these are persons who make no profession of religion — are looking to the arm that wields a power beyond that of man.

A great game of chess has been played to-day, between Gen. Thompson and Col. Duke, assisted by their friends. The two parties occupied separate rooms, consulting among themselves, and announcing their moves through a messenger. The sport lasted several hours, and resulted in favor of Gen. Jeff.

Dr. Lee, who is a splendid singer, and performs on the guitar, gave us some elegant music to-night, and greatly relieved the tedium of our present suspense.

Saturday, 14*th*.—To what extremes the Yankees go, in their bitterness toward the South! The "slaveocracy," as they are pleased to call all those who oppose their fanatical and rabid views—"are wicked, and only wicked, continually." The

extermination of the race is not, with them, a mere matter of talk. They desire it, and strive for it. We, sometimes, have exhibitions of this insane idea, among the understrappers on this island, which it is, really, difficult to bear. The sutler's establishment has a nest of these strange birds about it. One Emory, who is a principal clerk, gave Charleton Morgan a dose of venom this morning, nauseating in the extreme. Among other things — true to the characteristic infidelity of this class — he violently suggested, that should Grant be unfortunate in Virginia, it would be proof positive that the Bible is not from God — or that God himself is not to be revered. Thus, these men, originating a standard of their own, condemn or deny the Almighty, if He does not conform to what *they* propose as the measure of wisdom and righteousness. I have, myself, before coming to this place, heard one of their preachers urging the impropriety of furnishing medicines to sick Rebels; and another violently advocating the utter expulsion from Southern soil, of all who would not adopt their rule of right.

The papers announce a great change in the sentiment at Portsmouth and Norfolk; and speak, in congratulatory terms, of the prevailing loyalty of the people of those oppressed and ruined cities. Why will men delight themselves in open falsehood! Who is to be deceived by these miserable untruths; and what is to be gained by such continued misstatements? The Southern sentiment, in the two cities, is as rife as it ever was among the comparatively few who really belong there. Large numbers of old citizens have been driven away, and are now waiting, in suffering, as scattered refugees, throughout the Confederacy, hoping for the day of their return. Those who remain, are obliged to be "mum," or submit to banishment, or hard labor upon the Yankee works. Freedom of speech, and even freedom of *thought* (as in the case of Dr. Armstrong), is entirely crushed out, by the inhuman cruelties which the reign of terror has employed. Hundreds of adventurers, plun-

derers, and Mammon worshippers, have crowded into those places, seizing upon property, and "rooting out" all who join not with them, in their deeds of injustice and rapine. Have I not cause to be thankful this day, that I am a prisoner at Fort Delaware! How could my heart endure the greater sufferings of a mock-freedom, even among my own people, and within my own doors!

Our long table, located temporarily in the middle of the room, has, this evening, been surrounded with busy writers; whilst Dr. Lee has regaled us with good music, enlivening our spirits, and causing the pen to be driven with a greater celerity.

Sunday, 15th.—Had much difficulty this morning, in deciding whether I should make an effort to visit the officers' quarters, without seeing the General; or, assuming that the late order did not include myself, I should venture again, upon my old pass. Concluded to see Gen. Schœpf, and learn whether I am to understand him as interdicting my visits, and thus putting an end to the preaching. He received me with less affability than usual; and, in reply to my inquiry, informed me, that "everything is closed up,"—adding, "I am acting under orders." This settled the matter, at once, and I returned to my casemate, regretting that a door of usefulness had thus been closed; but feeling that I had done my duty, and leaving the result to God.

I was reclining in my bunk, thinking about the present restrictions, and doubting whether I was better off, with or without my parole—when Cunningham came in, and announced that Capt. Gordon, Capt. Noel, Dr. Lee, and Dr. Handy must get ready to remove to the barracks, immediately. We were soon packed up; and followed the sergeant to our new quarters outside of the fort. I found that the political prisoners had been removed from their first locality; and were now occupying "Chebang" No. 26. Several strangers had

followed them in, whom I soon found to be regular gamblers, seeking prey.

After all, the good providence of God is apparent. At the usual hour for evening services, I met a crowd of hearers, and preached from Heb. xi. 3, "*How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?*" A solemn and attentive audience; and the Word, evidently, received with gladness. Was assisted by several brethren, who led in prayer. A work of grace is still in progress.

Monday, 16*th*.— Spent the day, mostly, in writing.

Made my entrée into the dining apartment, and took my place, for the first time, at the common table, with my fellow-prisoners. A quarter of a loaf of bread, a very small piece of boiled beef, and a tin-cup two-thirds full of rice soup, constituted the ration. Major Bullock treated me to a slice of ham (all the way from Kentucky), which I readily substituted for my coarse and unpalatable beef. The soup was the first of the kind I had ever tasted, and was much better than I expected. Those who are in the habit of receiving boxes, have formed themselves into messes, and bring their extras to the table with them. The sutler's store is hard by, at which those who are able to buy cheese, butter, eggs, &c., avail themselves of the opportunity, by paying, of course, the most exorbitant prices.

In returning, to-day, from "the rear," I stopped for a few moments, to look out upon the water — intending nothing more than a glance, and ignorant of any order to the contrary. The rough, and impudent sentinel immediately called to me from his elevated stand, on the top of the water-house, and insolently ordered me to pass on. Mistaking the command, I continued standing with my back to the fellow, until he repeated the order a second, and a third time, and threatened to fire. I could understand nothing but his abuse, and might have been shot, but for the intervention of friends who urged

me forward. Had the man informed me of the requirement, or addressed me with any sort of soldierly decency, I should have obeyed at once. The truth is, we have a set of low poltroons on guard, whose pleasure it is to insult, and brow-beat the prisoners, on the slightest provocation.

We have had a great "fuss," this evening, about calling the roll. The Sergeant has passed around, and taken the names in each division; and persons are delegated from among the prisoners, to call the names under his direction. "Judge" Rasin has been appointed to the duty in our "shebang."

I find that the prisoners are, now, allowed only half a page, in the letters to be sent out. Ten cents is the charge for each page, in excess of the rule.

Our evening services were well attended. The interest increases. Subject, to-night: *Repentance.*

Tuesday, 17*th.*—Another change! In prospect of the coming of a large reinforcement of officers, we were ordered, this morning, to vacate division 27, and move into 23. By this arrangement, we have gained considerably. We have a larger room, and a better locality — giving us more shade, ampler space, and a greater proximity to "the rear," which, even now, is only reached by one hundred and fifty steps.

At about four o'clock, the expected reinforcement arrived, numbering one hundred and eighty-four officers — Colonels, Majors, Captains, and Lieutenants. Maj.-Gen. Edward Johnson, and Brig.-Gen. George H. Stewart are, also, on the island, in our old quarters, in the interior of the Fort, and have accepted paroles. We are greatly surprised at the appearance of the crowd, after so much exposure, and fatigue. A more healthy looking set of men I have not seen. They are all dirty, of course; but not ragged. They seem, generally, to be in good spirits, and bring cheering accounts from the front. One hundred officers were left at Point Lookout. They came under strong guard, but were treated with respect.

Was invited to dine with the gentlemen of Morgan's Division. In consequence of the new arrivals, considerable confusion occurred among the messes, at the table. These gentlemen were exceedingly generous in dividing their stores among the new-comers; but we had enough left for ourselves, including plenty of fine ham and blackberry preserves; and might have forgotten our prison, for a moment, had we not noticed hundreds around us restricted to the coarse and unpalatable fare of the common table.

Held the accustomed meeting, at No. 31. The large room was filled with earnest worshippers. Subject of discourse: *The willingness of Christ to receive even the greatest sinners.*

Several gentlemen called in to see me—among whom was Capt. Buford A. Tracy, of Morgan's command. This officer is a member of the Old School Baptist Church, and, evidently, an earnest Christian. He gave us a detailed account of the manner in which Gen. Morgan made his escape. It took nineteen days, for about twenty men, working eight hours each day, to cut through the cemented pavement, dig the earth tunnel, and penetrate the two walls, each about three feet in thickness. The tools with which they worked were old knives, and a fire shovel. The working band was thoroughly organized, and many of their own number were not informed of the secret. Capt. Tracy, generally, acted as watchman, and designated the approach of danger, by a peculiar cough, or clearing of the throat. The attention of the sentinels, in the long passage, was drawn off by anecdotes, "yarns," dancing, and such other means as they could resort to, as the result proved, with the greatest success. Seven men got out. Two were subsequently caught—one of whom was Capt. Sam. Taylor, a gallant young officer, about twenty-two years of age, and a nephew of the renowned "Old Zack." He is now a prisoner at Fort Delaware.

Wednesday, 18th.—The roll, which has been called at an

early hour, the last two mornings—much to the annoyance of some of us, who are too unwell to be up in time to answer to our names—was, this morning, omitted; and is not likely to be called again, unless there should be some new alarm and apprehension of escapes.

In walking around very soon this morning, was pleased to find a number of persons diligently engaged in reading their Bibles. This is a new feature in our prison history. It is evident, that there is a great awakening in our midst, and troubled sinners are searching to know the truth.

Spent much of the morning in conversing with backsliders, and inquirers on religious subjects. Lieutenants M——y and H——e, who have been under long conviction, have, at last, found peace in believing.

Among the new-comers, there is an unusually large proportion of professing Christians. Colonels Norvell Cobb, William Lee Davidson, Isaac Hardeman, and P. E. Devant, are all members of Christian churches. Adjutants James W. Thomas, and W. M. Dwight are also professors of religion. We have Captains and Lieutenants, representing nearly every branch of Christ's Church. Capt. Thomas W. Harris is a Methodist preacher; and I find several young men who are looking forward to the ministry. There are, also, several ministers' sons, among whom is Lieut. James N. McFarland, a son of the venerable Dr. McFarland, of Virginia.

I have heard, to-day, with deep regret, of the death of Capt. Noah J. Rawley, the Methodist brother who was so long a prisoner at this place, and my esteemed coadjutor in the religious efforts, several months ago. He died of small-pox at Fort McHenry, during a third imprisonment. The sufferings of this excellent man will never be fully known, even by his most intimate friends in Maryland. He is now, I trust, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Great interest was manifested in the evening service. The

house was full, as usual. Subject of remark: *Evidences of the New Birth.*

Thursday, 19th. — We have had lowering weather for several days. The rooms are very damp, and my bedding is covered with heavy dew. I fear we shall all be sick.

The usual prayer meeting at night. Room well filled. Endeavored to show the sinner the folly of his indifference, from the fact of the great difficulties in the way of his salvation.

Appointed an inquiry meeting for half-past nine A. M. to-morrow.

Friday, 20th. — It has been ten months, to-day, since my arrest. I have had many trying, anxious moments during this time, and have suffered much, both in body and mind; but I thank God, I was ever brought to Fort Delaware. That His providence has had to do with it, I cannot doubt. A field of usefulness has been opened to me, more important, perhaps, than I could have occupied elsewhere. How I have tried to cultivate it, He knows, and eternity can only reveal with what result.

The meeting at half-past ten o'clock was well attended, both by church members and inquirers. Lieutenants H——s, H——e, M——y, and T——t have each expressed a hope in Christ. Lieut. B——l also thinks, he has experienced the great change, but hesitates about a present open profession. Have conversed freely with all these young men, and tried to lead them in the paths of righteousness.

Had a pleasant interview with Col. Davidson, of North Carolina. He is a large, fine looking man, and an officer in the 7th regiment. He comes from Charlotte, and is a blood-relation of the Brevards, whose history is so intimately associated with the Mecklinburg Declaration. He tells me that he has lost a brother in battle, and that he has furnished the

Historical Society of North Carolina with an account of his life and death.

I have procured a number of small hymn-books (Union Prayer-meeting) from Chaplain Way, for the use of our meetings, and have distributed them to-day, much to the delight of the brethren, and especially of those who are prominent in keeping up the services.

A bar-room is about to be opened by the sutler, at which liquor will be sold by the drink, instead of the bottle, as heretofore. How strangely inconsistent are these Yankees! They advertise liquor as a contraband article; sell it by the quantity, or small, as they can venture to do it; wink at drunkenness, provided it does not become public; and then punish the first demonstration of it on the part of prisoners — although they are frequently intoxicated themselves, and that with perfect impunity.

The Masonic Fraternity are holding regular meetings in a division, which is allowed them for the purpose. I understand, that about one hundred persons are assembling in this capacity. A Lyceum has also been organized, which meets once a week.

A private prayer-meeting has been established, the object of which is, to pray for growth in grace, and for guidance in regard to the best modes of operating for God's glory, and the salvation of souls whilst in prison. At present the number is restricted to such persons, as are willing to engage with one another to enter upon the work before them.

The good weather has dried up the mud and water in "the pen," and many of the young men amuse themselves with various athletic sports, of which *Prisoners' Base* seems to be the most popular. These sports can the more readily be carried on just now, in consequence of the removal of the guard from the interior — a strange thing, nevertheless, as but a few days have elapsed, since a sentinel shot at an officer for simply crossing the middle walk. Now the whole yard is free, and

no sentinel is posted, except on the outside. Why could this not have been done before?—and why should such unreasonable restraints have been imposed at the first?

The evening services were conducted by Capt. Samford, who addressed a full house, on the subjects of thanksgiving, and vows. His remarks were good, and received, I think, with profit.

Saturday, 21*st*.—I have this day received a letter from my oldest son, who is engaged in the Confederate service, as a signal officer, on the Flag-ship, in the James River. His post is a responsible one; and I trust he may be long spared to do a good work in the service of his country—and by and bye to hold forth a glorious beacon-light in the army of the great Captain of salvation!

We have, at last, had a general distribution of blankets, which supplies a need long felt by officers and privates. A few persons are still unprovided for; but a neighborly spirit has prevailed, and the division has been as equitable as the circumstances would allow. Advertisements have appeared, on the bulletin, asking help of those who are more abundantly supplied. I find, also, considerable destitution of clothing; and frequent inquiries are made as to the possibility of relief. Some are trying to buy, and others are obliged to call upon sympathizing friends, in Baltimore, Philadelphia, or elsewhere, as they can obtain the names of the benevolent and good.

At the evening services, addressed the company, from Amos iv. 12: "*Prepare to meet thy God.*"

Sunday, 22*d*.—Interesting services, all day. Crowds in attendance. Preached in the morning from Rev. xxi. 7: "*He that overcometh shall inherit all things.*" Great feeling manifested. Spoke, at night, on II. Cor. v. 7: "*We walk by faith, and not by sight.*" A continued and deep impression.

We were astonished, at dinner, by an extra allowance of three potatoes, to each man.

Monday, 23*d*.—Inquiry meeting at half-past 9 o'clock A. M. A number of backsliders in attendance, and greatly concerned. Capt. R——s, and Lieuts. S——r, H——l, and others, asking for light. Capt. R——s, not far from the Kingdom.

At 11 o'clock, spoke to Christians on the subject of personal effort for the glory of God.

Capt. Harris preached, at night, from I. Kings, xviii. 21: "*How long halt ye between two opinions?*"

Tuesday, 24*th*.—Suffering with severe cold, from the change in my quarters, and the late damp and variable weather. Eating at the general table, and faring badly. Have written to my wife, to try and send me some suitable food.

Many officers are found to be destitute of necessary clothing. Shirts and drawers especially needed.

Inquiry, conference, and general meetings as usual, and to be continued as long as useful. The windows of Heaven are opened upon us. Am laboring hard every moment. Six young converts. From 100 to 150 in attendance every night. Capt. A——d and others asking the prayers of the Church.

Six hundred officers now in the barracks.

Wednesday, 25*th*.—Health very poor. Suffering from cold, occasioned by exposure, in my damp and open quarters.

Inquiry meeting at half-past 9 A. M. Interrupted, in the 12 o'clock meeting, by the Masons, who wanted their room. Capt. A—— has found peace in believing. At night preached to a full house, from Luke xiv. 18: "*I pray thee have me excused.*" Great interest manifested. Capt. R——s, Lieuts. G——e, and S——s, asked the prayers of the congregation. After service three persons remained in the division, (lights out,) for prayer and conversation.

No letters received this day by the political prisoners.

We have a report that Gens. Thompson, and Johnson have

made their escape. The officers outside have been relieved of their paroles.

Wrote to the Rev. Messrs. C. H. Mustard, of Delaware, and G. W. Kennedy, of Maryland, asking donations of religious books, new, or old.

Thursday, 26th.—Damp and rainy; and the floor of the divisions covered with mud and water.

Increased attendance at the inquiry meeting. Capt. R——s still in the dark.

Conference meeting as usual, at 12 M. Addressed by Capt. Gordon, Lieut. Bullock, and myself.

Preached at night from Rom. xiii. 11: *"Now it is high time to awake out of sleep."* Three persons ask the prayers of the church.

Friday, 27th.—The usual inquiry and conference meetings. Sermon at night from Isaiah lvii. 21: *"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."*

The revival progresses. My time constantly occupied in ministerial duties. Interesting interview after evening service with Lieut. B——t, of Kentucky.

Saturday, 28th.—Lieuts. S——t, and L——n find peace at the inquiry meeting. Conversations during the day, with the awakened. Capt. Samford lectured at night, from a passage in the Epistle of James. Three persons on the "anxious seat." Capt. McQ——n calls after services, for instruction.

Received a written request, signed by six officers, asking me to preach from 1. Jno. iii. 1: *"Behold what manner of love, &c."*

Three cases of small-pox are reported in the officers' barracks. Dr. Lee is invited by Lieut. Wolf (Assistant Commissary of prisoners) to regale him with music on the guitar. Query as to the nature and result of this intimacy. Is the Doctor a spy?

Capt. R——s reclines with me, in my bunk, until a late hour, inquiring concerning the things of the Kingdom.

Sunday, 29th.—Crowds in attendance at preaching. Subject in the forenoon, *The Judgment*—text: Mal. iv. 5: "*The great and dreadful day of the Lord.*" Deep feeling. After preaching, numbers of young men were seen walking alone, in various directions about "the pen," evidently absorbed in meditation.

Lieut. H——n obtains peace, during the singing of the first hymn, in the morning service, and with difficulty restrains himself from crying aloud.

Some professors of religion report themselves, for the first time, as such. Visited by Col. D—— and Adjt. D——. Interesting conversations with them.

Organized a Bible class, numbering ninety officers. Great interest manifested. The Epistle to the Romans selected for study. General inquiry for Bibles.

Capt. Harris occupied the stand at night, and preached an excellent sermon. After sermon, remained to converse with inquirers. J—— (an infidel) braves the influences of the day, by urging a game of cards, before retiring.

Monday, 30th.—Mrs. A. W. Emly, of Philadelphia, sends us a timely gift of Bibles and Testaments, which are received with great joy.

Inquiry meeting as usual, at half-past 9 A. M. Lieut. S——t attends, and is in great trouble about his negligence in warning an impenitent brother, now deceased. Asks prayer and counsel. Capt. McQ——n says he has "gathered all his sins into a bundle and cast them upon the Lord." Fourteen Captains and Lieutenants have given their hearts to God, since the commencement of the revival. Many backsliders have been reclaimed.

Capt. W. F. G—— has decided for the ministry; takes an

active part in the meetings; and is diligently engaged in Bible studies — a man of fine mind, and respectable attainments, and promises to be greatly useful.

Was too sick to attend the night meeting. Capt. Samford conducted the services.

Tuesday, 31*st*.—Was obliged to go to the hospital for medicine. Escorted thither, by a guard of blue-coats. The first time I have been outside of "the pen," since my assignment to these quarters — my parole having been withdrawn, upon coming in. Crowds of sick men were awaiting their turns, standing or sitting in rows, upon the ground. A patient, who reclined at my feet, told me he had the small-pox.

The Masons desiring the use of their room, the inquiry meeting was suspended. The conference meeting at 12 M. well attended. Five Colonels present. The meeting was conducted by Lieut. Caldwell, of Mo., who was admitted to the Church, only a few Sabbaths ago. Remarks by myself. Subject, the great paradox:—*God working in man, by man.* Capt. K——s, and Lieuts. M——s, and W——r are inquiring.

Still suffering from cold, and general indisposition. Our division is exceedingly damp, and open. We have water standing under the floor, all the time — and the late rains have greatly increased the disagreeableness of our surroundings.

An order has been issued to clean, and fix up, for the expected coming of Gen. Hoffman.

XIII.

JUNE.

Wednesday, 1*st*.—Inquiry meeting at the usual hour, A. M. Three earnest seekers. Lieut. M——s has found peace,

from reading Tract No. 339 (Am. Tr. Soc.), "*Obstacles to Conversion.*"

Col. Cobb conducts the 12 o'clock meeting. Remarks by Col. Cobb, Capts. Gordon, Samford, and myself.

Large attendance at night. Lectured from the parable of the *Prodigal Son*. Three persons came up for prayer. Had a long talk after service, with Lieut. B——t — an interesting, and special case.

Gen. Hoffman visited "the pen," and ordered a new bill of fare. Hereafter sugar and coffee are to be issued only to the sick.

Friday, 3d.—Inquiry meeting at 9 A. M. Several persons asking what they must do to be saved.

Capt. Samford takes the lead at the conference meeting, 12 M. Remarks by Capts. Harris, and Shane, Lieut. Mackey, and myself. Capt. Shane very earnest. Mackey[1] gave a clear and beautiful experience.

Preached at night from 1. John i. 9: "*If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*" Labored somewhat in speaking. A full house. Some persons left the room. Young converts, and some of the older Christians, are manifesting increased earnestness in efforts to sustain the work.

Some sickness in the barracks — chiefly colds and sore-throats. A number of boxes are coming in filled with clothing.

Sabbath, 5th.—Gen. Vance, Gen. Stewart, and other officers from the Fort, came in to attend preaching — producing great excitement by their presence. Preached from Gen. vi. 3: "*My spirit shall not always strive with man.*" Col. H——n in tears, and desiring conversation.

1 Lieut. Mackey died of small-pox, in the winter of 1864, and was buried on the Jersey shore. He was one of the earliest subjects of the revival at Fort Delaware. His conflict before making a profession of religion was unusually long; but, afterwards he became a bright and earnest Christian, and had decided for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church. His interesting diary is in the possession of the author.

Conference meeting at 12 M. Col. Devant gives his testimony.

Large attendance at Bible class. Free conversation and exposition. Subject: *Life of Paul*, as introductory to the study of the Epistle to the Romans.

Capt. Samford preached an excellent sermon, at night, from Ps. xiv. 1: "*The fool has said in his heart, there is no God.*" Capts. N——e, and W——n, and Lieut. B——t, came up for the prayers of the Church. Lieut. B—— afterwards came to me for special conversation and counsel.

Monday, 6th.—Inquiry meeting at 9 A. M. Lieut. N——e converted last night. Capt. W——n still inquiring.

Col. Hardeman conducted the conference meeting at 12 M. Remarks by the Colonel and myself. Asked the prayers of Christians in behalf of my dear children.

Preached, at night, from Rom. vi. 26: "*The wages of sin is death.*" W——n and W——r up for prayer. Col. H—— remained for conversation.

Floors still covered with mud and water. Rations too short. Many suffering with cold and diarrhœa. The 5th Maryland Regiment left, and a regiment of militia substituted.

Tuesday, 7th.—Inquiry meeting interrupted by the Masons, who wanted their room.

Twelve o'clock meeting conducted by Lieut. McKemy, who made some most excellent remarks on *living for God.*

Night meeting conducted by Capt. Harris. Three persons asking the prayers of God's people. Capt. W——n still greatly concerned for the welfare of his soul.

Lieut. Wolf came into the quarters, after "taps," in disguise, and overheard some conversations about the methods adopted by prisoners for getting out contraband letters.

Good news by the evening bulletin! Wrote several letters —one of them to my daughter, who is in trouble.

Wednesday, 8th.—We were visited to-day, by the Rev. Dr. Junkin, father of the first Mrs. T. J. Jackson. He has been visiting the Island, under the direction of the Christian Commission — at least, so we understand it. He came in whilst we were occupied with the inquiry meeting; and an invitation having been extended to him, he made some excellent practical remarks, which were evidently well received.

After leaving the inquiry room, I noticed considerable excitement among some who had not been in attendance, and presently heard expressions of marked disapprobation, that Dr. J. had presumed to enter "the pen," as an instructor of Southern prisoners. Some who seemed to be familiar with the circumstances of his *exodus* from Lexington, were opposed to noticing him any further, and positively refused to hear him preach, should he be invited to occupy the stand at 12 o'clock. A council was held, and it was thought best—chiefly on account of his relationship to the lamented Jackson — that we should give him a respectful attention at the mid-day meeting. I accordingly invited the Doctor to preach, and we had an admirable discourse from Matt. xi. 28, 29, 30. Although some prominent persons heartily disapproved, no ill resulted, and it is believed good seed was sown.

In accordance with a recent request, I preached, at night, from 1. John iii. 1: "*Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.*" Having followed Dr. Junkin in some remarks, both in the morning and at noon, this was my third address. Upon the whole we have had a delightful day, and notwithstanding the embarrassments, we shall look for fruit. Two persons asked the prayers of God's people, after the sermon — Maj. R——d and Capt. W——n. Lieut W——r, who came up last night, is hoping in Christ.

After the services, I had another long and pleasant conversation with Lieut. B——t, whose case is peculiar.

Thursday, 9th.—A day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. Beseeching the Lord for a general outpouring of the Spirit upon the Island, and for God's blessing upon our beloved South.

Visited the preaching room at an early hour. Found a number of persons devoutly engaged in prayer.

At half-past 9 A. M. a large congregation assembled. Endeavored to improve the occasion by appropriate remarks. Another assembly at 12 M. Lieut. McFarland conducted the services. Remarks by Lieuts. McFarland and Caldwell, and myself. Severe nervous headache, and too unwell to preach in the evening. Capt. Samford in the stand. Text: John vii. 17: *"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."*

Major R——d and Capt. W——n still asking the prayers of the Church. Capt. R——s complaining of a want of love. Endeavored to instruct him. Long talk with Dr. G——e, who confesses himself a great backslider.

Went to bed with a card table at my feet, surrounded with players.

Friday, 10th.—This day one year ago my nephew, Sylvius O. Handy, died at Chimborazo hospital, Richmond, after great sufferings in the army and a protracted illness in the hospital. I note the day, and think of my martyr boy.

Inquiry meeting at nine A. M. Major R——d not far from the Kingdom.

Twelve o'clock meeting largely attended—Col. Devant leading. An interesting question arises, suggested by Adjt. James W. Thomas, as to the influence of the Gospel in producing asceticism and moroseness. Many took part in the discussion. Interesting remarks by Capts. Gordon and Lewis and Adjt. Thomas. Closed the talk by a full expression of my own views, illustrated by an exposition of "Wisdom's ways," &c.

At night, preached to a full house, from Rom. x. 4: "*Christ is the end of the law for righteousness unto every one that believeth.*" Lieut. H——n announces his conversion. Says he was convicted under my sermon, "Behold what manner of love," &c.

A letter from Miss Gunby, of Maryland, addressed to myself, and thrown over from the barracks (privates'), was picked up, and handed to me to-day. Some one has been imposing upon her, under an assumed name, as a Major from Louisiana. Col. Davidson has important information, and volunteers to write to her.

Saturday, 11*th*.—The usual inquiry meeting. Major R——d, and Capt. W——n, after long distress, have found peace in believing.

The meeting at 12 M. conducted by Capt. Angell. Unusually interesting. Lieut. Wm. M. Bullock makes excellent and feeling remarks. Gives his experience on the subject of shouting. Capts. G. L. Roberts, and Mayes, each, give an account of their past lives, and of their recent conversion. Capt. Shane makes some very appropriate suggestions, on the subject of prayer. Deep feeling, and weeping. Closing remarks by myself, on a religion of feeling. Col. Hardeman makes a most earnest, and emotional prayer.

Capt. Samford preached, at night, from John viii. 12: "*I am the light of the world.*" Very earnest. The revival progresses. Four inquirers come up, and among them Captain T——r, of Ala.

Received an elaborate communication from a young officer, explaining his views and feelings, and asking advice. He is evidently struggling greatly; but the day will soon dawn upon him.

An ice-cream establishment has been opened by the Sutler. Sutler's checks in great demand. Great trouble about letters; letters from the barracks delayed; other letters handed, *minus* the remittances.

Cards and music, until a late hour in 23 — my own "shebang."

Sabbath, 12th.—Very large congregation assembled in the forenoon, in 31. Preached from Gal. v. 24: "*They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts.*" Col. D——, and Capt. W——, greatly affected, and come to me with thanks, after sermon.

Did not attend the conference meeting at 12.

Met the Bible Class, at 5 P. M. Large attendance. Subject: Remainder of Paul's life, as introductory to the Romans. Delightful exercises.

At night, preached from Prov. xiv. 1: "*He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, &c.*" Deep interest manifested. "Taps" sounded before the exercises were closed. Great disappointment at the sudden and abrupt conclusion.

Music and confusion in 23, after return from preaching. Capt. G. L. R. lies in the bunk with me, conversing until a late hour.

Gen. Schœpf disallows the sale of ice-cream.

Monday, 13th.—Capt. W. F. R——, of Alabama, attends the inquiry meeting, and is deeply concerned.

The 12 o'clock meeting conducted by ——, who gives an humble, but deeply interesting account of his personal experience. Capt. W. R. White, of Arkansas, makes a beautiful and impressive statement concerning his past life, and late conversion. Alludes affectionately to his wife, and very kindly to myself, as instruments, in God's hands. He spoke also, with rebuke, of old professors who fail to approach the impenitent.

Inaugurated a meeting for young converts, at 5 P. M. Capt. Gordon attends, and takes charge of the meeting, making valuable suggestions for the benefit of those who, like himself, are babes in Christ.

Capt. Samford preached at night, from Heb. xi. 24, 25, 26: "*By faith, Moses, &c.*" An excellent sermon.

Officers are allowed to cook coffee, on the bank at "the rear." Many patronize the sutler, and avail themselves of this privilege. Tibbetts continues to act as commissary for the club, in 23, and attends well to our interest, in regard to the popular beverage.

Tuesday, 14*th*.—The inquiry meeting in the forenoon, well attended. Several new seekers.

Twelve o'clock meeting full. Dr. Junkin present, and addressed the assembly on, *The evidences of a change of heart*. Followed him with remarks on the same subject.

Interesting 5 o'clock meeting, conducted by Capt. Gordon.

Crowds in attendance, at the night meeting. Preached from Exodus xxxiv. 6: "*The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.*" Capts. T——r, W. F. R——, and Lieut. A. H. B——, came up. Talked with the young men after the benediction.

Had another long and faithful talk with Lieut. B——t, who called to see me before retiring.

Had a letter from my old fellow-prisoner, Capt. Long, of Sussex county, Delaware. The letter was seventeen days in reaching my hands, though the distance travelled is not one hundred miles. Why should it have been held back?

Wednesday, 15*th*.—Nine o'clock meeting well attended by inquirers and Christians, as usual. Two new cases. Lieut. A. H. B—— reports that he has found the Saviour.

The 12 o'clock meeting conducted by Capt. W. H. Bennett, of Georgia. Exceedingly interesting occasion. Appropriate remarks by Capt. Gordon, on Christian fellowship. Col. Davidson speaks well on the subject of *Praise*. Capt. Dunkle made some good suggestions about the importance of regular attendance at worship.

Capt. Samford occupied the stand at night. Text: Matt. vi. 33: "*Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, &c.*"

Letters from my good friend, Rev. Mr. McCown, of Ky., and from my wife. We have a report that the Rev. Dr. Breckinridge (R. J.) will soon visit the island, accompanied by his son-in-law, Rev. Wm. C. Handy, of Maryland.

Conversation until a late hour, on personal religion, with Capt. W. F. R——.

Thursday, 16th.—Forty-eight officers, from Fort McHenry, came in about three o'clock A. M., arousing many of us from our morning slumbers. A majority of the poor fellows are on crutches, or hobbling about with artificial limbs. Among the recruits is Col. F——, a deranged officer, who is bare-headed, barefooted, and clad in filth and rags. He is a graduate of West Point and a son of Purser E—— F., formerly of Washington City, who was an old friend of my father. He is a tall, fine-looking man; but a perfect wreck, from opium eating.[1]

The new officers were called out, in the course of the day, to get their baggage. Upon inspecting their effects, they found themselves reduced each to a single change of under-clothing, notwithstanding the comfortable outfit which had been furnished for them by sympathizing friends, before leaving McHenry.

Inquiry meeting, this morning, as usual. T——r, and W. F. R—— rejoicing in Christ. The latter found peace in believing, a moment after I left him, last night—a fine-looking and intelligent young man, who, I trust, is destined for great usefulness in the Church.

The 12 o'clock meeting was conducted by Capt. John G. Knox, of N. C. Lieut. J. F. Caldwell, of Mo. (a recent convert), relates his experience. Took occasion, myself, to address the young converts, reminding them, that as yet they are only babes in Christ; and that in the present study of the doc-

[1] This poor man was subsequently removed from the Fort, to be placed under the fire of the enemy, at Charleston. He dropped dead before reaching his destination.

trines of Christ, they should confine themselves to *first principles.*

Preached, at night, from I. Cor. xv. 30: *"In jeopardy every hour."* Full house, and great solemnity.

Had a special conversation with Capt. J. H. D——, of Arkansas, about the work of the ministry. Find Capts. W. F. G——, W. C. S——, and G. L. R——, and Lieut. T. W. B——, and J. T. M——, are all interested in the question of a personal call to the sacred desk.

Mrs. Emley announces the coming of a fine lot of books, in accordance with a recent appeal.

Major W. P. Elliott,[1] of Knoxville, Tenn., was this day removed from the officers' quarters, and placed in solitary confinement in the interior of the Fort. This singular movement is said to be a retaliatory measure, for the treatment of a Major Goff, who is suffering a like imprisonment at the South, for cruelties inflicted by the United States Government upon Major Armsey, of the Confederate army. Oh, the folly and wickedness of war!

Friday, 17*th*.—Another reinforcement from Fort McHenry. Eighty officers, among whom are Cols. Coulter, Brown, Goldsborough, Jacques, Mayes, and others. Col. C. is a Baptist preacher.

Inquiry meeting at the usual hour. Two new cases.

The interest at the conference meeting is still unfailing. Lieut. Thomas C. Chandler, of Va., occupied the chair. Addresses by Lieut. C. and myself.

Preached to the largest assemblage yet in attendance, at night. Several Masons in attendance, for the first time. Text:

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1 Major Elliott is a native of Pennsylvania. In 1853, he removed to Knoxville, Tenn., and heartily espoused the cause of the South. He was appointed a Major in the Confederate army in 1862; and was with Gen. Morgan in nearly all the battles, marches, and skirmishes, in which that gallant officer was engaged. He was captured at Buffington, Ohio, July 19, 1863, and sent to the military prison at Johnson's Island. In August, he was transferred to the Penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, where he remained until March 27, 1864, when he was sent to Fort Delaware. On the 16th of July, he was taken from the barracks, and placed in solitary confinement until the 27th, when, his health giving way, he was removed to the hospital. He is now a merchant in Knoxville, Tennessee.

Luke xiii. 24: "*Strive to enter in at the strait gate.*" Capt. W. F. H—— asks the prayers of God's people.

Considerable sickness in "the pen"—diarrhœa and sore-throats. Rations growing worse; coarse bread; mean gruel; and bad meat. Irregular and unseasonable hours for meals. Obliged to take the rations from the table (where they are served to us without knife, fork, spoon, or plate), and by hashing the bread and meat together, and heating the mess over a few burning sticks, try to make it more palatable.

Col. Cobb, Capt. Harris, and Capt. Roberts have been obliged to go to the hospital.

The sutler has again started his ice-cream, at a high price.

Saturday, 18*th*.—The inquiry meeting attended by some who have been lately converted in the army. Capt. W. F. H—— present, and deeply concerned.

The conference meeting at 12 conducted by Capt. Samford, who, with Capt. Gordon and myself, addressed the assemblage.

The night services were conducted by Capt. Samford. After the benediction, had a particular conversation with Lieut. T. F. N——, of Georgia.

Sunday, 19*th*.—Preached this morning from Rom. viii. 16: "*The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.*"

A general prayer-meeting at 1 P. M. Large and interesting Bible class at 5 P. M. Got over the first seven verses of the first chapter of Romans. Profitable exercises.

Increasingly large attendance at night. Sermon from Mark xii. 34: "*Thou art not far from the Kingdom of Heaven.*" Interrupted by "taps."

Twenty-seven persons have now professed to have experienced the great change—all of them noble fellows, and a number of them intelligent and well educated young men.

Monday, 20th.— I have been a prisoner eleven months. Is it possible? From day to day the time has seemed long, except when I have been laboring for Christ. In looking back, however, it seems but as yesterday; and were I now to be released, I should almost expect to find things just as I left them. In regard to the country scenes in Delaware, it might be literally true; but my children are nearly a year older, and some of them would not know me. During this period I have suffered much from anxiety, poor health, and confinement; but I have had much for which to be thankful. The providence of God is clearly manifested in my imprisonment. I am evidently here, to do a work for His glory. Unworthy as I am, He has opened up a field, where I had least expected it, and at a time when I could do nothing for my own people. He has been with me, too, in special mercy, giving grace and strength, and blessing my poor labors in a manner which has filled me with amazement and gratitude. To His name be all the glory!

The box of books, collected and forwarded by Mrs. A. W. Emley, of Philadelphia, and for which we have been long looking, arrived to-day. She sends one hundred and two hymn-books and sixty Bibles. These last are of three different editions, good print, and a majority of them reference Bibles, being just what we need in the Bible-class. A fine lot of miscellaneous books and tracts, chiefly religious, and adapted to our present wants, make up the box.

Quite an excitement took place, on bringing the box into "the pen." Everybody, of course, was ready for a book. Bibles and hymn-books were distributed largely, but the other volumes were retained, as the basis of a religious library, to be left at the Fort for those who may come after us. Capt. Dunkle offering to act as Librarian, proceeded forthwith, aided by Capt. Gordon, to arrange and catalogue the collection. Several interested persons knocked the box to pieces, and soon got up a set of shelves, and the Library is already in operation —to be the means, I trust, of great good.

Mrs. Emley was kind enough, to send various packages of clothing, for persons whose names I had forwarded, and who were in much need. I regret to say, that some of these packages have not yet been handed in by the authorities, and several prisoners whose names were called, found their bundles minus sundry articles, which they greatly needed. It was really provoking, to stand by and see the Sergeants open the packages, and take out pants, shoes, and other articles, which had been particularly solicited. These were thrown up in a pile, to be claimed and carried off by men who had no right or title to them—leaving our poor Confederates to suffer, Tantalus-like, with the means of relief immediately before them. What disposition is made of these abstracted articles, we cannot learn. There is reason to believe, that a system of purloining and speculating is going on, which can only be regarded with abhorrence. When I went out this morning for my box, I found it surrounded by some six or eight Yankee soldiers, turning everything upside down; and though acting without authority, making themselves perfectly free with whatever they found. As the catalogue was removed, it is impossible to tell the extent of the robbery.

Capt. Aud asked permission not long ago, to be allowed to have a silver coin sent him by his wife, to be used in ring making. Lieut. Wolfe told him, there would certainly be no objection. To-day he got a letter, informing him of a "quarter" inclosed. Instead of the silver, he found three sutler's tickets, valued in the barracks at twenty-five cents. This is one of the mean tricks practised by the understrappers that abound about the Fort.

Some of our officers nave an unreasonable prejudice against the U. S. Christian Commission They make no discrimination as to the character of the different publications, and the good and objectionable are condemned alike. A wicked young man, who tore up that useful little messenger, "The Blood of Jesus," and was making a vile use of the paper, met with a

manly and pertinent reprimand, to-day, from Capt. Gordon, who inquired:

"Would you refuse to receive a valuable medicine from the hands of the Yankees, if dying with disease?"

An application as to the disease of the soul, and the remedial character of the book, put the fellow to the blush; and, as Gordon handed him a piece of waste paper, in the presence of fellow-prisoners, he was severely rebuked.

The inquiry meeting was well attended by church members and young converts. Several anxious persons were, also, present — among whom were Major P——, and Lieut. C——, who seemed to be deeply interested. Capt. J. J. W——, of Va., stated that he was a member of the Presbyterian Church, but had no evidence, whatever, of a change of heart. He had been long troubled, and joined the church, by advisement, hoping to be relieved. Talked personally with each of these officers; and made some more public remarks, intended for them and others.

The conference meeting was conducted by Capt. J. E. Roberts, who gave us a little account of himself, and referred to the ill consequences which had resulted, from too long deferring a connection with the church, after experiencing a hope in Christ. This gave me a text for some remarks on the nature and importance of a public profession of religion — a subject quite in place, in view of the approaching communion. Col. Hardeman followed with some excellent suggestions, based upon his own experience, and added his warning in regard to too great a delay in openly confessing Christ.

I find that several of the recent converts are much exercised on the subject of baptism. This is especially true of some who have been educated under Baptist influences. I have endeavored to eschew all sectarian bias; and have confined myself, in preaching, to those fundamental doctrines which are held, in common, by all evangelical teachers. I have, more privately, expressed my views to such as have

desired to be instructed, in regard to the sacrament of baptism, and have come to me for advice; but it has been necessary to use great prudence and caution; and I sincerely hope, that no root of bitterness may spring up among us.

Capt. Samford took the lead, in the evening services, and preached from Hab. ii. 4: *"The just shall live by faith"*—a very good sermon, and appropriate to the crisis. "Taps" were struck before he finished, and no call was made for inquirers.

Tuesday, 21*st*.—A number of persons at the inquiry meeting, all more or less anxious. Capt. W—— is still mourning the hidings of God's face. Capt. H. L. W. J——, Lieut. D——, and others, are deeply concerned. Talked with each privately, and made some remarks suited to the condition of all.

The 12 o'clock meeting was conducted by Lieut. F. C. Moore, a ruling elder, from Tennessee. He stated, that he had been twenty years a church member, had seen much affliction, and that he had been led in strange paths—all, as he hoped, to the good of his soul. Lieut. T. S. Armstead[1] made some encouraging remarks, stating a number of pleasant things that had come under his observation, illustrating the state of religion in the army. This afforded a basis for a talk of fifteen or twenty minutes, in which I endeavored to arouse Christians to a proper sense of gratitude to God, and exhorted them as individuals, each for himself, to stand in his place, endeavoring to promote the great, and good work, by bringing all his influence to bear for the glory of God, and the good of souls.

Col. —— has been in a very depressed state of mind, fearing the desertion of the Spirit, on account of wilful sin. Since my sermon on the text, "My spirit shall not always strive with man," he has had great trouble. The condition of the

[1] Now an ordained minister in the M. E. Church, Florida.

backslider, as referred to at that time, in connection with Heb. vi. 4, 5, 6—("*For it is impossible,* &c.")—has filled him with the most terrible apprehension. We have been trying, for a week or more, to get an opportunity for private conference, and only succeeded this afternoon, when we sat down together under the shade of the division fence, and talked over the whole matter. He is evidently a sincere Christian, and a man of warm feelings. Sometimes his heart overflows with emotion, and the tears fall in profusion. But, he has been laboring under wrong impressions in regard to the value of good works, and their legitimate connection wi h the scheme of redemption. Depending too much upon these, and with confused ideas in regard to the doctrine of *completeness* in Christ, he has stumbled along, through years of church membership, doubting, fearing, and at length grievously falling. He now has a better view of the way, is a penitent believer, and rejoices fully in the infinite righteousness of the blessed Redeemer.

I preached, at night, from Isaiah iv. 7: "*Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord who will have mercy upon him, and unto our God who will abundantly pardon.*" The congregation was large, exceedingly attentive, and two persons (Capt. W. and Lieut. D.) asked the prayers of the Church. After service, several young men remained, with the lights out, praying with and for those in trouble.

Lieut. B——t came around to my "shebang," and continued with me in conversation until a late hour.

Wednesday, 22d.—Received a box from my wife, containing clothing, books, and eatables—very acceptable in each of its departments, but especially in the last. Our rations now are a small piece of bread and meat, each, and a cup of water at breakfast; and at about four o'clock P. M. the same quantity of meat and bread (the bread being a mixture of corn and flour),

with the addition of a cup of rice soup. The soup is so bad—being often filled with flies and dirt—that I never use it; and the meat is so very coarse, I can only dispose of it when driven to the necessity of doing so by long fasting and a sharp appetite. The cooks generally reserve the best pieces for those who are able to pay for a fry or stew—while the rest of us must do the best we can with odds and ends, always boiled and unseasoned. Without an occasional box from my wife or some other friend, I fear my sufferings would be more than I could bear.

Capt. H. L. W. J——, and Lieut. D——, came to the inquiry meeting this morning, rejoicing in Christ, and in the pardon of their sins. Capt. J—— was so full of emotion, that he could not contain himself. Grasping my hand with ardor, he repeated those words of the Saviour: "*Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out,*" and said he, "I went to Him, sir, and He didn't cast me out."

Capt. W—— is still in great darkness and distress.

The noonday meeting was unusually interesting. Remarks were offered by Col. Davidson, Capt. Gordon, Lieut. Bullock, and myself. Col. D. read an extract from a letter written by a lady[1] in New Castle, Del., expressing great interest in the spiritual condition of the prisoners. The idea that there should be any such friends, and particularly, that there should be so many such, (as we have recently had reason to believe there are) in the land of our enemies, gave him great encouragement, while it produced astonishment. Lieut. Bullock spoke about sins of thought, and gave a caution in regard to indulging them. Capt. Gordon took up the subject, gave his own experience, and made a good exhortation on the same. My own remarks were based on the several points introduced by each, and were intended to encourage, and suggest the necessary remedies.

Spent much of the day in conversing with young converts, all of whom seem to be anxious to learn, and are proposing all

[1] Mrs. Spotswood.

sorts of knotty questions. The subjects of baptism and personal religion are, however, the principal topics.

Capt. Harris occupied the stand at night, and gave us a good sermon, from the story of Naaman. Capt. W——, Lieut. N——, and another whose name I have lost, asked the prayers of Christians.

Thursday, 23*d*.— I have been sick the whole day, and have been obliged to lie by. Troubled with the prevailing complaint, which seems to be much on the increase. Fear we shall have an unpleasant summer.

The meetings were conducted, as usual, throughout the day, and Capt. Samford preached at night.

Dr. Junkin made another visit to the barracks, to see some of his old students, and to distribute books and tracts. He was present at the noonday meeting; said he was too much fatigued to make any special, or regular remarks. He took from his pocket a little book; and holding it up, said he, "If any of my former pupils are here, they will, no doubt, remember this book, at once. It is the old 'roll-book,' in which I was accustomed to note the progress and attainments of the young men, under my charge at Lexington." He continued with emotion; referred to the unhappy war; and to many of his pupils who had been cut off by disease, or in battle; and said he was going to Point Lookout, to see others, who are in prison there.

A strong prejudice exists against this venerable man. Col. C—— and others went out as soon as he began to speak. He sent for the Colonel, however, and succeeded in obtaining an interview, as he did, also, with some of the young men who had avoided him. His "Political Fallacies," a copy of which he handed me, had excited a feeling of anger and disgust. His statement in regard to a fool's cap having been put on the statue of Washington, in derision, by certain students, is flatly denied, by several young men from Lexington, now in "the

pen." The "gratification," also, which they regard him as manifesting, at the slaughter in battle of sundry noble-hearted fellow-students, who opposed his politics, and desired his removal from the presidency of the college, has aroused them to expressions of the strongest reprehension. One of our prison sceptics has taken pains to call attention to these misstatements on the part of a minister of the Gospel ("falsehoods," as he calls them), to the disparagement of the Christian religion.

We still have some twenty or thirty lame officers in the barracks. Several of them have but one leg, or arm; and most of them are on crutches. It is astonishing, how well some of them walk, with artificial limbs. Major J. McCloud Turner,[1] of Washington, is the most afflicted of the lot. He moves with great difficulty, upon his crutches, throwing both feet forward simultaneously, with his body bent, and apparently in great pain. It distresses me to see these poor fellows working their way, through the crowds, into the dining-room. Of course, all are disposed to give way for them; but there ought to be some arrangement, by which they might be relieved entirely from this "skuffling" for themselves.

We have been notified that several hundred officers are to be added to our number, and notice has been given, that the preaching division must be vacated for their accommodation

Letters to-day from my wife, and daughter Gertrude.

The Lord's supper will be administered on next Sabbath; and a meeting for the examination of those desiring church membership, has been appointed for five o'clock P. M. to-morrow.

Friday, 24th.—My health is somewhat improved.

"Reddy" (W——h) was taken to the hospital to-day,

[1] I find a note, among the prison memoranda of Capt. J. S. Cantwell, of N. C., which have recently come into my possession, stating that a petition, signed by sixteen officers, was handed to Gen. Schœpf, requesting that Maj. Turner should be placed on the roll of exchange, "instead of some other officer, or in any manner the General may deem consistent." It was stated in the petition that he had been a prisoner for more than thirteen months, that he had no use of either leg, was wholly dependent on others for assistance; and that in consequence of the proximity of his wounds to the spine, he was a dreadful sufferer from spasms. Capt. Cantwell testifies over his own signature, that this earnest and respectful request was not complied with.

quite sick. He has been ill for several days. His mind has been much exercised on the subject of religion; and he says he wants to get well and come down to our meetings, to testify for Christ. I hope God will spare him. He is the son of a Methodist preacher — abusing his opportunities, and sinning against his conscience. Better things, I trust, are in store for him.

A Lieutenant, named Wood, died at the hospital, last night. An effort has been made, to obtain a sufficient sum to send his body to friends in Kentucky. The contributions have been made entirely by officers in the barracks, and the amount secured.

Spent most of the forenoon, in arranging a new place, in a corner of the third tier of bunks, in division 23, the same which I have heretofore occupied. I am, now, much better situated; can stand erect, under the roof; have a place, on the cross-beams, for hanging clothes; have more room than formerly, with a tolerably good writing place; and am favored with a few holes for the admission of air — affording me, also, a view of the river, and of Delaware City.

Had scarcely got fixed in my new quarters, and was just beginning to congratulate myself upon the eligible change, when it was ascertained that No. 34 could be used as a preaching room, provided eighty or one hundred men could be found of the same mind, and willing to submit to the inconvenience of the daily crowd, and the occupancy of their bunks, by such persons as might choose to attend. With the assistance of Capt. Gordon, stirred around to see what could be done. With some difficulty, sixty persons were found, willing to come into the arrangement — my own name, for the sake of example, heading the list. The men all moved in immediately, I, only, waiting until to-morrow, hoping to have less confusion and excitement, after the others are fixed up.

Capt. Ahl, attended by other officers, came into the barracks, and called the names of forty-five field officers, to be

sent to Charleston, to be placed under the fire of our own batteries, with a view to retaliation for like conduct, *said* to have been perpetrated by the Confederate authorities, at the South. We are perfectly in the dark, about what may have been done by our own people; but there can be no question that the whole thing is heathenish, and horrible.

Among the officers removed are several who have been most active in our religious meetings, viz: Col. Cobb, Col. Devant, and Majors Bullock, Anderson, Carson, Fitzgerald, Nash, and Martz. Major Perkins also, who has been deeply interested in the services, was among those who left us. A variety of feeling was manifested in regard to the change. Our Christian brethren all felt deeply, in being removed from the revival scenes. Parting words were uttered with much emotion, and several gentlemen pressed my hand, and asked me to remember them at the throne of grace.

Capt. Charlton Morgan, and Lieuts. James J. Andrews, Julius H. Smith, and John A. Tomlinson (staff officers), with others, were returned to the barracks, to make room in the Fort, for the temporary accommodation of those going South. They have received a pledge for the restoration of their privileges in the interior, after the debarkation for Charleston. Generals Johnston, Stewart, Archer, and Thompson are to go South. Gen. Vance is to remain at the Fort.

In consequence of the confusion and excitement occasioned by the changes of the day, and to allow time for the officers to arrange their bunks, the meeting for the examination of applicants for Church membership was deferred, with notice for the same, to-morrow at 10 A. M.

Was not able to get into my new quarters. No services to-night.

Saturday, 25th.—Moved into 34, and ensconced myself in the south-east corner, near the preaching stand, at the end of the room. I have a window, which looks out upon the tents

and buildings on the side of the Island next the Jersey shore. I have fixed up a sort of extempore writing shelf, and have a good shelf also for my books; but my head sweeps the white-washed ceiling, constituting the floor of the tier above, and any quantity of dust is falling continually. I have already had an impudent challenge from the outside sentinel, who has ordered me to keep on the inside of my slatted window. The order was unnecessary, for I have done no more than peep out, and that without showing any one of my extremities on his side of the dividing wall.

A new arrangement has been adopted, to-day, in regard to our entrance to meals, by which crowds of prisoners are detained, half an hour or more, standing in the hot sun, waiting their turns—each man being admitted slowly, and by single file, through a narrow opening to the table. This is an imposition which must go very hard with some of us, if we continue to visit the hall. Were it not for the bread, I would never go to the table—for the coarse beef and nasty soup are really disgusting to my too delicate palate.

About six hundred and fifty men were introduced into the barracks in the course of the afternoon, crowding every "shebang" very nearly to its utmost capacity. In 34 we have upwards of ninety men, although the division is one of the shortest in the entire range. Among the new-comers I find Capt. H. A. Allen and Lieut. —— Shannon, of the "Old Dominion Guards," Portsmouth.

Spent much of the day in conversing with the late converts, chiefly on the subject of the ordinances. Had special talks with Maj. A. R——, Capts. W. H. G—— and F. H. McC——, and Lieuts. E. L. B—— and E. A. S——, who have had troubles, on the subject of baptism. A majority of them seem, now, to be entirely relieved, and will be admitted to this seal of the covenant, on to-morrow.

Our meeting for the admission of members was deeply interesting. Thirty officers, mostly young men, gave full and

explicit statements, in regard to their past lives, and the evidences of their new condition. I have never heard anything more satisfactory, in all my ministry, of twenty-five years. Without exception, every man could give good "reason for the hope that is in him," and apparently, "with meekness, and fear." All seem to be truly penitent sinners, trusting only in the merits of a crucified Redeemer; earnestly desiring newness of life; with heartfelt impression of utter inability to accomplish any good work, without the gracious aid of the Spirit. The meeting continued nearly three hours, with unfailing interest to the last.

Had a long talk, after night, in the open air, with Capt. H—— about the call, and qualifications necessary to the work of the ministry. His mind has been greatly troubled on this subject; and I was glad to leave him much encouraged, and I hope entirely relieved, as to the obligations in his own case.

My window gives me an opportunity of seeing something of the movements outside of "the pen." Great numbers of privates have been hard at work, all day—many of them barefooted, and all of them looking shabby, and dirty enough—toiling away at the old business of carrying boards. I have no doubt the exercise is good for them; and they get an additional ration; but it is really unpleasant to see the poor fellows driven about by Yankee guards, often abused, and always meekly submitting to every indignity. They have accomplished a vast amount of work during the year; and it is to them that the Yankees are indebted for nearly all the improvements on the island.

Sunday, 26th.—This has been one of the most remarkable Sabbaths of my life. In some respects it has been the most interesting; and certainly the most promising of important results. In the morning, I preached to the largest congregation which has yet assembled for worship, in "the pen." The body of the room; every bunk of the three tiers; every nook,

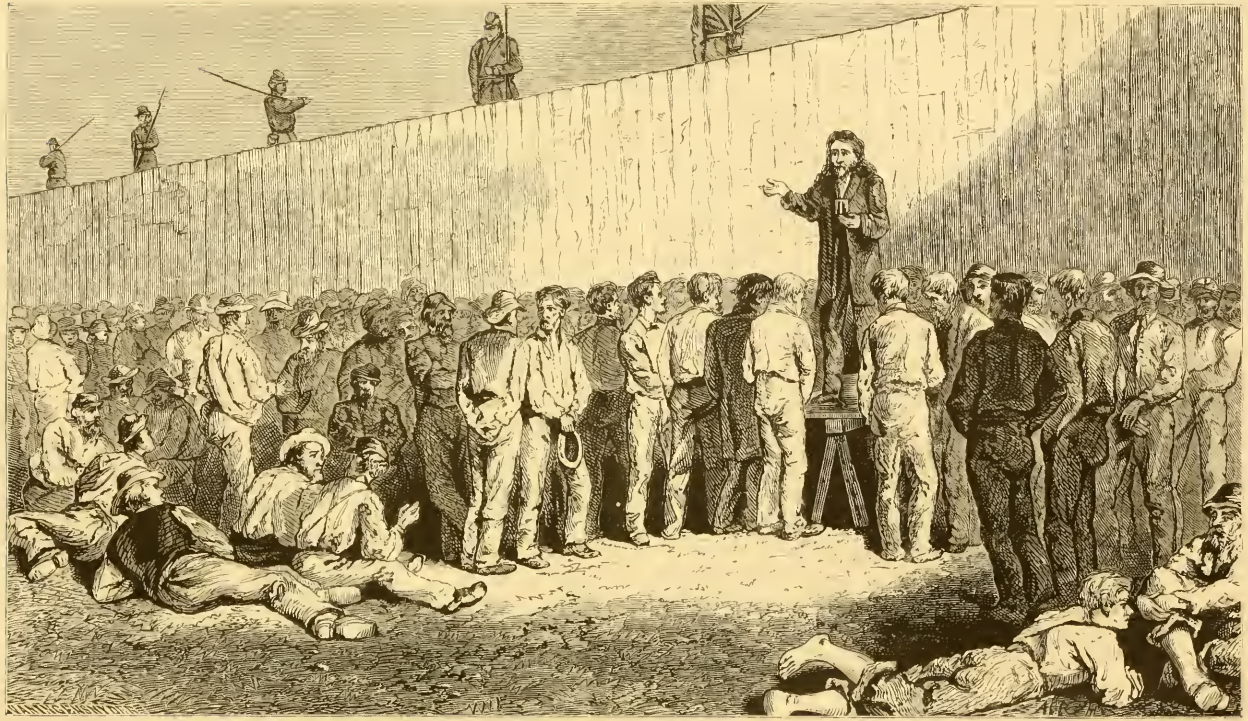
and corner — all, were stowed full, and to their utmost capacity, with attentive, and devout hearers. The subject of my discourse was, *The nature, and importance of a public confession of Christ,* from the text Heb. iii. 1: "*Our profession.*" With many before me, to whom the subject was specially applicable; and with the expectation that a score and a half of them would, in the afternoon, for the first time, appear before the world, bearing the badge of the Cross, I felt animated, and earnest in the effort to instruct them aright.

In the afternoon, the Bible class was suspended, in consequence of the arrangements for the Supper. Intending to hold the services in the open air, we were discouraged, just about the hour for convening, by the appearance of a storm. The wind blew considerably; dark clouds floated in the sky; and anon, a few heavy drops of rain descended. We waited anxiously, and in doubt. Presently all apprehension was at an end. The storm subsided; and the bright sun beamed cheerfully upon the prison *campus.*

In a few moments, a long rough table was placed near the division fence. A few benches were adjusted for the benefit of such of the communicants as might prefer to kneel; and, then, the crowd arranged themselves on the ground, right and left, as far as the voice could be well heard, with a good congregation, also, in front. The preliminary services were conducted in the usual manner. After reading Matthew's account of the crucifixion, and the words of institution by the Apostle to the Gentiles — the nature of the ordinance was expounded; believers were encouraged, and the wicked and impenitent warned to abstain from an act, which must only bring condemnation upon their souls.

All those who were examined, on yesterday, now came forward, as their names were called, and publicly answered affirmatively, to a series of questions involving the first principles of the Gospel.[1] The body of Christians then arose, acknowledging them as members of the same communion with

[1] Appendix F.



BAPTISM IN THE PEN.

themselves. Eight persons were baptized, by sprinkling, as they severally stood around the long table, which — without premeditation — I ascended, for greater convenience; and by which means, I was enabled, as I believe, with peculiar solemnity, to apply the holy seal, in full observation of the large assembly. The persons baptized were Capts. W. F. Gordon, Jr., G. W. Kurtz, and Lieuts. Jasper Horne, F. M. Noble, E. Lee Bell, Francis Holmes, John Paul, and F. M. McCuistion — some of whom had been troubled on the subject, but were now satisfied, both as to the nature and method of the sacrament.

In consequence of having but two glasses, one of them much smaller than the other, we were considerably interrupted in serving the wine. The persons engaged in the distribution of the elements were Capts. A. M. Samford, and Thomas W. Harris, Methodist preachers; Capt. C. L. Bennett, of the Christian Church; and Lieut. John. C. Allen, Presbyterian, and Ruling Elder. This arrangement was the best that could be effected in the spirit of brotherly love, and with a view to union and harmony. A large majority of the communicants were seated on the ground, whilst many kneeled at the benches provided for the purpose. If it were ever possible, on this earth, for a great concourse of Christians, of different names, to assemble "with one heart and one mind," that assemblage convened to-day. Truly our hearts were melted together in love. There was no word of opposition; no jar; aye — may I not say?— no thought of separation in any heart. Oh, how did our gushing souls well up in the spirit of that gracious, happy song:—

"Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

"Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found,
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

"Thus will the Church below,
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love."

Four of the young men who joined the church, to-day, are sons of ministers of the Gospel.

Being unaccustomed to speak in the open air, felt much fatigued after the services, and my lungs were sore. Had the impression that my remarks lacked force, and unction; and as the winds cut off my words, occasioning a constant strain of the voice, I felt annoyed, and had considerable difficulty in retaining a proper current of thought. It was nevertheless a happy day; and, I do believe, it will long be remembered by the hundreds who witnessed its solemn and impressive scenes.

We were marshaled into meals, to-day, by divisions — a better plan than heretofore, requiring less time, and securing to each man his own ration.

Four Lieutenants were taken to the Fort, this evening, and placed in close confinement. The cause unknown.

Monday, 27th.—We have adopted a set of rules in 34, for the regulation of the division. Among these, is an order appointing 8 o'clock, A. M., as the hour for family worship, each day.

I wrote a letter to Gen. Schœpf, in behalf of our prison church, asking the privilege of an awning, or rough shed, in the open area of the barracks, for purposes of public worship, during the summer. We have offered to put up this roof ourselves, provided we can be provided with a few hundred feet of old boards, and as much scantling as may be needed — any quantity of which appears to be lying about the island, unappropriated. Such a shed would afford great comfort, in the present crowded condition of the divisions; and would give accommodation to hundreds, who cannot, or will not, come into the blocks, to worship God. A thing so reasonable, and in no way calculated to result in mischief, should be assented to at once.

The carpenters are busily engaged in putting up a platform on the outside of the division fence, with a view to the elevation of the sentries—thus giving them a full survey of all that transpires in the area of the barracks.

Mr. McGruder, one of the political prisoners, was taken to the guard-house, this morning, where he is still retained, for replying to a sentinel who ordered him to take his arm off the window. He was first threatened, and then a musket leveled at him. He avoided the shot, by simply moving out of the way. It is too bad, that we should be subject to such insults, and dangers! Can the authorities be aware of what we have to endure, from these impudent, and unfeeling ruffians?

The Sutler proposes to furnish ice, for five cents per pound, and a beer barrel for one dollar and twenty-five cents. These are high prices, for poor prisoners; but, in the divisions where the money can be raised, the terms will probably be accepted. This man gets nearly all the money that comes into the barracks; and takes it, pretty much in such sums as he pleases, from all whose necessities compel them to buy. We were able, in 34, to purchase a barrel; but could only raise money enough, to-day, for a very few pounds of ice.

The religious services were omitted, this day, entirely, in consequence of the incompleteness of our plans, and the great difficulty in deciding what, under the circumstances, may be for the best.

Tuesday, 28*th*.—We, now, have orders to use the ditch-water for washing. The initiation was disagreeable beyond measure, as the water is very nearly stagnant, of a brownish green color, and filled with insects. It must necessarily become more and more disgusting, as it shall be used and reused, by the hundreds in "the pen."

The family worship was inaugurated this morning, by Capt. Frank C. Robbins, of Selma, Ala., an excellent brother in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church

Several officers were removed from the barracks into the interior of the Fort — among whom are Maj. R. S. Bullock, Capts. C. Morgan, C. B. Kilgore, J. McD. Carrington, and Lieuts. Lucius Smith, Chambers, and others. We shall miss Maj. Bullock exceedingly. He has always been present at the meetings, and has been prominent in leading, both in prayer and singing. Capt. Kilgore, who is a Presbyterian, was beginning to take hold with considerable zeal. Capt. Carrington is a relative of my friend, the Rev. R. J. Taylor, of Portsmouth.

The Rev. Dr. Breckenridge, whose arrival had been daily expected, came into "the pen" this morning, accompanied by Gen. Schœpf and other Federal officers. They made their way immediately to No. 27, which is occupied chiefly by Kentuckians. The Doctor was announced by Gen. Schœpf, who also stated that he (Dr. B.) would be glad to see the officers from his State, and requested all who would like to speak to him, to come forward. A few persons made their appearance, with evident reluctance. Some others came up after awhile, influenced wholly by curiosity. The greeting was certainly not cordial, and others who remained in their bunks, expressed displeasure at his presence.

I wanted to have a few words with the Doctor myself; but he did not inquire for me, and I felt indisposed to run after him. I was disappointed that his son-in-law, Rev. W. C. Handy, did not accompany him, as was expected. He was too late to see Maj. Steele, another son-in-law, who was sent to Charleston several days ago.

During his interview with the Kentuckians, Dr. Breckenridge made some remark about their generally good appearance, suggesting that they must be "well treated and well fed." Some one immediately replied, "We can assure you, it is not the result of Fort Delaware rations;" and Capt. Mitchell (Wm. J.), to prove the fact, instantly held up the bread and meat, which had fallen to his share at the last meal.

Both the General and the Doctor expressed surprise, and Gen. Schœpf directed Mitchell to have the ration weighed at the sutler's, assuring him that the matter should be attended to without delay. I presume we shall never hear of it again.

Fifteen or twenty citizens of Indiana were brought into the prison, but were removed without explanation, before we had time to learn anything about them.

Four sentinels have been stationed on the newly erected platform. They are now marching to and fro, in full survey of the open "pen."

A poor "Reb"—guilty or not guilty, I am unable to say—was paraded up and down the walk, on the outside of the barracks, with a board on his back, inscribed *Thief*, in large black capitals.

Had a letter from Miss E. A. Prettyman, of 521, 7th street, Philadelphia, offering to send me anything necessary to my comfort, whether in eatables or clothing.

A young man from the West, whose name I have not learned — a recent arrival — occupied the stand to-night, and attempted a sermon from Heb. xii. 1: "*Wherefore, seeing we also*," &c.— a well meaning youth, no doubt, but sadly deficient in education, and wholly out of place, just now, in the pulpit. Before the services were closed, a Sergeant appeared at the door, and ordered the lights to be put out immediately. We have great difficulty in regard to this matter, as there seems to be no definite time for "taps."

Another Sergeant came in after the lights were extinguished, and very patronizingly informed us, that should we get very cold before morning, we would be allowed to put in our windows — the sash, which at this season is removed for the sake of air.

Wednesday, 29th.—There seems to be much difficulty in arranging for an orderly ingress into the dining-room. Various plans have been adopted — all failing to accomplish

the object. The last — by which we have been compelled, at the point of the bayonet, to wait long, in the hot sun, whilst each man moves in slowly, and finds his place at the table — is no improvement whatever. If we could enter by divisions, at different tables, all the difficulty would be remedied.

We have not profited much, by showing the short rations to Gen. Schœpf, as was done yesterday. We were put upon shorter allowance, to-day, and, as if for spite, we were denied the use of knives and forks, and though we had soup furnished us in tin cups, we had no spoons.

The same want of system prevails about the "money call," as in relation to other things. The horn is blown in the morning, and all who have received letters enclosing money, are expected to attend at the office, which opens into "the pen." The money has previously been taken from the letters; and the several sums abstracted are acknowledged, on the envelopes. These are handed at the window. The press is always great; and the clerk being extremely slow in hunting the entry, counting the checks, or writing the order upon the Sutler — no money is given out — thus, sick or well, there is a long exposure to the hot sun. More provoking than all, the "sick call" is soon made; when the whole business ceases, and scores are obliged to turn away, to be disappointed. This routine is repeated, perhaps, many mornings in succession, before getting the trifle forwarded by friends, to afford a few necessaries, to mitigate the sufferings of prison life.

Dr. Lee, lately a prisoner with ourselves, is now in the employment of the Yankees, as a sort of medical umpire, deciding who shall go to the hospital, and who shall continue under his own treatment, in the barracks. He is a strange character, and his qualifications very much doubted. He professes sympathy with the Confederates; but appears to be quite at home among our enemies. He has a snug tent, immediately in front of my window, with Capt. Winnie and others as near neighbors, in two other tents. He says he has

resided near Memphis, and was a surgeon at Camp Chase, when arrested and sent to this place. Some think he was the proprietor of Lee's minstrels, once somewhat celebrated. He has been an architect, and a traveller; is quite skilled on the guitar; and scoffs at religion. He may be a detective; or, perhaps, only a weak and eccentric man, willing to get his bread among friends or enemies, as most convenient. Perhaps, he is wholly indifferent to the questions at issue, and adventures according to circumstances. His conduct is a riddle, and occasions talk.

Cupolas, or observatories, are being erected on the adjoining barracks, in which are to be placed large lamps, under the care of sentinels, who will thus have an opportunity to overlook the surrounding enclosures. These lights, with the one at "the rear," will make everything thoroughly conspicuous, over a considerable portion of the Island.

Gen. Schœpf has, as yet, paid no attention to my letter, asking the awning, or temporary shed. Capt. Winnie tells me, that the letter was "passed" by himself, and handed over to the General's mail. He says, however, that Capt. Ahl, the A. A. A. Gen., thinks the request will not be granted. It may be doubtful, whether the letter will ever get to the Commandant.

A Baptist minister, named Thomas, preached, to-night, from John xi. 25: "*I am the resurrection and the life,*" *&c.*— a real old fashioned sort of a sermon, by a very unpretending man. Brother Thomas is forty-eight, or fifty years of age; has twelve children; is pastor of four churches in Tennessee, to each of which he preaches once a month. He is a Lieutenant in the "Rebel" army.

Spent a considerable portion of the day in preparing certificates of church membership, for those who have recently come forward by a public profession of Christ.

Received a small but valuable package, from my untiring and excellent friend, Rev. Mr. McCown, of Kentucky.

Closed the day with a dreadful sick headache.

Thursday, 30*th*.—It fell to my lot, to lead in the family worship, of the morning. Considerable interest is manifested in this service.

The noon-day prayer meeting was conducted by Col. Hardeman, who made some pleasant remarks. "Parson" Thomas gave us some account of himself; spoke of doubts and fears; the trouble he had, as to whether he ought to enter the army, and the feelings of his friends on the subject; his long church membership, and his inability to say anything about the time, place, or circumstances of his conversion. His remarks were good, and well received.

Temporary booths, shades, and stands have been erected by various persons, in different parts of the open area. Some have entered regularly upon the business of selling lemonade, corn beer, &c.; and others have established *faro* and *keno* tables. Bathing is, also, becoming fashionable; and, what to me is curious, to say the least, is the extreme want of modesty, manifested by some who occupy the ditches, at the most public times, and wash themselves off, with the most unblushing effrontery, with hundreds passing to and fro, around, and about them.

Had a pleasant talk, to-day, with Capt. J. G. A——, who was lately converted in the army. His father is a Methodist preacher, in the Southwest.

XIV.

July.

Friday, 1*st*.—The morning ablutions are confined entirely to the ditches, which afford only a filthy, brackish water, often

covered with green scum, and filled with myriads of insects. Scores stand along the banks in rows, and wash in the general reservoir; others dip the water in basins, and carry it off. There is a slow, dull current, which carries the accumulated scourings from man to man, making it necessary for any who may be a little squeamish, to throw back the greasy, or soapy surface, before anything like a cleanly dip can be obtained.

Several curious structures have recently been put up, by persons seeking shade, outside of the crowded divisions. We have a barber's shop, a ring-maker's tent, and several arbors, occupied by students. Most of these coverings are constructed of boards, obtained from boxes, which have been knocked up, and put together again as uprights, over which are suspended the blankets which are used in the bunks at night.

Col. Hardeman conducted the morning prayer meeting, offering a few remarks, followed with some reflections by myself. I preached at night from Canticles iv. 16: "*Awake, O south wind,*" *&c.* One person requested the prayers of the congregation. After service, had a conversation on the subject of personal religion, with Capt. M——, of Virginia.

Several valuable boxes were received from my relative, Mrs. Benj. F. Caulk, of Newark, Delaware. These boxes are a joint contribution from sundry benevolent ladies in that place, and are intended for distribution among our more destitute prisoners.

Gen. Schœpf came into "the pen." Several officers had their pocket-knives taken away by the guards. The Fredericksburg prisoners have left the Fort.

Saturday, 2d.— Several officers having made their escape, last night, the new water-house, at "the rear," is closed up, and renewed vigilance is manifested on the part of the guards.

Capts. Gordon and G. L. Roberts received a box of books, which had been solicited from friends in Baltimore.

Capt. Tracy led the morning prayer meeting. Lieut.

Finley gave an interesting account of the revival at Johnson's Island. Capt. Harris occupied the stand at night.

Fifteen surgeons, who had been removed from the barracks, were returned.

All the officers turned to "the rear" and counted. Whole number, 1312 — six gone.

Sabbath, 3d.—The Yankees have been busy, all day, searching the barracks, and securing weak places, with a view to preventing escapes. All the prisoners were, this morning, marched through the sally-port, into the small enclosure adjoining "the pen." Here we had to remain, jammed and tossed, until each one of the divisions was thoroughly searched, and such repairs effected, as were regarded necessary to greater security. The floors were all taken up, and every conceivable hole and corner examined. Three or four cart-loads of canteens were found, numbering, it is said, about three thousand. These were all removed, to prevent their use by the prisoners, as life preservers, in crossing the Delaware.

Religious services were held, in the forenoon, in three separate divisions — this arrangement being necessary to accommodate the crowds who now seem anxious to hear the Word. Capt. Samford preached in 24; Parson Thomas in 31; and I in 23, the largest division in the barracks. I have not heard what subjects were presented by the other brethren. My text was John iii. 9: *"How can these things be?"* Notwithstanding the numbers who attend preaching, the revival spirit seems to flag. This is to be attributed chiefly to the excitement occasioned by the late large reinforcement of officers.

At 5 o'clock I had upwards of one hundred officers in attendance at Bible class. We spent nearly two hours on the first chapter of Romans, closely and critically examining the verses, from the 8th to the 18th inclusive. Great interest is manifested in this exercise.

We had an out-door service in the afternoon, which was

attended by hundreds, who stood or were seated upon the ground, in every direction within hearing of my voice. It was delightful, to notice the eagerness with which many received the Word. The sermon continued until dusk, when we were very unexpectedly interrupted by horn-blowing, which drove us to quarters. As we had so many new men in the crowd, I was repeating my discourse on Jeremiah xvii. 9, "*The heart is desperately wicked,*"—hoping by God's blessing to bring some to conviction, who had long been denied the privilege of a sermon.

We have about ninety persons in 34, nearly all of whom are professors of religion. All seem to be of like spirit, with evident interest in the morning worship, and the mid-day prayer-meeting.

My labors, at present, are excessive. When not preaching, or holding meetings, I am writing, conversing with inquirers, teaching the candidates for the ministry, or in some other way trying to do something for the spiritual benefit of those around me.

Monday, 4th.—The Yankees have been taking Fourth of July. The whole Island has been in a state of excitement all day. About six hundred "blue-coats" have been constantly parading, both in and outside of the Fort, with banners and music; and thirty-five guns were fired from the barbette battery. About noon a sumptuous dinner came off, at the hotel; and from the appearance of things, to-night, champagne and brandy have been profusely imbibed. Officers and men are in high glee — their jubilant songs proclaiming the yet unfinished holiday.

Several of our officers have availed themselves of the festive occasion, by donning the costume of "Uncle Sam," and walking out of "the pen." How they managed to prepare for this feat, has not been revealed; but they probably feel quite *indepen-dent* just now, and are much obliged to the Fourth of July.

We have had no news from the adjoining quarters; but the probability is, that "the boys" have been wide awake during the day, and are not likely to sleep much to-night. What more appropriate than the loosing of the prisoners, on Independence Day!

The prayer meeting at half past ten A. M., was conducted by Lieut. G. W. Finley,[1] a graduate of Washington College, Virginia. The Lieutenant is a deacon in the Presbyterian Church, at Clarksville, a sensible and intelligent gentleman, with a heart for evangelical labor. His remarks this morning, on The power of God, were timely and impressive. I endeavored to follow him in some suggestions on the Sovereignty of the Diety, as applicable to the present condition of the country, and of ourselves as prisoners.

I find that Lieut. M——l, who has been long inquiring, is "not far from the Kingdom of Heaven."

Tuesday, 5th.—We had breakfast at half past ten o'clock, and dinner at three. Our next call to the table will probably be at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Some of our poor "Rebs" can stand almost any thing; but there will be many a hungry stomach, before another opportunity for the usual scanty "grub."

Capt. G. L. Roberts conducted the morning worship, and Lieut. Mackey led the noon-day prayer-meeting, followed with remarks by Capts. Dunkle, Mitchell, and myself, on the subject of Earnestness in Religion.

The barracks were searched, again, to-day, and we have had another worrying and exhausting time. All hands were made

1 Now, *Rev. G. W. Finley*, of Romney, Va. He was captured July 3d, 1863, on the Heights of Gettysburg, and confined at Fort Delaware until the 18th of the same month, when, with 400 other prisoners, he was removed to Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie. From this place he was sent, with seventy-five sick and wounded officers, to Point Lookout, arriving there April 25th, 1864. On the 23d of June, he was returned to Fort Delaware. He was one of the 600 who were sent to Charleston, and who suffered at Morris Island, Fort Pulaski, and Hilton Head. In March, 1865, he was returned to Fort Delaware; and was finally released, through the intervention of a Baltimore lady, the following May. He was licensed to preach the Gospel, by Orange Presbytery, at Chapel Hill, N. C., Oct. 11th, 1867; was ordained an Evangelist by Winchester Presbytery, Oct. 20th, 1868; and installed pastor of Springfield and Romney, West Virginia, on the 12th and 13th of May, 1870.

1. Capt. George W. Lewis.
2. Capt. George W. Moore.
3. Priv. John H. Maynadier.
4. Lieut. W. M. Bullock.
5. Capt. Chas. T. Cyrus.
6. Lieut. F. C. Moore.
7. Lieut. John C. Allen.
8. Lieut. Claude C. Turner.
9. Capt. H. L. W. Johnson.
10. Lieut. James F. Caldwell.
11. Capt. A. M. Samford.
12. Rev. Dr. Handy.
13. Capt. Thos. W. Harris.
14. Col. Isaac Hardeman.
15. Capt. Frank C. Robbins.
16. Capt. Wm. R. White.
17. Lieut. George W. Finley.

CONFEDERATE GROUP.

to turn out, and huddle together at "the rear," where we had to stand about three hours in a scorching sun. After ransacking the divisions for canteens, and blue clothing, the prisoners were returned slowly through the sally-port, and each man, as he marched out, was required to deliver his watch, and any gold coin or greenbacks about his person. Some tried to evade the robbery by secreting these articles under the board-walk, or in such places as they might hope to regain them after the search. One man threw away about fifty dollars in gold, rather than transfer it to the Yankee officials. I passed my watch through a hole at the back of my "shebang," and recovered it from a friend who took care of it on the inside. Perhaps this was an unnecessary precaution, as on presenting my pocket-book at the sally-port, it was refused, with an order to "move on."

Our night services were interrupted by the confusion of the day. I managed, however, before retiring, to have a meeting of the Theological class.

Wednesday, 6th.—Lieut. B. E. Roberts conducted the morning meeting, followed with some timely suggestions by Lieuts. Caldwell and McFarland. The service was closed by myself, with some remarks on the Work of the ministry.

A photographer has been allowed to visit "the pen," and has been busy, to-day, taking sundry pictures, to help the Yankee pockets, and bring joy to many a "Rebel" heart at the South. I had two groups taken myself, with fifteen faces in one, and eight in the other. The first embraces a number of friends, who have been prominent in the late revival scenes, and the other, several of the young men connected with the Theological class.

My health is exceedingly poor. The prevailing disease has debilitated me so much, that I am entirely unfit for the usual routine of pastoral work. Indeed, I am completely broken down. The constant labors have been wearing upon me greatly. I suffered much from the exposure on Tuesday, and yester-

day I was obliged to lie by until the evening, when I made an attempt to preach to a crowded house, from *"My grace is sufficient for you;"* but before uttering half a dozen sentences, I found it would be impossible to proceed. I had such a severe oppression of the lungs, that my breath seemed to be entirely gone. I felt weak, dizzy, and worried, and was about excusing myself to the congregation, when my limbs gave way, and I fell prostrate across my chair. A scene of confusion immediately ensued. Friends rushed to the spot, and a physician, who happened to be near, directed that I should be lifted to my bunk, which was just at the end of the table. The necessary attentions were rendered, and I felt somewhat relieved; but it was impossible, of course, to resume my position on the stand. I regretted that the congregation was obliged to retire without a sermon. As soon as I can prudently resume the work, I shall certainly do so. How often do I think of those words of Whitfield, "It is better to wear out, than to rust out." God grant, that I may have something of the spirit of that laborious and honored servant of Jesus Christ.

I understand that Parson Thomas preached in 31.

Many of the prisoners are sick.

Thursday, 7th.— We have had an exciting day. Several officers having attempted to make their escape; the Yankees appear to be in a rage; and all privileges are restricted. The guards have been very insolent, and peremptory throughout the day.

An attempt was made to rectify the rolls, which seem to be in utter confusion. All hands were ordered out, and the names called. Was unwell, and scarcely able to leave my bunk. Had to get up; but was allowed, after awhile, to return and lie down. There are about seventy-five or one hundred men, over and above the enrolment; and yet a number, who ought to be in the barracks, have disappeared. The

MURDER OF COL. JONES.

attempt of Capt. Burke, Lieut. Patton, and others, to escape last night, through one of the ditches, was a bold movement. Several officers, whose names I have not learned, did accomplish the feat of getting out of "the pen," by crawling the entire width of the division, and then emerging upon the open island. Burke and Patton were not so fortunate. They were both caught under a flat bridge, covering a walk, near the quarters. They are now, I believe, in duress, at the Fort.

A lamentable affair occurred at "the rear," about dusk, this evening. Many persons are now suffering with diarrhœa, and crowds are frequenting that neighborhood. The orders are, to go by one path, and return by the other. Two lines of men, going and coming, are in continual movement. I was returning from the frequented spot, and, in much weakness, making my way back, when, suddenly, I heard the sentinel challenge from the top of the water-house. I had no idea he was speaking to me, until some friends called my attention to the order. I suppose my pace was too slow for him. I passed on; and as frequent inquiries were made in regard to my health, I was obliged to say to friends, "we have no time to talk; the sentinel is evidently restless or alarmed, and we are in danger."

I had scarcely reached my quarters, before a musket fired; and it was, immediately, reported that Col. E. P. Jones had been shot.

The murder of Col. Jones is the meanest, and most inexcusable affair that has occurred in the officers' quarters; or that has come under my own observation since my imprisonment at Fort Delaware. I did not see him fall; but have learned from Capt. J. B. Cole,[1] who was an eye-witness to the whole scene, that although he was standing within ten steps of the man that killed him, he heard no challenge, nor any order to move on. The first intimation he had of the senti-

[1] The statement of Capt. Cole found its way to Richmond, written upon tissue paper, and neatly enclosed in a military button. In this shape it was designed to be handed to President Davis; but the facts having reached the ear of the Executive in some other way, this curious dispatch is retained by the author as an interesting prison relic.

nel's displeasure, was the discharge of the musket, and the simultaneous exclamation of the Colonel—"Oh, God! Oh, God! My God, what did you shoot me for? Why didn't you tell me to go on? I never heard you say anything to me!"—and with a few such exclamations, he sank upon the ground; and then fell, or rather rolled, down the embankment.

Col. Jones has been in the barracks so short a time, that I have not had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. I have only learned that he is an intelligent physician, of considerable property and influence, and that he is from Middlesex county, Va. Since he came to Fort Delaware, he has been, constantly, suffering with some affection of the feet, causing lameness.[1]

At the time he was shot, he was hobbling along, with one shoe, and was carefully stepping down a rough place, near the water-house, buttoning his pants. He could not have been more than twenty steps from the point of the musket. It is said, that the murderer seemed, all day, to be seeking an opportunity to shoot some one. It is, also, reported that Capt. Ahl was seen on the top of the shanty, giving some orders, only a few moments before the catastrophe. These are all the facts that I can learn, concerning this melancholy affair, except that Col. Jones has been taken to the hospital, and that there is no prospect of his recovery.

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1 I am indebted to Col. Wm. S. Christian, of Middlesex county, Va., for the following additional facts (recently communicated) concerning Col. Jones:—"Edward Pope Jones was about thirty years of age at the time of his death. His father was a New England man, who settled in Middlesex, and died there, when Pope was a small boy. The son was educated at the North; and though he studied medicine, he never engaged in the practice—his father having left him a handsome estate, which he took possession of at the age of 21.

"Soon after the organization of the militia system, in 1858, he was elected Colonel of the 109th Regiment of Virginia Militia. This was the only military position he ever held; so that he saw little or no real service, during the war. At the time of his capture, he was commanding a small force of Home Guards, in his native county, that came out to resist the raid of Kilpatrick in May, 1863. His little force of old men, and boys, was soon scattered. Jones was captured, the same night, at his own house. He made a narrow escape from being hung as a bushwhacker; and was saved only by his militia commission. He was, for a time, imprisoned in the old Capitol, at Washington, then at Johnson's Island, and was finally taken to Fort Delaware. He was a man of some eccentricities of character; but, those who knew him best, esteemed him very highly. He was generous to a fault, and eminently kind and charitable to the neighboring poor; had few vices or faults; was a man of high sense of honor; and a warm and faithful friend."

Capt. Charlton Morgan was, this day, again removed to the Fort.

We were ordered to bed early; and all talking is prohibited.

Friday, 8th.—The boy who shot Col. Jones is again on guard, this morning; and it is reported that he has been promoted to a corporalcy. He belongs, I think, to an Ohio regiment, is about eighteen years old, and is known as "Bill Douglas."

Unusual watchfulness prevailed during the night. New sentinels were on guard, in every direction. A noisy fellow tramped under my window until daylight. Guards have been posted inside of "the pen," and everything indicates apprehension, on the part of the Yankees, and danger to the prisoners.

Gen. Schœpf visited "the pen," accompanied by Capt. Ahl, and other officers. They were evidently excited, and moved quickly from place to place. Some of the officers were anxious to have an interview, and pressed upon them for a word. I succeeded in halting the General, and spoke to him myself, about the recklessness of the sentinels, and the great danger to which I was personally exposed just before the shooting last night. He referred to the repeated attempts which had, lately, been made to effect escapes; spoke decidedly of his purpose to put a stop to the whole thing; and excused the guards. "They shall shoot down any man," said he, "who tries to get away."

Capt. Ahl averred that Col. Jones had been challenged; and justified the sentinel. Several bystanders insisted, that he was quietly returning from "the rear," and that there was no cause for the murder. Ahl affirmed, that he was near by, when the shooting took place; and that he had ordered the sentinel to fire at the first man, that stopped on the thoroughfare.

I appealed to Gen. Schœpf, to hear a statement of the case; and told him, that I had always supposed him to be a humane officer, and disposed to do what was right. He was evidently embarrassed by the presence of Ahl; and nervously moved off towards the gate, followed by his attendants. He was there surrounded by another company of prisoners, who tried to get an audience. He refused to hear them; and referred them to "Dr. Handy," urging as he went out—"He knows I want to do right."

Before the party left, I inquired of the General, whether he had received my communication in regard to the awning, as I feared it had never reached him. He at once expressed a perfect willingness to comply with the request, and nothing more was said about it; but I now hope we shall soon have the long desired shade, and more comfortable arrangements for the meetings. We are greatly in need of something of this sort, as there is no vacant division, since the late reinforcement, which can be used for the purpose.

The usual prayer meeting was held this morning; and Capt. Samford preached to-night. My poor health has debarred me the pleasure of these services.

Mrs. Emley informs me, that some benevolent lady has placed $10 in her hands, to be appropriated, in some way, for the benefit of the prisoners. I have recommended, that it be the basis of a fund for the awning.

An embargo has been laid upon our newspapers. The New York *News*—which I have lately been allowed to receive—is now interdicted.

Saturday, 9th.—The watchfulness continues. Sentinels are posted everywhere, in and out of "the pen." Everything is noticed by our oppressors; and we are obliged, as it were, to walk on tiptoe, and to hold our very breath.

Our morning meeting was conducted by Capt. Dunkle, a worthy young man, who expects to enter the ministry in the M. E. Church.

Chaplain Paddock made us a visit, this morning, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Colton, of the Christian Commission. I invited Mr. Colton to address the noon-day company, which he did, in some excellent remarks, on The importance of a due cultivation of grace in the heart. Capt. Dunkle added some good thoughts.

Capt. W. H. Gordon, Jr., and Edward J. Devitt, a political prisoner — both of whom were condemned to hard labor during the war — were, this morning, removed to the Fort, with a view to the execution of the sentence. They are worthy fellows; and all regard their fate as hard in the extreme. We shall miss Gordon, every moment. His whole heart has been in the great work, with which God has blessed us in the barracks; and we have listened to his exhortations, and prayers, with profit and pleasure. It may be, that God has a work for him with Company Q. He was allowed to take out his books.

A great many boxes have recently been forwarded from Point Lookout, which had been sent to prisoners at that place, and who are now at Fort Delaware. These boxes generally contain articles of provision, which being of a perishable nature, and so long delayed, are now perfectly useless. I am sure it would move the hearts of benevolent donors, if they could witness the disappointment of hungry "Rebs," sitting in groups around the open boxes, knives in hand, scraping and paring, to secure a tidbit from the rotten mass.

I am sorry to record, that some of the men are utterly remorseless about the quantity or quality of articles solicited. These are, often, persons who need less than others. Availing themselves of every possible means to secure the names of wealthy, or ready sympathizers, they make no scruple as to their demands. One man has even gone so far, as to call for costly medical works, with a view to perfecting his profession, whilst in prison. I am glad to find, that the matter is beginning to be understood, and that inquiries are made concerning

the parties, before remittances are forwarded. Letters of inquiry have been addressed to myself, and I hope I have been useful to some of our poor fellows who are without friends, and perhaps saved some benevolent ones from imposition.

Felt sufficiently recovered to attempt a sermon, to-night, in 29, from II. Cor. xii. 9: *"My grace," &c.* Parson Thomas preached in 34, and astonished some of his hearers by an expression of his views on the subject of "feet-washing."

Orders, encased in frames with glass coverings, have been stuck up in various directions about "the pen," authorizing sentinels to shoot any man who disobeys a challenge. No allowance seems to be made for deafness, or misunderstanding.

Sunday, 10th.—No roll call, either last night or this morning—all things, I presume, being now considered safe.

Marched into breakfast at half-past nine o'clock, with craving appetites, to be tantalized with the usual scanty allowance of bread, and a piece of spoiled beef. To myself personally it was a matter of little consequence, as I have no relish for the prison food, even when in health.

Col. Jones died last night at the hospital, but the Yankees are silent, and we hear very little about him. A question has arisen in regard to the propriety of a funeral sermon. It may be most prudent, under the circumstances, to omit this service. The prisoners are anxious to send the remains of the murdered man to his friends, and have raised the necessary funds. We find, however, that the authorities are opposed, and the body will be disposed of as best suits themselves.

We had preaching in three divisions—Parson Thomas, Capt. Samford, and myself, according to our gifts, instructing the crowds. What the others preached about, I have not yet been informed. My own sermon was an exposition of Matt. vii. 13: *"Broad is the way," &c.*

In the afternoon, the Bible class assembled as usual, large numbers attending. We are slowly, but with great interest,

and I hope with profit, pushing on with the first chapter of Romans.

I am suffering with an affection of the throat, accompanied with shortness of breath, and feebleness of voice. This is a new trouble, and I can only account for it by the incessant use which I have to make of my throat and lungs, every day and hour, both in and out of the stand. I first felt it on the communion Sabbath, when I was obliged to elevate my voice against a strong wind, and under other circumstances of disadvantage.

As I was unable to preach to-night, Capt. Samford held a prayer meeting in my division (34), and gave me quite a treat in the pleasant service, as I reclined in my bunk.

Monday, 11*th*.—Discovered spies in "the pen." We have, heretofore, had reason to suspect a system of surveillance; but have had no positive proof until now. Some doubtful characters have been very cautiously (?) inquiring of myself, in regard to rebel sympathizers in Delaware, and the best modes of reaching them, after an escape to the other side. "Old birds are not caught with chaff."

Our morning service was conducted by Lieut. Bulloch. We had an interesting meeting. Mr. Colton, again, present. Remarks were offered by Capts. Shane and Dunkle, Lieut. Finley, and myself.

I have been keeping a lookout at my window for Gordon and Devitt. They passed, to-day, in full view from my bunk, dressed in the grotesque coats worn by Company Q, and drawing — with ten or twelve others — a horse-cart, heavily loaded with dirt. They both glanced over at my corner, and as our eyes met, I found it impossible to suppress a tear. As they continued to look, I pointed upward, to remind them of the source of all comfort. Gordon immediately recognized the sign; and putting his right hand upon his heart, he, too, looked upward with a happy smile. Bless the Lord for the faith of the Gospel!

The roll calling has been resumed, much to the annoyance of some of us, who are too feeble to stand in the hot sun of the forenoon; and to-night, to the grief of those who attend the meetings, we were obliged, on account of this strangely irregular movement, to suspend the services altogether.

Tuesday, 12th.—Five refugees were returned to the barracks this morning, viz:—Col. Cooper, and Capts. Burke, Patton, Allen, and Perkins. The poor fellows looked shabby, and forlorn enough. One or two of them were bare-footed. Two others, who got out through the ditch, succeeded in making their escape, from the eastern part of the island, to the Jersey shore. We have heard from several who escaped by another route. It is said that fifteen men—who were lately with us—by a preconcerted arrangement, met, recently, in Baltimore.

Our noon-day meeting was conducted by Lieut. Armstead, of Florida. We had some good remarks by Capt. Harris, and a stranger, on the subject of Earnestness in religion. Added some words, myself, corresponding thereto, and called attention to some errors in prayer.

We have had a great deal of "grape" to-day, in regard to the success of "the Rebels." Reports, that a successful engagement has occurred somewhere near Havre de Grace, in Maryland, and that the Baltimore and Philadelphia Railroad has been cut, between Baltimore and Wilmington.

The roll was called this evening, by divisions. We were again interrupted, in our service, by this untimely arrangement. It really looks as if there were a purpose in it, to break up the night meetings.

Family worship before retiring.

Wednesday, 13th.—I have forgotten who conducted the morning services; but remember that some very excellent remarks were made by Lieutenants Mitchell, and Bullitt, on

the subject of prayer; and that the former gave an interesting account of an intercessory prayer offered by himself, of an answer to which he had to-day been notified by letter. My own remarks were in the same line, with some reflections upon the teachings of our Saviour, on this subject.

Lieut. C—— conducted the evening services; and was more impressive than heretofore, from the words, "*Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.*"

Saw Gordon, and Devitt, during the day, hard at work, throwing dirt. I have no doubt they are willing enough to have the exercise; but what an indignity that men of their spirit should be forced to such labor as "*convicts.*" May God give them grace to forgive their enemies, and to bear up under their sufferings.

The report that Bill Douglas has been made a corporal has been confirmed. Great indignation prevails; but the summary measures, which some proposed, are not generally approved.

We have exciting news in regard to Washington.

Thursday, 14*th.*—Have been bed-ridden all day, suffering with debility, and the prevailing complaint. Have felt the cruelty of certain sanitary arrangements; and know the trial of "the long journey."

Maynadier took the stand at the noon-day meeting; and Capt. Samford remarked on Christian effort, followed by Lieut. McFarland, a worthy son of a well known, and worthy father.

Friday, 15*th.*—Still very unwell, and confined to bed most of the day. Took part, however, in the morning service, adding my testimony to the remarks of Adjutant Laws, Capt. Samford, and the Rev. Mr. Colton, of the Christian Commission, on the Oneness of an Evangelical faith.

Capt. Thomas preached at night, in a very unpretending,

but sensible manner, from, "*As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.*"

A curious sight is now exhibited at "the rear," where scores of hungry cooks may be seen every evening, busily engaged in preparing supper. The cooking utensils, made chiefly of fruit cans, are of singular variety. These are placed over miniature fires; and it is really astonishing, what a good cup of tea, or coffee, or nice plate of hash, may be gotten up, with the few splinters of pine board picked up, here and there, about the quarters. The work is all done on the bank, in full view of every sick man or other traveller frequenting that neighborhood; and, sometimes, the savory fumes of onions and beef prove a no mean medicine.

A class in Greek and Latin is now in full operation, taught by Capt. Henderson, of Louisiana. Among the students, of whom there are twelve, are Captains Gordon, Dye, Dunkle, G. L. Roberts, and Mackey.

Encouraging news from Petersburg.

Saturday, 16th.— Still sick and prostrate. In much suffering, took the "long journey" in the night. Others were travelling all the time. Sometimes the men are picked up on the route. Others crawl, to and fro, or fall by the wayside, wishing for day. What a shame to humanity! O, the horrors of this dreadful prison!

My throat is somewhat better; but I am so much out of order in this, and other respects, that I can only leave my bunk, for a few remarks at the noon-day meeting. I fear I shall have to go to the hospital. Would greatly prefer a parole, could it be obtained, to spend a few days under the careful nursing of my wife. Think I shall venture a petition to that effect, as Gen. Schœpf once offered to send me across the river under guard. Others have been permitted to leave the island, for a short time, on parole. I really don't know what to do. All this is the result of confinement, irregularity

COOKING ON THE BANK.

of living, anxiety, hard labor, and exposure; but I trust these experiences have made me a wiser, and a better man. I am in the hands of my Heavenly Father, who will do for me just what is best. The year is almost out; and I now owe much to His preserving arm. I will be of good cheer. Light cometh in the morning!

The religious exercises, in the forenoon, were in charge of Captains Samford and Wm. R. White. Subject of remark, Earnestness in religion. Capt. Harris preached at night, on Secret Sins.

Dr. Edward Worrell, of Delaware City, is reported to be shut up at the Fort, somewhere in the interior. I have been expecting this for months, as the bold and fearless demeanor of this gentleman has made him particularly obnoxious to the Government, at Washington. He is a warm Southern man, and has done much for the aid, and comfort of prisoners.

☞ News of the fall of Vicksburg.

Sabbath, 17*th*.—Was entirely too unwell, to attempt a sermon. Capt. Samford holds out remarkably, and preached from Matt. xxiii. 31: "*And they crucified Him.*" An excellent discourse. The Captain, also, relieved me of the Bible class; but, was called from my bunk to settle a little dispute, among the members, in regard to the true meaning of Romans ii. 9—latter clause, "of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile."

Capt. Thomas made some very sensible remarks, at night, from Matt. xvi. 17, 18. Heard the sermon from my bunk, and was interested.

After services, many friends gathered around me, for conversation. Dye, Shane, and G. L. Roberts remained after "taps," lying upon either side of me, both "hearing, and asking questions."

Wednesday, 20*th*.—One year ago, this day, I was arrested at Bridgeville, Delaware, and brought, the same evening, by

Capt. Ellison, to Delaware City. At that time, the thing seemed to me to be preposterous; and I supposed it would only be necessary, that I should have a hearing, before the proper authorities, to be released, immediately. It was suggested to me, by certain friends, that my imprisonment would be for the war. I felt inclined to laugh at their simplicity; but a year's experience has proven, that it was meant, from the first, to make the most of the capture.

I have little or nothing in the circumstances of my imprisonment, for which to thank my enemies. My situation, it is true, might have been worse; for, as has been done in some cases, they might have subjected me to solitary confinement, and put me upon a continued diet of bread and water. This they have not done. On the other hand, I have much of the time enjoyed a parole of the Island; but at my age, in my state of health, an abducted citizen, untried, uncondemned, with no charge of overt action against the United States Government, they were obliged to grant it, or subject themselves to the charge of brutality or palpable barbarism. But through many long, weary months I was closely confined to a straitened apartment in the interior of the Fort; and for the last three months I have been shut up with prisoners of war, fed on coarse and stinted rations, disallowed visits from any friend or relative, and subjected to all sorts of annoyances and inconveniences.

My health has suffered much from the imprisonment. I am by no means, physically, the man that I was, when I came to the Fort, although I was not even then a well man—for I had been virtually a prisoner at Portsmouth, long before I came to Delaware, and had endured much at the hands of our oppressors. Now my hair is gray, my flesh flabby, my gait feeble, and my general physique much out of order. The scattered condition of my family, and the dependence and destitution of several of my dear children, have given me much pain and distress. I have had many moments of dejection, anxiety and

restlessness, and many days and nights have I spent, "my bones waxing old," because of my trouble.

But there is another side to this picture. It was undoubtedly God's purpose, that I should come to Fort Delaware. He who notices the sparrows when they fall, and who counts the very hairs of our heads, had a work for His poor servant to do; and in his imprisonment opened up a field of usefulness, such as I could not possibly have found, either at my old home, or perhaps anywhere else at the South. I am glad then, that I have been a prisoner, and that I have been imprisoned the entire year. The evidence is full, and continually illustrated, of good done, not only in the conversion of sinners, but in reclaiming backsliders, the building up of Christians, and the awakening of many careless ones to the knowledge of the truth. The praise belongs unto God, and to Him do I most heartily give it. Not unto me, but unto Thy name be all the glory!

I wish also in this place, to make the grateful record, that during the past year my own mind has taken a wider range; that truth has shone in upon my soul with a brighter lustre; the Scriptures have increased in beauty and interest; my reading has been more decidedly instructive, than in any one year of my life before; I have had a rich experience in association with men of varied minds and characters; my natural diffidence, which through the forty-eight years of my life had never wholly left me, has been greatly broken; I feel, indeed, that I am a wiser, and I verily believe, through God's grace, a *better* man than before I came to this place.

I can distinctly see the good providence of God, in the circumstances of my family, during this year of my imprisonment. My wife and children have been subjected to much embarrassment, anxiety, and distress; but had they remained at Portsmouth, they must have suffered even more. Should God spare our lives a few years longer, I hope to see the happiest results, all to be traced back to the present wise arrangements of His all-seeing providence.

Do I wish to remain at Fort Delaware? By no means! The flesh desires liberty, ease, rest. Greatly do I desire, to be a free man, once more. I would do anything, to relieve myself, not involving a sacrifice of principle. But my spirit is the same, that it has been from the first. *"The oath"* appears to be more contemptible and wicked than ever. My soul shrinks not, nor falters, even with my failing health. Whilst I, fully, assent to the doctrine, that it may involve no sin, to yield allegiance to a corrupt and despotic government; yet I cannot see that duty would invite me to such a course, even for the sake of my family, save under the direst necessity. Such a necessity has not transpired. When it comes; and I must renounce my chosen South — then the sacrifice will be made, in the fear of God; and "swearing to my hurt, I will change not." Were sin, necessarily, involved in "the oath of allegiance," or "amnesty," I would go to the scaffold, or die among fagots, before I would take it. But why these reflections? The day of deliverance, I trust, draweth nigh. I hope in God. He will order it well for me and mine; and, in due time, He will deliver me out of all my distresses. Help, Lord, that I faint not!

The morning meeting was conducted by Lieut. Noble, one of the late converts, a very worthy young man from Texas. Remarks were offered by Capt. Shane, Lieuts. Bulloch and McKemy, and myself. McKemy's address was especially timely and pointed. He thought there were many in the church who were never converted; and a great many real Christians, who deprive themselves of great joy and comfort, in consequence of their continued ignorance of Scripture doctrines and promises. This brother is a Virginian, from Rockbridge, and a member of the Associate Reformed Church. He is a great man for the Catechism, and shows his good training. He is an excellent man, and makes a good prayer. Taking his points, I commented upon them more at large; and received the close attention of my hearers.

Lieut. (or Capt. Thomas, as we call him) preached a characteristic sermon, at night, from 1. Tim. iv. 6: "*Take heed,*" &c. The old gentleman is remarkable for his good memory of Scripture texts, and especially for his selections from the Epistles. Though very illiterate, he has some sound views; and, so far, he has never obtruded his peculiar denominational tenets. On one occasion, indeed, he expressly announced — for the benefit of the Campbellites, I suppose — that water baptism could not save.

I am, frequently, in the receipt of letters from persons in different parts of the country, inquiring for officers whose names have been forwarded to them, or who have written for articles of provisions or clothing. A system of imposition has been practised by some, which is really abominable. Bogus names have been given, and feigned wants expressed, until many are afraid to forward boxes even to those who really need, until a note of inquiry has been sent to some reliable person, to know whether the sufferer is a myth or a real officer. Too much of this mean work has been practised by our own Southern men; and there is reason to believe, that outsiders are carrying on a system of robbery, which none but the most sordid and depraved could devise.

Friday, 22*d.*— My health continues to decline. Indeed, I am now so perfectly debilitated, that I am obliged to give up preaching altogether. I have written a letter to Gen. Schœpf, asking a parole for a week or ten days, to place myself under the care of my wife — promising, after a little homelike nursing, to return at his bidding. I see no reason why this request may not be granted, as there can be no use in keeping me here, unless it be to shorten my days.

Gen. Schœpf called in to see me, in the course of the day, and advised a move to the hospital. I may have to go there; but I confess the idea is unpleasant. If I must be "sick, and in prison," I would much rather be among friends, who, I am

sure, will do all they can to take care of me. Returned patients tell us, that the accommodations at the hospital are anything but what they ought to be; and many think the probability of recovery — whatever the disease — is far less in the wards than in the barracks![1]

Dr. Gamble (one of our Confederate surgeons) says I must have brandy, or blackberry wine, immediately; but I can see no prospect of obtaining anything of the sort. Felt low-spirited, all day — and am troubled, particularly, because I must stop work. But I must learn to suffer, as well as do God's will. Oh, for grace in this hour of need!

I am happy to record the name of Miss E. A. Prettyman, of Philadelphia, as one of the kind friends who have remembered me in a time of need. A box, containing sundry good things, came to hand to-day; and I am indebted, also, to this good lady for a hat, and a pair of pants.

The services to-day were in charge of Lieut. Southgate, in the morning, and Capt. Samford in the evening; but I am unable to make any report concerning them.

Have managed to write several letters, notwithstanding my extreme debility.

Saturday, 23*d*.— Somewhat better, to-day; but still very feeble.

Have been favored, again, with boxes from my wife, and our untiring friend, Mrs. Emley. My wife sends some timely medicine, which I shall use, with strong hope of good.

Capt. George W. Lewis, of Georgia, took the lead in the morning prayer-meeting. The Captain is a member of the Methodist Church, a most worthy man, and brave soldier, who was one of the last to leave the trenches at Spottsylvania. I endeavored to add a few words, to what was well said by this good brother. Our subject, *Complaining Christians*.

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[1] See Appendix G for Rev. G. W. Finley's letter.

About eighty prisoners, from the Old Capitol, in Washington, were brought in, before night; and among them, I was delighted to find my old friend, and family physician, Dr. J. M. Covert, of Portsmouth.

Parson Thomas occupied the stand at the usual hour, in the evening — preaching from Rev. vii. 13: *"And the stars of Heaven fell," &c.*

Sabbath, 24th.—Had a visit from Dr. Covert, who joined me at breakfast. Sick all day. Not well by any means, in the morning; and, at night, went to my bunk, suffering with the prevailing complaint, greatly aggravated by headache. Could take no part, of course, in the usual services. Captain Samford, who seems to have a fine constitution, still holds up, and preached in the forenoon on the subject of *Temptation*, from James i. 13, 14, 15. Capt. Harris conducted the Bible class; and we had a little variety, in a discussion which arose among the members of the class, about Degrees of Happiness in Heaven — some urging that the idea is inconsistent with Bible teaching, particularly as illustrated in the parable of the laborers.

Capt. Evans — a Methodist preacher from Georgia — closed the day, with a sermon from Matt. xviii. 11: *"For the son of man is come to save that which is lost."*

My letter to Gen. Schœpf, asking a parole for a few days, on account of my health, was returned, endorsed as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, FORT DELAWARE, *July 24th*, 1864.

Respectfully returned, with the information, that the power to grant Paroles is not vested in the Commanding General.

GEO. W. AHL, *Capt. & A. A. A. G.*

Monday, 25th.—Many poor fellows travel, every night, to "the rear," clad only in shirt and drawers. The journey is so long, and exposing, that I dare not imitate them, and sometimes find it necessary to sleep in my clothes. Such was the

case last night; but it availed nothing, as the usual travel was wholly interdicted, on account of the heavy rain, which afforded opportunities for escape. The suffering was great, of course.

Notwithstanding the unusual vigilance, about two hundred privates — favored by the extreme darkness — are reported to have gotten off, in two boats, constructed for the purpose, which they had managed to conceal under the floor of the barracks.

We had a delightful service, this morning, in 31— Capt. Harris preaching. Capt. E——tt, of Mobile, made confession, as a backslider, in accordance with a suggestion which I thought it my duty to make to him, on that subject. His statement was interesting, and in the spirit of true repentance. Though very weak and feeble, I endeavored to make some remarks on the nature and duty of Confession.

Major George Shearer, of Frederick City, was removed to the Fort, and consigned to quarters with Company Q. We are wholly in the dark, in regard to this movement.

We have a rumor of the fall of Atlanta, and the capture of five Confederate generals.

Postage for the New York *News* was called for.

Tuesday, 26th.—Our meeting, in the forenoon, was conducted by Lieut. Thos. C. Chandler, of Caroline county, Virginia. Capt. Samford expressed himself, very feelingly, in regard to his desire and purpose to live nearer to God. Lieut. Bailey, a recent convert, thanked God for his hopes.

The Christian Association was regularly organized; and Captains W. R. White, Thos. W. Harris, D. P. Thomas, and Samford were appointed to draft a Constitution, and By-Laws for the government of the Society.

My young friend, James Robinson, of Portsmouth, having mentioned my weakly state to Miss —— Baker, of Baltimore, had the pleasure of receiving some good things from that

source, which have come in the time of need. May the blessing of God rest upon these friends.

Chaplain Robert F. Evans, of the 4th Georgia Regiment (recently arrived), occupied the stand to-night, and gave us a sermon from Matt. xiii. 44: "*The kingdom of Heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field.*"

Received a letter, to-day, from my wife.

Health somewhat better.

Wednesday, 27th.—Dr. Covert again with me at breakfast. Tibbetts tried himself for a good table; and from the late supplies, succeeded admirably. Had a cozy talk with my old friend and, although still much out of order, felt cheered and comforted.

The morning meeting was conducted by Lieut. Paul. We were favored with the presence of two ministers from Ohio—Rev. Messrs. Colton, and Frazer—both of them offering a few remarks. Some words were offered by myself, on the *Competency* of the Church to do all its own work.

At a meeting of the Christian Association, the committee to draft a constitution and by-laws made a report, which was unanimously adopted.[1] An election of officers took place, resulting in the choice of myself, for President; and of Captains Samford and Harris, Vice-Presidents. Committees were also appointed on Devotional Exercises, the Sick and Destitute, and for the Collection and Distribution of Religious Reading.

Had the loan of some books from Chaplain Paddock.

The report in regard to the fall of Atlanta, proves to be a *canard.*

Thursday, 28th.—Still in a state of great debility. Have been benefitted, however, by my wife's medicines.

The bugle sounded this morning, as a call to service. Meeting conducted by Lieut. J. C. Bronaugh, of Richmond,

[1] See Appendix I.

Va. Remarks by myself, on *Living for the glory of God;* and, as a means of happiness, making a religion of everything.

Had a visit from Adjt. Boyle, who proposes to read the Episcopal service, and certain sermons from a volume by one of the Bishops of that Church. Encouraged him to undertake the work, especially for the benefit of some, who will be particularly interested.

A large box from Mrs. Emley, with clothing for numbers of our sufferers, who have forwarded their names, asking supplies. Superintended the distribution in person, under the direction of a Sergeant, until all the packages were delivered. Returned to my bunk, completely worn out.

The Christian Association will now take the place of the Prayer and Conference meetings—altering the complexion of the service somewhat, but not interfering with its devotional character. At a meeting, held to-day, Capt. A. Thomas, of Kentucky, was chosen Treasurer, Lieut. Southgate, Recording Secretary, and Lieut. Finley, Corresponding Secretary of the Society.

Parson Thomas held forth at night, preaching from Acts ii. 38: *"Repent and be baptized,"* &c. The old gentleman tried to be as little sectarian as possible; but was obliged to introduce his peculiar views—urging, however, that baptism is not a saving ordinance.

Had a letter from my benevolent friend, Mr. McCown, of Kentucky, inclosing two dollars.

Saturday, 30th.—I am completely broken down; and Dr. Covert tells me, I cannot live much longer under present restraints and privations. He still urges the absolute necessity of some active stimulant, and has, himself, written to Gen. Schœpf on the subject. If I could have a few days' parole, under the watchful care of my wife, with suitable diet and tonics, I might hope for some improvement; but I am with-

out sympathy at headquarters, and seem to be given over to the tender mercies of heartless understrappers and officials. Well, be it so! They could have no power against me, except it were given them from above!

The first regular meeting of the Association took place, to-day. After a little prayer-meeting, conducted by Lieut. T. S. Armstead, I took the chair, as President, and announced the following standing committees, viz:—

Devotional Exercises: Capt. H. L. W. Johnson, Capt. Evans, and Lieuts. E. Lee Bell, Carter, and Mackey.

On Sick and Destitute: Capts. W. R. White, W. H. Bennett, and others.

On Order and Arrangement: Capt. J. H. Johnson, and Lieuts. Walker, Noble, A. H. Bailey, and others.

We have over two hundred professors of religion, in "the pen;" and of this number, more than one hundred have given in their names, as members of the Association. Great interest seems to be manifested; and the various committees will go to work immediately. The particular object of the organization, is the relief of suffering in prison; and the concentration of Christian effort, for the spiritual good of all confined in these quarters.

We had a scene, to-day, in "the pen," which illustrates the spirit of our masters. Capt. —— Lewis was reading a newspaper in the audience of a sentinel, and commenting upon some statement, which he regarded as erroneous. The blue-coat was displeased, and ordered him to get up and "mark time." There was no alternative; and the Captain, an intelligent and high-minded gentleman, was made to dance before the vulgar fellow, until the matter was reported to the officer of the day, who being a man of better thought, put a stop to the indignant farce.

Have had a letter from Col. W. H. Purnell, of Baltimore, assuring me of the probability of an early exchange, with a

Mr. Culbertson,[1] now in Richmond. Is it so? I shall wait in hope — but the news really seems too good to be true.

Capt. Harris preached at night.

Sabbath, 31*st*.— I am now entirely too feeble to occupy the stand. Have not preached for three Sabbaths, nor during the week, except in two or three short addresses at noon-day.

The religious services, to-day, were conducted by Parson Thomas, at 11 A. M., in 34; Bible class by Capt. Samford; and the evening worship by Chaplain Evans, on the story of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

Wolff spent the Sabbath, in watering the yard.

Fourteen field officers were removed to the Fort — Col. Hardeman, Majors Fontaine and Reed, Capt. Meriwether, and Lieut. Andrews, who were offered the privilege, declined to make the change.

XV.

August.

Monday, 1*st*.— Spent an exceedingly restless night, in consequence of the intense heat and the constant calling among the sentinels. The clamor, at times, was so great that I could scarcely endure it. For some reason, the miserable fellows kept up a continual quarrelling, and threatened one another with bayonets.

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1 John P. Culbertson, a citizen of Chambersburg, Pa. Before the war was extensively engaged in the planing mill business. Captured July 6th, '63, by stragglers from Lee's army, and marched to Staunton, Va., in advance of prisoners taken at Gettysburg. Sent to Richmond by car, and lodged, first, in Libby prison, and afterwards in Castle Thunder. Subsequently imprisoned at Salisbury, N. C., where, for a time, he enjoyed a parole with Dr. Hamilton, of Pa., who was appointed to the charge of a hospital. Returned to Richmond in March, 1864, by order of Gen. Winder. Says he had some hard treatment in Richmond; but received money and other favors from Rev. Dr. Moore, "who was a friend in need, and a friend indeed." Remained in Castle Thunder until Aug. 12th, 1864, when he was sent to Washington as exchange for the author.

The morning meeting was conducted by Lieut. W. M. Bulloch, a most excellent brother from Mississippi, who always has something good to say.

The newspapers are again suppressed. We consider this a good sign, notwithstanding the accounts in circulation at such times, about disastrous battles, and other terrible results to the cause of the South. We have "grape" enough to-day; but we put little or no confidence in the reports; whether true or false, the talk and excitement serve to keep up the spirits of the men.

Lieut. Joseph B. Coffield called, for a conversation on the subject of baptism. Gave him my views in detail, and handed him a copy of Dr. Miller's excellent work on that subject. He is, evidently, an honest inquirer, though heretofore inclining to the immersion views. He has a friend with whom he compares notes; and from what he nows tells me, it will not be long before his mind will be a rest. The subject naturally engrosses the attention of young converts, and particularly those of a certain class. I avoid, of course, any sectarian teaching on this subject, and never introduce the subject controversially, in any of my public addresses. I have always held myself in readiness, however, to give instruction to those who ask it; and I find that a number of persons, who have been, heretofore, opposed to pedo-baptist views, are now of a very different mind. Others, who have had little or no thought in regard to the design, and mode of baptism, are looking at the subject with great interest, and rejoice in this seal of the covenant.

Wrote sundry letters to Philadelphia, Washington, Richmond, and Delaware. Was constantly interrupted, by persons calling, with all sorts of questions.

Had a long conversation, outside of the "shebang," with my friends Shane and Dye; and continuing until after "taps," were driven in by the sentinel.

Capt. C——, from the far South, preached at night, from

"*Come unto me,*" &c. A well meaning young man, but no preacher. It may be, however, that some good was done.

Tuesday, 2*d*.—My health is somewhat better; but, I greatly need a tonic, and wait with anxiety to hear from Gen. Schœpf, in reply to Dr. Covert's letter. Why should I be refused a medicine, which physicians, and friends urge as so necessary to my strength, and ultimate restoration?

Capt. F. C. Robbins conducted the morning worship. He is a fine looking, and interesting young man — one of the late converts — who takes great interest in the religious services; but whose extreme modesty has not yet allowed him to venture remarks.

The Christian Association is, now, in full operation; and we only need the awning to insure large congregations, and grand results. Much zeal is manifested in regard to the proposed shade, and the Treasurer has been authoriz d to forward $25 to Mrs. Emley, with the request to do all she can to increase this sum, and secure the object so greatly desired.

We have just heard of the burning of Chambersburg, and of the springing of the Yankee mine at Petersburg, with the subsequent repulse of the enemy.

Wednesday, 3*d*.—Last night being dark, and rainy, the sentinels appeared to be unusually vigilant; keeping up an incessant noise and calling; and rendering continued sleep impossible. Parties seemed to be challenged every five or ten minutes; and always in such loud tones, or with such an excited manner, as indicated apprehension or alarm. At about 1 o'clock this morning, I was startled from sleep, by the sound of a musket, succeeded by four or five additional shots, in rapid succession. A voice cried, "Turn out the guard! Turn out the guard!"

"What number? What number?" was the reply.

"Post number 86 — double quick!"

In an incredibly short space of time, it seemed as if every soldier on the island was running towards the scene of excitement. The sentinel under my window wished he had been the man who first fired. Others vindictively exclaimed, with oaths, "Shoot them! shoot them!"

It was not long before the guard returned, announcing that a "Reb" had been shot, in trying to make his escape.

This morning, it appears, that although several guns had been fired, nobody was hurt (?) But the body of a man was found, floating near the western shore, in the rear of "*Fort Sumpter;*" and a board, with pants and underclothes strapped on it. An oil-cloth life-preserver, and several canteens, belonging to the dead man, were captured.

Capt. Hamby, who made an attempt to get off, had the misfortune to be taken; and is, now, said to be at the Fort, shut up in one of the cells. An opening has been discovered at "the rear," through which others may have escaped; but nothing is yet definitely known. The roll was called, at an unusually early hour, and with special carefulness. We shall, probably, know the result before night.

In the course of the afternoon, a Lieutenant—*Morris K. Estes*—was brought into "the pen," as a prisoner. He was captured by citizens, at the time of the late movement upon Chambersburg; nineteen privates were taken with him; all of whom are now prisoners on this island. He says he was surprised whilst separated from his associates, having dismounted to get a drink of water. He was surrounded suddenly, his arms seized, and himself knocked down, and badly abused. In coming through Philadelphia the whole company were insulted by jeers, and cowardly words, and even spit upon, as they passed through the streets. Estes is from Nelson county, Virginia, and was once a pupil of my kinsman, Rev. B. M. Wailes.

The meetings, to-day, were held as usual. The morning prayer-meeting was conducted by Capt. F. C. Robbins; and Capt. Samford preached, at night.

Thursday, 4th.—My health is somewhat better; but I am still very weak, and my body much emaciated. I fear it will require much time before I shall be reinstated wholly. I long to be at work again.

Major Reed, of Miss., conducted the morning meeting. This gentleman is one of the late converts. How pleasant to see so many of these officers coming boldly forward, in the work of the Lord. The usual remarks by members are now suspended.

Saturday, 6th.—We had another visit from the Rev. Mr. Colton, who left some good books for the use of the prisoners. He seems to be a worthy man, desiring to be useful; and was free to express himself in regard to the conduct of Capt. Ahl, who has so little interest in the comfort of his suffering charge. We hear, by the bye, that Mrs. Chaplain Way, notwithstanding her husband's position, not long since spoke, publicly, in terms of great disapprobation, concerning the Commissary, whom she denounces as a "mere boot-jack" for the Yankee authorities. The sympathy of this good lady is not to be wondered at, as she is of Southern birth, and has daily observation of the outside doings at the Fort. Her brother, too, is in the Confederate army, and may, one day, have a berth on the Island.

A hurried call was made upon the surgeons, who left "the pen" with baggage half packed; but were soon returned with their watches and money, and the promise from Gen. Schœpf, that their canteens should be filled to-morrow. All letters, however, are said to have been taken from them.

Capt. Carter preached an animated discourse to-night, from John iii. 14: "*As Moses lifted up the serpent,*" *&c.*, and left his audience with a good impression.

Sabbath, 7th.— The new arrangement of Bible classes was inaugurated this morning, under the direction of Lieut. Southgate. This is a great movement, and will result in good.

Among the teachers are Gen. Vance, Major John D. Richardson, of Va., and Rev. (Capt.) Thos. W. Harris—just the men for such a work.

Preached at 11 A. M. in 28, to a large and attentive audience, from Prov. xx. 27: "*The spirit of a man is the candle of the Lord, searching all the inmost parts of the belly.*" Was really too feeble to occupy the stand; and oppressed by the heat, made a dragging effort.

Capt. Griffin, an officer of Morgan's command, died recently at the hospital — the first of that regiment who has died from sickness, during the war. He is represented to have been a very silent man, about fifty years of age, and was formerly a soldier in Florida, and in Mexico. It is said he once killed a man, who had made an attempt on his life, and that he was never comfortable after that event.

We hear, that a sentinel at the barracks shot at one of the privates, to-day, and that great commotion ensued. Further particulars are not reported.

The evening services were conducted, in 34, by Capt. Harris, and in 22, by Capt. Samford.

T——s is on a spree. My health improves slowly.

Monday, 8th.— Much confusion during the night, in the adjoining barracks; guns firing constantly; one man killed, and another so badly wounded in the arm, that it had to be amputated. Escapes are constantly attempted. How many got off this time, or whether any succeeded, is not known among the officers.

A great deal of "grape" to-day. Major Mulford is said to have written to me on the subject of exchange, and my name is used as authority for news. Had a letter from Col. Wm. Lee Davidson, now at Hilton Head, South Carolina, which may account for these strange stories. Every thing done or said by some of us is reiterated through "the pen," and exaggerations or additions are always current.

Many of the prisoners are suffering from mal-practice, in the insertion of spurious virus, for vaccination. Gangrened arms are common, and many a poor fellow has been bereft of a valuable limb, professedly to avert the small-pox. A great government ought to have better surgeons. I am reminded of Heliogabalus, the facetious Roman, who used to cut off men's noses under pretence of shaving their beards.

We are again on short rations. No meat for several meals, and the supply of water nearly out.

Many women visiting the Island to-day — a poor place for females, unless they come as angels of mercy!

Lieut. Horne conducted the morning meeting. Conversations resumed. I have no note of services at night.

Wednesday, 10*th*. — Gen. Schœpf came into "the pen," accompanied by Capt. Ahl and an unknown officer, supposed to be a visitor. Prior to his coming, an inspection had been announced, and a general cleaning up was required. We were engaged in our usual noon-day services, when these officials came in. A Sergeant came to the door and ordered a dispersion of the congregation, until the inspection was over. The order was no sooner obeyed, than the General and suite came in. I was adjusting my bed for a loll, and hoped to see and talk a moment with the Commandant about my weak and suffering condition; but it was a mere peep, and in a moment the posse were gone.

An order was issued, to-day, disallowing any farther correspondence on the part of prisoners, with persons not related as parents, brother, sister, wife, or children. Effort has been made heretofore, to break up general correspondence by restricting the sale of postage stamps, the Sutler refusing to sell beyond a certain number daily in each division. This failing, we have the present order, which will make considerable confusion among us. In many instances the rule will work well, as hundreds of unnecessary letters have been written to parties in the North, soliciting aid or in foolish tampering and gossip.

There are now sixteen beer-stands in the officers' barracks. The beer is an article made from corn-meal, sweetened with molasses, and spiced with ginger, lemon, &c. After fermentation, it is said to be a palatable and wholesome drink. Some of the salesmen are professors of religion, and one of them a teacher of the Word. I have felt it my duty to "touch not," and have steered my way at as great a distance from these stands as possible. There may be no sin in partaking of this beverage. I have certainly not seen any one affected to intoxication by it; but I prefer not to have even the appearance of evil, and therefore my course.

The novel and humiliating sight of fourteen of my countrymen dragging a plow, has recently greeted my astonished eyes. I do not know that these men were forced to such work by threats, or fear of punishment. Perhaps they were quite willing to take hold, for an extra ration, or for a few hours' exercise outside of the prison walls. But the whole thing is humiliating. Much of the labor which, under ordinary circumstances, would be done by horses or oxen, is performed by the "Rebs." The work done on this occasion was breaking up the soil for a garden, opposite my window.

The usual religious services were conducted during the day, and at night; but I have forgotten the circumstances, as I write this some days subsequently.

Thursday, 11th.—I don't know when I have ever before experienced such a day as this. The heat has been almost intolerable. In the morning I felt somewhat better than usual, and tried to stir about a little. The sun soon affected me injuriously, and I was obliged to retreat to my bunk, with a very severe headache. The whole day was spent in tossing restlessly to and fro. Hoping to get some relief, I stripped off, and got Capt. G. L. Roberts to give me a good rubbing. Capt. Shaw brought me a bucket of water, and Tibbetts came down to lend a helping hand, and bring me

some dinner. I took off my undershirt, and remained in my linen for the rest of the day. My thirst was intolerable; and although the two ice-houses were constantly in sight, and I had observation, in the earlier part of the day, of an abundance of the article, not a pound was to be had, either for money or entreaty. As I lay with my head near the bars of my window, I ventured, in spite of the sentinel who stood near, to call a Sergeant, and asked him, if it were not possible to get me a tin cup of ice-water, for which I would willingly pay him. He seemed disposed to do it, and spoke to the Chaplains in my behalf. I now thought I should soon have the grateful draught; but it never came, and I was obliged to suffer on. In the course of the day I saw Chaplain Way pass on the opposite side of the road; and in spite of the danger of insult from the sentinel at my window, I called him. He crossed over, but seemed afraid to come too near; and heard what I had to say, at a distance of ten or twelve feet. I told him that Dr. Covert, an old family physician, had written to Gen. Schœpf, informing him of my very debilitated condition, and asking permission for my wife to send me a necessary stimulant; that Capt. Ahl and Lieut. Wolff had also been addressed on the same subject, but that the matter had been treated with perfect indifference. He said that my wife had written to him about it, and that he would do what he could. This is a very hard case. These men know my suffering condition, and act as though they were determined to kill me. Men are buying *alcohol* every day, and getting drunk; liquor is sometimes smuggled in, or underlings are bribed to bring it; but when a poor prisoner is sick, and absolutely needs the article, though known to be of the straitest sect on the subject of temperance, no spirit either of accommodation or humanity is manifested, and if he dies, it would seem to be a matter of no consequence. May God forgive the cruelty and wickedness of those in power!

The usual services were held at mid-day, and at night,

Capt. Dye led the prayer-meeting. I regret that while the attendance is still large, there seems to be a want of spirit in the exercises. The prayers are too long, and often in a voice almost inaudible. There is also less disposition to take part in the usual conversation and conference.

Capt. C—— occupied the stand at night, speaking from the words: "*There remaineth a rest for the people of God.*" He is a very illiterate young man, and has a poor voice; but appears to be pious, and anxious to do good. Several persons responded to his invitation to come to the front, for the prayers of Christians

Friday, 12*th*.—Great excitement has prevailed all day, in consequence of a rumor, that *six hundred* officers are to embark, to-morrow, for Hilton Head, South Carolina. Gen. Schœpf came into "the pen" early this morning, attended by several assistants, and remained during the calling of the roll. This is the first time he has ever been present (since I have been in the barracks) on such an occasion. Before he went out, he informed two officers that they would be exchanged in a day or two, with many others. This statement, with some conversations overheard among the sentinels, and an order to a driver about his cart being needed to carry bread to the boat, seems to settle the matter. Indeed, Lieut. Andrews has assured me, that a Federal officer says the move will be made shortly, if not to-morrow. What hope! What buoyancy! How anxious are the thousands here imprisoned, to get back once more to friends and home!

The mid-day meeting was conducted by Lieut. Wright. The prayers too long, and all the exercises dull, notwithstanding the good congregation, and the evident interest in spiritual things.

In anticipation of the changes of to-morrow, it was concluded to omit the usual services, and to spend the time in examining and receiving into the church, such persons as have

been waiting to come forward, or may have recently found a hope in Christ. An impromptu notice was given; and the examination proceeded, in presence of a full congregation. Six persons made application, viz:—Capts. John Angell and John S. Woodson, and Lieuts. Joseph B. Coffield, Thomas W. Mitchell, W. F. Wilcoxson, and J. S. Hughes. Capt. Angell is the son of a Methodist minister in St. Louis. Lieut. Hughes was once a member of the Reformed, or Campbellite body. Of the six, four were admitted to the ordinance of baptism, viz:—Angell, Coffield, Mitchell, and Woodson. Lieut. Morris, whose baptism was omitted at our last communion, in consequence of an uncertainty as to whether he had ever been admitted to the ordinance, having since learned that he had not, came forward, and was also baptized—making *fourteen adults* whom I have baptized at Fort Delaware. I bless God for these precious results. Two or three of these persons were recent converts; the others have been hoping for some time. It seemed that God gave me special strength for the services — which was the more remarkable, as I have been on my bunk nearly all the week. I made the new members a little address, they and the church all standing. After the benediction, many came forward, and gave them the right hand of fellowship. Captains Samford, Harris, and Thomas sat with me as a committee of examination. The questions were proposed by myself, they unanimously approving, and voting for the reception of all the applicants. This service was very impressive; and will, no doubt, be long remembered by many. Lieut. Morris was deeply affected during the administration of the ordinance of baptism, in his own case.

Saturday, 13th.—A day of great excitement. At an early hour the Sergeant came in, and announced that the names of such persons as were to be sent off would soon be called, in the yard. All hands were up in a trice; and soon Gen. Schœpf,

Capt. Ahl, and sundry clerks, with sergeants and guards, made their appearance. Orders were given to stand on the left of the long walk, running through the middle of the open area. Calls were made first for field officers; and then for captains and lieutenants, running down the rolls in an irregular manner, into the M's, and taking a few scattering names farther on in the alphabet. Upon what principle the elections were made, it is impossible to tell. Many were made glad; many were disappointed. One man said it made him think of the Day of Judgment. It was certainly very solemn, to see the crowds separating, some to the right, and others remaining on the left. Circumstances indicated the deep feeling, either of joy or regret, experienced by the mass.

It is the prevailing opinion that this movement is the inauguration of a general exchange, and the general feeling is that of buoyancy. We have a rumor that 2000 men have been selected, for exchange, from the privates' barracks; but can learn nothing definitely.

Old Parson Thomas had a dream about two weeks ago, in which he thought he saw the ghost of Stonewall Jackson, who inquired:

"How are things getting along at Fort Delaware?"

"Pretty hard," said Thomas.

"Try to do the best you can," replied the ghost; "there will be the commencement of a general exchange on the 13th of August; and on the 3d of September, peace will be declared."

The old gentleman told his dream, more than ten days ago; and some have been watching, with anxiety, for its fulfilment. Sure enough, the exchange commences to-day — or at least such is the presumption. How will it be, I wonder, on the 3d of September?

The carts have been busy, all day, drawing large quantities of elegant ice from the wharf. As the loads are emptied down, the fragments are scattered abundantly; and laborers,

soldiers, and passers-by help themselves at will. I have tried to buy some; but the sentinel is afraid to let it come in. How tantalizing! The smallest lump would be a comfort — a luxury. All that I could do was to look and wish — though the article was wasted within a few rods of my window. Such is the life of a prisoner! The heat continues, and is oppressive beyond measure. I have no means of ascertaining the state of the thermometer.

The rations, to-day, have been unusually abundant, and of good quality. The bread was unmixed with meal; good potatoes were served; and the meat was about double weight. I presume the object is to make some good impression, if possible, at the last.

In consequence of the confusion, the noon-day prayer-meeting was suspended. Capt. Samford preached at night; but being called upon unexpectedly, he was wholly unprepared, and preached with much labor, and little interest to the congregation. He said some good things, however, but in a very scattering way, from II. Cor. xiii. 5: "*Examine yourselves, prove your own selves,*" &c.

Sabbath, 14th.— I have felt too unwell to take any special part in the Sabbath services. The effort of this day week prostrated me so much, that I have determined to try and recover my strength, before engaging again in any considerable labor. If I could be allowed the use of a little wine or porter, I believe I would soon get well. Gen. Schœpf, Capt. Ahl, and Lieut. Wolff have all been approached on the subject; but I am still cruelly denied, and left to get well the best way I can. I have been buying milk at a high price, and substituting it for the stimulants recommended by the surgeons. Though generally sour, I think it is doing me some good.

Carts have been engaged all day hauling elegant Boston ice, which has afforded comfort to hundreds on the Island, but

not to me, though almost famishing, and greatly oppressed by the heat.

No move as yet. Everybody is disappointed. The suspense is intolerable. Two transports have been lying near the Island; but there is no order to march. No one can divine the cause of the delay. Were the Sabbath usually honored by our oppressors, we might suppose they were observing it now. But it is not so. There is a trembling lest some new order has been issued and all our good hopes are to be blasted. Capt. Samford preached in division 30, at half-past ten o'clock, and Parson Thomas in 34. Capt. Harris made some good remarks at night, suggested by the prospect of a speedy separation. They were well received.

Monday and Tuesday, 15th and 16th.— The suspense of these two days has been almost insupportable. Everything has been in readiness for the removal of 600 prisoners — the names having been twice called, and the rolls fully arranged; but no order comes for the start. All sorts of rumors prevail as to the probable cause of the detention; but all is conjecture, and we remain in the dark. Some think the movements of the Tallahassee are dreaded by the Yankees; and that with so many prisoners, and with so successful an enemy near by, they are afraid to put out to sea. Others say that there is a difficulty about getting a sufficient number of reliable men to guard the prisoners; and others again, that the authorities at Washington are waiting to see whether the six hundred Yankee prisoners sent to Charleston by the Richmond General, will actually be placed under fire.

I have been holding a sort of *levee* for several days, so many persons having been calling to see me, in anticipation of their expected exodus from the Fort. Many of these are persons with whom I have, heretofore, had little or no acquaintance; and in some instances I have regretted, exceedingly, that so little has been known of them before.

The mail, this evening, brought me quite a budget of letters. The first one I opened was a note from my friend, Dr. Covert, written on the Truce boat, in the James River. He announces the pleasant intelligence that Mr. Culbertson, the person for whom it is proposed that I be exchanged, was then on the boat, with orders from Richmond to effect the exchange. A postscript is added by Mr. C. himself, two days afterwards, on his arrival at Annapolis, in which he says: "I will try and have the exchange effected immediately," and expresses sympathy, he having also been a prisoner for thirteen months.

I have been considerably at a loss to understand how it is that Mr. Culbertson should have left Richmond, before the arrival of the letters applying for the exchange with himself. Of course there must have been some prior negotiations in regard to the matter; or a simultaneous feeling must have existed in relation to the parties proposed to be exchanged.

Capt. Carter preached from Luke xix. 10: "*For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*" Five persons came up to be prayed for. Feeling better than usual, I left my bunk and made a short address to the congregation, especially to the inquirers. Profound attention prevailed. After the effort, my throat felt rough and sore.

Wednesday, 17th.—Occupied the whole morning in packing up my books and clothing, to be ready at a moment's notice, for my departure from Fort Delaware. Although assisted by Capts. Shane, and Tibbetts, was much fatigued and had to fall back upon my pallet. Was the more overcome, from continued conversations with visiting friends, and in writing scraps and autographs for many who desired me to give them some memorial of our association, as prisoners at this place.

Wrote a letter to Gen. Schœpf, and addressed it to Capt. Ahl, A. A. G., asking permission, in anticipation of my exchange, to have an interview with my wife, in order to make

certain necessary arrangements for collecting the children, and leaving together. The Provost-Marshal (Hawkins) being in sight of my window, I ventured to hail him, and inquired (stating what I had in view) whether he would take my letter to Gen. Schœpf. He declined receiving it, on account of the irregularity; but called a sergeant, and ordered him to take charge of it. The letter had scarcely reached Wolff's office (where I was not aware it was necessary to be sent), before that "stuck-up" little man came rushing to my window, and roughly threw the letter at me, inquiring whether I had not been long enough on the island, to know how to send a note to the General. I told him I thought I was doing just what was required, by directing the letter to Capt. Ahl. He was unwilling to hear any explanation, refused to tarry a moment for inquiry, and hastened off in a pet.

As prisoners, our natural protector and guardian is the General commanding. It matters not, however, how great may be our grievance; there can be no access, by letter, to that officer, save through the hands of subordinates, who, it would seem, are allowed to open every communication, and to send up, or throw aside, as they choose. If the matter proposed seems to the underlings to be undesirable; if they are to be subjected to more work thereby; if it is a complaint concerning their own conduct; or if the individual is a person obnoxious to any of these men, from the sergeant up, then, there is no redress. Communications, of great interest to individuals, and to companies of officers, have frequently been addressed to Gen. Schœpf, which he has never seen. What makes the matter worse, is the fact, that no harmony exists among the officials themselves. Wolff and Ahl are jealous of every movement made by each other; and both of them being narrow-minded men, many a poor prisoner is made to suffer by their quarrels. The trouble with Wolff, to-day—so far as I could understand it—was that Hawkins had given me permission to send the letter directly to Capt. Ahl, rather than let it lie a whole day

in the box, before being submitted to his inspection and decision, as to whether it should go any farther. This is the second time this man has offered me indignity. Perhaps, he was in liquor — I know he loves it; and when sober, it is only because he cannot get the article, or would lose his place, as he once did, by his irregularities.

Great inconvenience is experienced by the operation of the order, forbidding correspondence with any but parents, brothers, sisters, or children. Hundreds of letters requiring acknowledgment, must now remain unanswered. Friends who have forwarded food and raiment, must now remain in ignorance of the reception of the articles; and many difficulties, which could easily have been adjusted by the permit to send a single letter in reply, might have been obviated. It is easy enough, it is true, to get letters out by paying the sergeant; but there is something so unpleasant about this, that few persons like to do it, except in extraordinary circumstances.

About two weeks ago Capt. Shane wrote to Gen. Schœpf, asking him to allow the exchange of *fifty dollars* worth of sutler's checks, with a view to sending the money to Philadelphia — *twenty-five dollars* being intended as a payment on the expected awning, and *twenty-five*[1] to pay for a pair of gold spectacles ordered for myself, by sundry friends. The request was granted, and the checks paid over to Wolff, with the understanding that the General would forward the money, immediately. Mrs. Emley has three times announced that the money is not forthcoming. Here is another instance, if not of fraud, at least of the improper delay in sending off funds, when once in the hands of our officials. What indisposition, to say the least, to do anything for the comfort or accommodation of prisoners in distress.

An order has been posted in the name of the General, signed by Capt. Ahl, refusing to issue any more orders on the

[1] The cost, as afterwards reported by Mrs. Emley, was $30. Inscribed on one side with the author's name; and on the other, "Presented by Confederate officers at Fort Delaware, July, 1864." Gratefully appreciated — and which have been in constant use for nearly ten years.

Sutler, until all the checks, now on hand in the barracks, have been redeemed; and "gamblers and speculators" are informed, that they will be allowed to draw no checks, except to the amount set down to their own names.

Lieut. McFarland conducted the morning meeting. Capt. D—— gave us an interesting personal narration; and the meeting was more spirited than for some days past.

Capt. Samford occupied the stand, at night, preaching from I. Cor. xv. 34: "*Awake to righteousness, and sin not.*" Capt. Harris, who closed the meeting, forgot to pray for five persons who came up; and the services were brought to a close, without even a word for their instruction, or encouragement.

Capt. Tracy brought me $2,000,[1] this afternoon, the gift of forty officers of his division, belonging to Morgan's command. This kind donation was accompanied by the following note:

U. S. MILITARY PRISON,
FORT DELAWARE, DEL., *Aug. 17th*, 1864.

DEAR SIR—Please receive the within amount, as a testimonial of the esteem of the officers whose names are enclosed, and their appreciation of your devoted efforts to do good among us during your, and our imprisonment, at this place.

Hoping for your speedy release, and that your efforts among our countrymen of the South may be blessed with the success which has marked them so recently among us, we remain, truly and gratefully, your friends.

B. A. TRACY, AND OTHERS.

REV. I. W. K. HANDY, *Prisoner in Fort Delaware.*

Capt. Wm. R. White, of Arkansas, brought me another donation, from friends in the different "shebangs;" and Capt. Tracy added $200, from persons who preferred not to give their names. The whole amount thus contributed is $2,867.75. This is an unexpected movement, which I gratefully appreciate, as well for the good feeling expressed, as for the material aid afforded. May God reward all these friends, with abundant spiritual blessings, in Christ Jesus!

[1] Confederate money.

Thursday, 18*th.*—We are all still in a state of suspense. No hint is given as to the cause of this delay. I received a letter, this afternoon, from Dr. H. M. Gamble — one of the surgeons who recently left us — in which he says, "You may inform the officers, that the day is not far distant when, in all probability, their exchange will be effected." This suggests, that the 600 officers may be detained, in consequence of negotiations in progress in relation to a general exchange. Dr. Gamble informs me, that, after a conversation with Major Mulford, he has reason to believe my release will soon be effected, upon other grounds than those proposed in the exchange with Mr. Culbertson. Possibly, I may be sent off in the general exchange.

Capt. White has handed me an additional contribution from the officers — making the full amount of their donation $4,075. How greatly am I indebted to the many friends who have so kindly remembered me, in the time of need. I am under special obligations to Capt. Tracy and Capt. White, who initiated this enterprise and have personally carried it through. Capt. White tells me that $15,000, or even $50,000 could just as readily have been obtained as the $4,000, had the officers been in possession of the funds.

In consequence of the suspense, and restlessness so generally prevailing, the noon-day meeting was omitted. Parson Thomas addressed us to-night, from his favorite passage: "*He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned.*" He said some good things, in a sort of rambling way; and before closing, introduced his peculiar views on the subject of immersion; but carefully avoided any words, or manner calculated to give offence.

A large lot of boxes has accumulated at New Castle, in consequence, it is said, of the Osceola being in use for bringing water. The result will be the loss of large quantities of provisions, and the suffering of many who were in expectation of comforts from their friends. But this is not uncommon,

even in ordinary times. Boxes are constantly being opened, filled with spoiled meats, vegetables, or other articles of food. A few days ago, a box forwarded to Lieut. Ewing, by Miss C—— D——, of Delaware, was opened perfectly useless; and yet the distance of transportation was only about six miles. There is an utter disregard of results on this subject—no responsibility being felt about speedy delivery. Sometimes, boxes lie for days, on the wharf, or in the warehouse, before the owner comes into possession. This is the more unpardonable, as there can be no want of help — our own men being detailed, by scores, to do any needed work.

Capt. John H. Hamby — who recently attempted an escape — was this morning returned to the barracks, after a confinement of seventeen days in the guard-house. The poor fellow was denied a change of clothing, throughout the whole of this time; and, as a natural consequence, he was literally covered with vermin. He reports, that there is a young man there, named W. F. Lee, who has been imprisoned fifty-eight days, on a charge of desertion from the U. S. army, and who has been kept constantly at hard labor; and, in three several instances, subjected to the thumb-screw, to bring him to confession. He is son of W. H. Lee, of Lake City, Florida, and belongs to Company F., 2d Florida cavalry.

My daughter V——'s birthday.

Friday, 19th.—The suspense still prevails; and many are beginning to fear, that the chances for a sight of "Dixie," within any reasonable time, are slim, indeed. No reason is assigned for delay; but it is evident, that some serious obstacle is intervening, or that some important movement is now occupying the attention of the Government. Rumor says, that Gen. Schœpf and Capt. Ahl have, both, been to Washington, and that the Commissary returned last night.

A stranger conducted the morning meeting. I tried to improve the hour by some remarks on the subject of *Duty*—

especially in reply to the question: "How (in any particular emergency) shall an honest inquirer decide as to what God would have him to do?" At night, we had a prayer-meeting, conducted by Capt. Frank C. Robbins.

Saturday, 20th.—It was reported, that "the Six Hundred" would certainly leave to-day. All were on the *qui vive*. Presently, a sergeant announced, that at 12 o'clock the move would be made.

Some important business being on hand, a meeting of the Association was attempted at 10 o'clock. It was, also, purposed to give the retiring members an opportunity of attending, for the last time. Feeling somewhat better than usual, I read a chapter, and announced a hymn, which was sung with spirit. I had scarcely commenced the prayer, before a "call" was made, which threw everything into confusion — and after hurriedly arranging some necessary matters, the meeting was dismissed. An hour or more elapsed, after all, before the Commissary came in. The roll was called, and every man took his place in the ranks, according to the number assigned him about a week ago.[1] Much misunderstanding arose about the baggage. First, there seemed to be an order to take it into the ranks, and then to lay it down a few yards in front. Having repeatedly gone through the operation of being laid down and taken up, it was finally conveyed to the boat, in carts. After long delay — all being ready — the guards took their places, and the command was given to march through the sally-port, to the west end of the "bull-pen." Before this, there had been numberless hand-shakings, and many sorrowful adieus. All were delighted with the prospect of "home again;" but there was not a heart there, that did not swell with emotion, in the prospect of immediate, and perhaps final separation, from friends and fellow-sufferers in that damp and murky "pen."

[1] For list of names, see Appendix N

As the noble fellows marched out, I stood at the opening of the sally-port, as near by as the guards would allow, and until the very last man disappeared from the enclosure. "Good-bye! Good-bye!" was uttered, time and again, as the files moved on; and I could do nothing but return farewells, as some one or more in every rank would wave the parting salutation.

Many good friends left to-day. A number of them were zealous Christians; several of them young converts; most of them respecters of religion; and a majority, I think, men of unusually good morals. I felt sad, and more than once were my eyes in danger of betraying the deep welling within. Prayers went up to Heaven for the safety and happiness of the brave fellows, and we shall hope to hear soon of their arrival among friends at the South.

Among the officers removed, there were five Captains bearing the name of Carter; and as many Captains Johnson. There were several also, of the name of Lewis, and many other surnames were duplicated. A number of wounded men were fortunate in the exchange, but some of the greatest sufferers are still here—and among them is Major Turner, who is a miserable cripple. Several officers purchased their exchange. One—Lieut. Mastin, of Alabama—gave a gold watch, which cost three hundred dollars in coin before the war. Two other gentlemen gave watches of less value. In some instances, exchanges were made between the men themselves. One man —Lieut. Milam—lost his opportunity, by being at hospital when his name was first called; although he appeared at the last calling of the roll, he was not allowed to go—another person having been substituted. Some very strange and corrupt things will yet come to light, in regard to this exchange.

I received two letters this evening from my wife, one of them having been *fourteen days* in coming the distance of six miles. I cannot account for this delay, unless the letter was intentionally suppressed. I think this is the more probable,

as it was one of the most important letters I have received from my wife, and related to matters pertaining to my exchange.

The noon-day services were omitted. Prayer-meeting at night.

Sabbath, 21*st*. — We were much astonished, this morning, by the return of all the officers lately quartered inside of the Fort, with the exception, of course, of those who have gone South. Among the unfortunates — for so they consider themselves, both on account of their non-exchange, and their return to the barracks — are Cols. Hardeman and Harrell, Maj. Bullock, and Capt. C. Morgan. The only information these gentlemen have on the subject is, that an order from the Secretary of War made it imperative.

Capt. Samford preached a good sermon, in the morning, from the text, "*Whatsoever thy hands find to do, do it with thy might*," &c. At night I made an address to a full house, from the words, "*Except a man be born again*," &c. Profound attention and an exceedingly deep feeling. One person sought the prayers of the congregation. After the services, Lieut. A. J. W——n, of the Navy, sought an interview. We sat down on a bench in the yard, and had a long talk. He is deeply serious. I endeavored to show him the way, and left him encouraged and hopeful. This officer is a native of Accomac county, Va., has spent most of his life at sea, and has sailed on the *Columbia*. He is quite an interesting person, and I feel anxious about him.

An inquiry meeting, appointed for four o'clock, was numerously attended. I found several persons anxious about the welfare of their souls. Talked with as many of them as I could; and invited them, after a little address, to visit me at any time to-morrow.

The Sutler has been open all day. Crowds have been around his window; and I regret to say, several professors of

religion were among his customers. This comes of an order to close on Monday — it having been announced that no more goods are to be furnished, hereafter, in this way, to officers.

Monday, 22*d*.— Early this morning, an order came for all divisions below 30 — seven in number — to be vacated; and every man was required to find a place elsewhere as he could. I succeeded in getting into my old "shebang," No. 23, by routing my friend Tibbetts, who very kindly gave me his bunk, and arranged my bedding. I am particularly indebted to Shane, McKemy, and Hall for moving me up and relieving me of much fatigue.

A "box call" was made at the usual hour. Expecting packages from several sources, I was obliged to wait until almost the very last man, before getting a box from my dear old friend McCown, of Kentucky. The list of names was unusually long—boxes having been accumulating for more than a week, in consequence of the Osceola being used for towing the water-boat. The box for myself contained books, tea, sugar, and tobacco. After opening it, I spent some hours in distributing most of these articles among friends. The books were intended for the young men looking to the ministry, and were marked, "The Alexander McCown Library, of the Officers' Barracks," in memory of our late fellow-prisoner, Dr. McKown. How deeply do I feel for this excellent brother in his sad affliction!

Among the political prisoners who came in from the Fort yesterday, I find Dr. Edward Worrell, of Delaware City; Dr. Wm. Cross, E. L. Bentley, Charles F. Fadeley, George W. Ryan, Wm. S. Pickett, John L. Rinker, and Thomas W. Edwards — all of Leesburg, and held as hostages for citizens captured by Moseby.

It has been more than a week since the arrival of Mr. Culbertson at Annapolis; and yet I have not had a word from Washington, in regard to the exchange. This evening, Gen.

Schœpf sent me a letter from Col. Purnell, acknowledging the receipt of one by myself to him, in which he stated that he had applied to Gen. Hitchcock for a parole, that I might go in person to Richmond to effect the exchange; and that he would arrange it, to allow me to take certain books and papers with me to the South.

The changes of to-day have broken up our evening meeting.

I have my pockets full of important letters, concerning Bibles, clothing, the awning, private matters, &c., &c.—all of which must remain unanswered, in consequence of the recent order of interdiction. Mr. J. P. Rhoads, Agent of the Pennsylvania Bible Society, writes that he has been sending us Bibles, at intervals, for some weeks, in reply to letters from various persons, from whom he can get no acknowledgment. He also states, that he has applied to Gen. Schœpf for a pass to visit us, to see what is wanting in this way, but was refused. Messrs. Way and Paddock, I understand, have received some of these boxes, but for some reason, they do not send them into the barracks. As these gentlemen seldom come into "the pen," they have no idea of what is needed.

I am informed by Mrs. Harman Brown, of Baltimore, that she has sent $100 to Mrs. Emley, as a donation towards the awning. We, also, have information of a large sail, now on the Island, presented by some friend of the South, in New York city, and that another benevolent friend has proposed to furnish timber enough for its erection. Everybody seems to be delighted with the prospect of a pleasant shade for the rest of the season; and we all feel ourselves under lasting obligations to those who have remembered us in the day of trial; but what a pity we could not have had it a month or two ago, as we have been holding our meetings under great embarrassment—not one-fourth part of those desiring to attend services, being able, ordinarily, to get under cover. If we can put up this sail—which measures 40 by 80 feet—with a

suitable relationship to the division fence, it will accommodate a congregation of some two or three hundred, with a pretty good shade for the most of them.

I write this at a table in 23, while others are reading by my light, and a number of young men are singing, whistling, or otherwise amusing themselves at the other end of the room — a wide contrast from 34, where we had religious services every night, and the strictest order prevailed, throughout the day. Our breaking up was, indeed, a trial; we were a happy company, so far as concord, morals, and social intercourse were concerned.

Tuesday, 23*d*.— Had a restless and disagreeable night. Suffered intolerably from the attacks of bedbugs. Slept unsoundly at intervals, and dreamed of trying to make my escape in the midst of dangers. Had a dreadful nightmare also; but got up early, prepared for an interview with the General, according to a citation given last night by the sergeant who brought me the letter from Col. Purnell.

Spent an hour or two at the gate, waiting the opening of a box from Mrs. Emley, which contained packages for destitute persons, whose names had been forwarded by the Christian Association. This good woman has done more for prisoners here, than they will ever be able to repay. May she have the reward of those who shall hear the Divine approval: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto these, ye did it unto me."

Had the pleasure of receiving two large lots of Bibles — one from Mrs. Emley, and the other from the Bible Society in New York. The demand for the Word is so great, that it seems almost impossible to meet the calls. Of the thirteen hundred officers recently brought to the barracks, very few are in possession of the entire Scriptures; whilst a majority, perhaps, may be supplied with the New Testament. A great desire is manifested to read the Old Testament; and it is common to find officers sitting around, closely engaged in the

study of God's Word. This morning, I found three persons, near my bunk, engaged in this good work, even before I got up.

After the "box call," a sergeant came in with a message from Gen. Schœpf, that I should repair to his office. This is the first time for three months, that I have been outside of the barracks, except once to the hospital, and in two other instances a few steps from the gate. I was hoping to hear something about my exchange; but I found that no order had come, nor had the General any information additional to that in my own possession. He wanted me to write a letter, at his table, to Mrs. Emley, explaining that the money for the awning and spectacles, which should have been sent two weeks ago, had been detained in consequence of some failure in the regular trips of the express boat.

Asked the General, in view of my expected exchange, and the known willingness of both Governments that it might be effected, whether I might not be allowed an interview with my wife, with a view to some necessary arrangements before leaving. He assured me of his willingness to do what he could; but declined assuming any responsibility at present, as great complaints had been made at Washington, of his extreme leniency to the prisoners. He, also, very kindly volunteered to give me prompt information of the expected order for my removal, and to have a boat in readiness, to send me over to Delaware City without delay.

The General promised to send the awning in to-day, and have it put up without expense to the prisoners or their friends. It did not come in, however, and we are still without a place of meeting, which has debarred us services altogether, for this day.

I dread the bed, to-night, on account of the miserable bugs.

No mail this evening, in consequence of the absence of the Postmaster — several thousand persons, in the two barracks, being thus disappointed or annoyed, in consequence of the failure of one man to be at his post.

Gen. Vance informs me that a terrible fracas occurred at the Fort on last Sabbath, involving nearly all the officers there. Col. J. A. B——, of North Carolina, who has been at the Fort, having manifested a disposition to take the oath, was assigned to separate quarters, as is usual in such cases. He had expressed himself in terms of disparagement about the Confederacy — saying that it was "whipped out," "was going up," and that the money was of no value — he having paid two thousand dollars for a dinner at Richmond. Letters were also discovered, showing his intent. Notwithstanding this, Maj. B——h continued to be friendly with him, defending him, and threatening any who spoke against him. Maj. M——g drew his coat, and was ready for a fight. B—— apologized, so far as M—— was concerned, but gave no satisfaction to the others. The feeling against both is intense, and they will be reported at Richmond by the returning officers, now perhaps at Hilton Head.

Maj. Elliott returned to the barracks this evening, looking considerably the worse for his absence. He was in close confinement for six weeks. His health failing him, Maj. ——— was put in his place, and he sent to the hospital. He had but lately recovered sufficiently to return to these quarters.

Wednesday, 24th.— I still wait in hope — wondering at the delay in regard to my exchange. I must try and be patient; but every hour seems almost a day. Had another uncomfortable night, and dreamed of being bitten by a serpent.

After breakfast, an order came for all hands to pack up, and be ready to leave the barracks. We were not informed where we were going, or the object of the change. We were notified to take with us such goods and chattels as we wished to retain, as everything left in the divisions would be confiscated. We were all soon at work, compressing the "plunder" into as small a compass as possible. My effects were contained in a valise, carpet-bag, and small box —my bedding making the fourth

separate package. Sundry young men kindly offered to help me, and I had nothing to do but to shoulder my rough bed—which, by the way, was a heavy job in my present weak state.

About ten o'clock, instead of going outside of the usual bounds, we were ordered to retreat through the sally-port into a pen at "the rear," where we were huddled together—seven hundred of us—with all sorts of baggage and storage, in a compass too small to admit of any passing to and fro, except by squeezing, and climbing over the trumpery with the greatest difficulty. The sun was hot, many stumbled under their loads, the perspiration rolled off the faces of scores, some suffered with headache and applied wet cloths to the tops of their heads, and all were severely tried by the jamming and mid-day heat. *I* was fortunate enough to get a narrow seat, under the partial shade of a back fence. I sat, waiting anxiously, and brooding over the horrors of my condition, until presently my name was called by the Sergeant; I was hasty to respond, satisfied that the hour of my release had come. At the sally-port I met Wolff, who said he wanted me to show the carpenter where to put the awning, and to give other necessary directions. I was glad to hear of the *awning*, but great was my disappointment, that nothing more was wanted. After showing the men where to erect the sail, I retreated to a favorable shade, and remained until the call was made for the return of the officers, who were exposed continuously for five hours (from ten until three), to the burning rays of an August sun.

The object of all this upsetment was, to clean out the barracks. Not less than five or six hundred boxes, large and small, were thrown out, and a vast amount of rubbish, such as straw, rags, tin cans, bottles, &c., &c.—all greatly to the advantage of the prisoners, no doubt, and to which nobody would have objected, if we had been allowed to remain under the shade in "the pen." Huddled up as we were, in the narrow passway at "the rear," the suffering was great, and the cruelty of those who forced it, altogether inexcusable.

Dr. Worrell was suddenly ordered to roll up his blankets, and leave with the Sergeant. He went out just before supper —whether to be released, or put in closer confinement, no one can divine.[1]

No services again to-day — the confusion being too great to admit of any movement of the kind.

Lieut. A. J. W——n came in to tell me he had found the Saviour. He says his first convictions were from the sermon I preached some weeks ago, in 29, from the text, *"My grace is sufficient for thee."* He tells me that he is thankful to God, that he ever came to Fort Delaware, and that under God, he owes his conversion entirely to my labors. What encouragement to continue to preach! To Thy name, O God, be all the glory!

The Sixth Massachusetts Regiment (one hundred days men) arrived to-day, taking the place of the Ohio troops, which have left. They seem to be a better class of men than their predecessors. Many of them are mere boys, who have lately been recruited. Others of them are veterans of Baltimore notoriety They appear to be anxious to talk to the prisoners; and condemn the murder of Col. Jones, of which they had heard, before their arrival. One of them expressed great sympathy for me to-day, as he noticed me in the sun, and out of health. So I am informed.

Thursday, 25th.—Notes and letters are continually being thrown from the adjoining barracks, giving information of hardships and bad treatment among the prisoners. Some one

[1] Dr. Worrell was arrested at Delaware City, July 12th, 1864, and taken to Fort Delaware, without a change of clothing, or permission to see his family. On his arrival at the Fort, he was put in solitary confinement for more than a week; when, his health failing, he was removed to the officers' barracks. Remaining, until the last of August, he was allowed to have a short interview with his wife, and was, then, removed to the Carroll prison, in Washington. On the 9th of September, he was brought before a Commission, presided over by Gen. Doubleday, and charged with assisting Lieut. Fredericks to escape from Fort Delaware. Without the slightest evidence of the fact, he was condemned to an imprisonment of one year, at Fort Delaware, or such other prison as the Secretary of War should select. He was finally released from imprisonment, by order of President Lincoln, after serving a term of five months, at Clinton, in the Adirondack Mountains, N. Y., and returned to his family, March 22d, 1865.

signing himself "A Gettysburg prisoner," writes under date of August 23d:

"Are you aware of the treatment we receive? It is useless to mention what has been perpetrated in months back — let the doings of the past week suffice. We have not only been robbed of our money, clothes, and eatables; but of that also which the Government allows. Yesterday we were shoved out; robbed of our clothes, and blankets, and even of the boxes received on the same day, and the day before from our friends. The person who conducted this was Lieut. Campbell, of Mississippi, a 'galvanized' man in the employ of the Yankees. We are not even allowed a knife, or spoon, because one of our officers got drunk, and threatened that he could take the Fort with knives. We simply wish to know, whether you officers will be just enough, should we again meet them on the field of battle, to avenge our wrongs. Have you not seen enough, to deal with them as they deserve? Will you restrict us? Just think! Some mornings we only get three crackers; no meat; and even when a few delicacies are sent to us from home, they pilfer, and take them from us. We are not allowed to have any more coffee or sugar. Now, fellow-soldiers, and officers, we only ask you to make a true statement of these facts, when we get back. About one hundred of the men who have been here twelve months, have formed themselves into a squad of 'Free Rovers,' and I will guarantee that they will not only avenge themselves, but make for themselves what they are now destitute of. Hoping we may have a show some time,

I am most respectfully, &c."

We were notified this morning, that we would have to put up the awning ourselves, which — though Gen. Schœpf promised to have it done — we were very ready to undertake, if we could be supplied with tools. Calling around, at the various "shebangs," I requested mechanics, and all who were willing to lend a helping hand, to turn out, immediately, for the work. We had no lack of men, but the only tools we could raise were one spade, and an old shovel. In vain did we appeal for a few old boards, to build a stand, and some

pieces of rope, to stay the sheet. Indeed, there was not the slightest disposition to accommodate, and we were obliged — like the Israelites making brick without straw — to put up the sail in a very insecure manner, and wholly different from what we had purposed, had Gen. Schœpf allowed the stuff, and otherwise complied with promises made to me a few days ago. We could easily have gotten the necessary materials from friends in Philadelphia, if he had not dissuaded me from the application, with the assurance, that when the awning came, he would have it properly attended to. This thing is really so important to the comfort of the hundreds who are sweltering in "the pen" — to say nothing of its great convenience for religious purposes — that, in common with multitudes around, I feel the heartlessness, and inhumanity of the treatment.

But the awning, however insecure or poorly adjusted, is up, and in spite of the opposition, we have had a grand gathering under the shade, of not less than four or five hundred officers. I endeavored to make some remarks in regard to *The danger of self-deception;* and was gratified with the profound attention. Prayers were offered by Capt. Samford, Lieut. Thomas, and myself. The closing hymn was sung, just at dark, in a standing posture; and as the voice of the multitude burst forth, the prison "pen" echoed with the praises of God.

If we could have had this awning, even six weeks ago, humanly speaking, scores might, by this time, have been brought into the Kingdom — for many, who never go into the crowded divisions, are ready to attend services out of doors; and some of the wildest fellows amongst us are all attention, when they can have a chance for a sermon in the open air. We are indebted for this elegant shade, chiefly, to our untiring friend, Mrs. Emley, who managed to procure it from a junk-shop in New York, at a cost of only fifty dollars.[1] A tent such as was originally proposed, would have cost about $1,000, but this sail will answer every purpose; and we are as thankful to the friends who were arranging for the larger

[1] For a more detailed account of the awning, see Appendix H.

awning, as if it were now in "the pen." Mrs. Emley states that, having purchased the sail at a much less price than she expected, she had written to all those who had contributed towards the object, inquiring what appropriation shall be made of the surplus funds. Some have authorised her to purchase religious books for the use of the prisoners; and to others she has returned the money.

Capt. Woolfolk left us, this afternoon, on special exchange. Why may not I, too, have this privilege?—a promised favor, but long delayed. I begin to fear a balk, and am suffering, intensely, from suspense.

We had better and more abundant rations, to-day, than I have ever seen at the Fort. The improvement is due to the personal oversight of an officer of the day, belonging to the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, who says that he is determined to see justice done. I wish I knew his name, that it might be recorded here. Up to this time, there seems to have been no proper inspection in the kitchen department. The prisoners have been constantly robbed, to enrich commissary sergeants, and waiters. Some of these — particularly the sergeants — are said to have made from $10 to $20 per day, by taking from those who were unable to pay, and making extra preparations for a much smaller number, who have been fortunate enough to hold the ready cash. This is a bad business, which I hope, for a time at least, may be stopped.

Have received several very pleasant letters from Miss Laura F. Henry, daughter of the late Mrs. Zadock P. Henry, of Berlin, Maryland, one of my old parishioners, in my early ministry, at that place. She reminds me of the fact, that when an infant, she received the seal of the covenant at my hands. Her warm sympathies are offered, in my present trials, and she proposes such material help as a lady may be able to give. Her principal object is to identify a person who claims to be a prisoner in great need of assistance. Like many other good ladies whose hearts are warmed with sympathy for our

suffering ones, she has evidently been imposed upon; and in this case, circumstances indicate a "Yankee trick." We often hear of articles being applied for, by parties who are not found in "the pen." Who are they? I would bring no railing accusation!

Friday, 26th.—Several persons, aroused by the remarks of yesterday, called in for conversation, and advice. Thus it appears that our very first services, under the awning, have been attended with a blessing. What a pity that this thing should have been so long delayed!

Wm. H. Mowry, a young man of the other barracks, reported drowned, is now ascertained to have been shot.

The Christian Association is busily at work. Everybody seems to be interested, and all want something to do. Gen. Vance and Col. Hardeman, who are always active, were to-day elected to office. Young Mackey has been constituted Librarian. We have lost several valuable teachers, and some committeemen, by recent removals; but new and good men are taking their places, and the machinery moves on without grating.

Capt. Reese, of Alabama, insists upon taking my picture in plaster. He has secured several sittings, and will, no doubt, make a good thing of it, if he can get the material.

Parson Thomas was the preacher to-night.

Saturday, 27th.—The remarks on Self-deception, day before yesterday, are still bringing inquirers. Much concern is manifested, and I trust we are again on the eve of revival.

There being nothing to elicit debate, nor any special business before the Association, our meeting, this morning, was purely devotional. Remarks by myself on the subject of *Prayer*.

We were ordered out to-day for white-washing, and had a "sweet time of it," in the mud and rain. It was well for some of us that we could take shelter under the awning,

We have had a new order in regard to letter writing, restricting each letter to ten lines. This may lessen Yankee labor — they profess to examine everything written by the prisoners — but, it must interfere materially with both the comfort and utility of correspondence.

Parson Thomas attempted a sermon, at night, from *"Some men's sins," &c.* — but, as all other preachers do sometimes, he certainly failed, at least this once.

Sabbath, 28th.—Whilst Capt. Samford was holding forth this morning, on the subject of *Repentance*, a stone was thrown from the adjoining barracks, with a note attached, which struck the awning. The sentinel was too quick for those most interested, and the purpose of some poor "Reb" was instantly thwarted. This method of communicating with the officers is becoming quite frequent. The effort is often successful; but sometimes it fails; and should the offender be caught, he, no doubt, pays the penalty of his "crime."

The Bible classes were suspended in the afternoon; and Adjt. Boyle held Episcopal services, in one of the divisions.

"Judge" Rasin was called out in the course of the day, and has returned, leaving us in the dark in regard to whom, or what he saw, or for what purpose he went.

A folded paper was thrown upon my pallet, whilst spending a moody hour in my bunk, before the evening service. On opening the billet, I found the following words of cheer, from my friend, Claude C. Turner, of South Carolina, which I transfer to these pages, with grateful appreciation:

A SUNDAY MORNING WISH.

For Rev. Dr. Handy.

May health, long life, and happiness be thine,
My venerable friend! May sweetest joys
Be multiplied to thee, by hands divine,—
Till Death's chill blast thine earthly house destroys!

May growing seed — for Heaven becoming meet —
(Sown by thy hand, and nurtured by thy care)
Fill thy pure heart with consolation sweet,
When all without is dark, and cold, and drear!

May future labors crown thy latest days
With Hope's bright vision of that blessed abode -
The Spirit-land — in realms far, far away,
Where all is pure — all glorified of God!

I would that this cold, lifeless heart of mine,
By doubt and sins oft near to madness driven,
Could *feel*, could *weep*, *rejoice*, my friend, like thine;
And give me once a sweet foretaste of Heaven!

Then let me ask thee, when thy prayers arise
For those whose faith is weak, whose hearts are faint,
Remember me to 'Him who rules the skies,'
And may I, too, rejoice in Heaven — a saint!

My sermon to-night, from *"Behold, I stand at the door and knock,"* was a poor effort, and I felt discouraged; but I ought to remember, that "it is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord" that men are saved.

Monday, 29th.—We have had a heavy reinforcement of officers — one hundred and nineteen in all. They come from various quarters, and several of them are from before Petersburg. Have had no opportunity as yet, to learn their names, or know anything about them.

Six of our political prisoners were removed from "the pen" to-day. Among them are Messrs. Noel, Bentley, and Thos. W. Edwards. The last gentleman is from Maryland, and will make some inquiries in Baltimore, to hasten my exchange.

Missiles from the adjoining quarters continue to come. So many were thrown over whilst we were at worship in the forenoon, as to interrupt the service.

Capt. Reese has finished the plaster bust, and has given me a pretty good likeness; but the material is so inferior, it will scarcely be of much value. Sorry for it, as well for his sake as my own.

The "box call" has ceased; and we are still restricted to ten lines in writing.

A box has come from my excellent friend, Rev. B. H. McCown, containing valuables, with expenses prepaid. How much do I owe to this dear brother, whom I have never seen! May he have the reward of those who find it more blessed to give than to receive. The following extract from a letter, dated Forest Home, August 17th, will show how unfailing is this source of benevolence, and the spirit that prompts it:—

Rev. Isaac W. K. Handy:

Dear Brother in Christ:— If ever you reach City Point, think of these words, "Don't forget Mr. Handy"— they were the last words my dear son ever uttered to me in regard to you. In compliance with these words, I can remit to you, as you may direct, (to yourself, or to your dear wife) twenty-five dollars. I thank you for your kind letter of sympathy. I have received numerous such letters from his acquaintances in Northern prisons. They all show me that my noble-hearted boy was esteemed. This is great consolation. I may need your services, if ever you go South, in regard to his remains. If ever you can, visit his grave for me, and drop on it a tear of love.

Yours in Christ,

B. H. McCown.

The twenty-five dollars, referred to in this letter, is a gift to help my family to the South. This looks like moving; but my wheels seem to be clogged, and I must still "bide my time."

Tuesday, 30th.—We have had a great change in the weather, which adds much to our comfort.

Adjt. Law came early, to report the conversion of his friend Adjt. J——s. Thus it is that God hears prayer, and blesses the labors of His servants. How many will have cause to thank Him for prison trials, and for prison mercies!

My wife informs me that she has received a letter from my Northern kinsman, John N. Handy, of Portsmouth, New

Hampshire, forwarding a present of One hundred dollars, to smooth the way to "Dixie." I have never had the pleasure of seeing this good friend; but I have reason to know him well; and I make this record to show, that even in Yankeedom, there are those whose opinions and feelings have "the ring of the true metal."

The gentlemen who left us yesterday, have been unconditionally released.

During the day, had a conversation on personal religion with Lieut. B——n; and at night, talked with inquirers under the awning. An interesting case in Lieut. C——s.

Wednesday, 31*st*.—We had a delightful prayer-meeting in the forenoon, conducted by Gen. Vance, who, besides making some practical remarks, raised the tunes and led in prayer. The General stated that he had been trying to make arrangements for preaching at the Fort (in the interior), but had failed completely. The feeling prevails, that some of us have "too much sway" already; and the disposition is rather to "shut down" upon us, than to extend our privileges.

The regular services were succeeded by an inquiry meeting. Had some conversation with Adjutant J——s, and a friend of his who appears to be in an interesting state of mind, in regard to spiritual things.

Among the late reinforcements is Prof. L. Gounart, recently a drill-master in the Confederate Navy, at Drewry's Bluff, on the James River. It is said that this gentleman was an Austrian Colonel, and came over to this country with Gen. Schœpf, who, during the war in Hungary, had been an orderly in his regiment. He is a very affable person, and though nominally a Catholic, has manifested considerable interest in myself, and the religious movements in "the pen."

Capt. W. H. Stewart, of the Fifth South Carolina Regiment, was this day removed from the barracks, and placed in

close confinement, as a retaliatory measure for similar confinement of an Illinois Captain, said to be imprisoned at this time, in Richmond. No particulars are stated, and we are all in perfect ignorance of the circumstances.

I have a short note concerning Major Mills, of Col. Anderson's staff; but have lost the recollection of what was purposed in the entry.

The beer barrels are reported empty; and I am really glad of it, for things have not been going on so well as before the establishment of the stands, and the introduction of this fashionable drink.

Twelve recruits were introduced from Shepherdstown, Virginia.

The day closed with religious services, conducted by Major Bullock, and an address by myself.

XVI.

September.

Thursday, 1*st*.—Adjutant Boyle gave us a pleasant change this morning, in the use of the Episcopal service; and interested us, for fifteen or twenty minutes, with some admirable suggestions on *Redeeming the time*. We have a due proportion of churchmen in "the pen," and I am glad they are represented in our religious meetings, by so earnest and courteous a leader.

Among those who were brought to the Fort, last night, was the Rev. T. N. Williams, a minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, who has been serving as a Confederate Chaplain, and has seen hard times in the hands of the enemy. His home, I think, is in Missouri; but for some months past he has been an exile, at the North.

Since the embargo on the boxes, we have had constant complaint of hunger. Some men require a great deal more food than others, and these are suffering more or less, all the time, as the Yankee allowance is barely enough, even for those whose appetites are not so keen. The Sutler introduced a barrel of crackers, this morning, "on the sly;" and in fifteen minutes, he sold out to the famishing men, at thirty cents per pound.

Our evening services were suddenly brought to an end, by an order from the sentinel, to repair to quarters. Why this summary interference, we were not informed. Possibly, Chaplain Williams was too illustrative, in some very bold and animated remarks about *The good soldier of Jesus Christ.* How true it is, that "men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." Several friends came in after the meeting, and remained in social chat until a late hour.

Grape!—Gen. McClellan nominated for the Presidency.

Gen. Vance has favored me with the following lines, which I take pleasure in transcribing, as a memorial of our friendship, and as a valued reminiscence for the loved ones at home:

TO REV. I. W. K. HANDY, D. D.

Dear Doctor:

There is a secret tie between
Our hearts, for reasons more than one,
Which winter's cold, nor summer's sheen
Can wear away, and say, begone;
I feel it oft in solitude,
As well as when the crowd is nigh—
And sure, it gives my spirit food
To battle on till life is by.

Yea, often when thy voice is heard
In earnest plea, that *all* may turn,—
Methinks I gather from each word
A love, which makes my bosom burn;
For well I know, thy inmost thought
Is that we *all* may live, and do
Those things with peaceful blessings fraught,
When earth is gone, and heav'n in view.

The weary months have flown since first
We met within these prison walls—
Not pleasant days like those of erst,
When quiet in our own dear halls;
But never, though the iron hand
Press'd rudely on thy patriot breast,
Could aught but patient will be scann'd
To His wise rule, who knoweth best.

And many here will bless thy name,—
Their teacher in the path of good,—
Since in their hearts the Spirit's flame
Hath lit up such a happy mood;
For well I ween it was thy care,
Directed by the Spirit's glow,
Which led them to the Saviour, where
All alike may mercy know.

And now thy footsteps soon shall tend
To that dear land, we love so well,
And brighter prospects soon shall blend
Beneath the charm of Southland's spell.
Dear Doctor, go; I give thee up,
With prayer, that God will keep thee free;
And only ask, when that sweet cup
Shall overflow, *to pray* for me.

Most fraternally, yours,

ROBERT B. VANCE.

Friday, 2d.—Between one and two o'clock this morning, we had a visit from one of the sentinels, who set himself to adjusting the lamps, and scolded angrily, because they had not been kept burning. Thus it is, that the crime at one time is in lighting, and at another time in being in the dark.

At the morning service, Col. Hardeman read an appropriate selection from some book or newspaper, and Gen. Vance, Adjt. Law, and Lieut. Southgate led in the prayers. During the worship, a sentinel again appeared—watching, I presume, for disloyal words.

There seems to be some unusual restlessness among the Yankees. What is the matter, we do not know. Perhaps there may be some bugaboo among the new-comers, who needs special attention. We have been ordered to close the evening service at eight o'clock; and to confine ourselves, hereafter, to

the other side of the walk. This, of course, vacates the awning, except for day-light meetings. Our services, this evening, were in charge of Lieut. T. W. Bullitt, with remarks by myself on the *Worship of God.*

Saturday, 3d.— It is impossible for one who has never been a prisoner, to realize the great anxiety which prevails among the imprisoned, in regard to exchange and release. These are subjects of constant conversation. Every paper that comes into the barracks is carefully examined, to see what is proposed or intended by the Governments. Sometimes, hope is aroused to the highest pitch, and then again a corresponding depression takes place. It is not uncommon to hear officers remark, that they would rather take part in a battle every week, than to spend the seven days in such a miserable duress, as they are obliged to suffer. Various expedients are resorted to, to relieve the mind — some amusing themselves with music; others with sundry studies; and quite a number with games of skill or chance. Indeed, keno, faro, cards, &c., are entirely too popular. Prisoner's base, quoits, and even marbles have many representatives. My own mind has been constantly occupied with ministerial duties— not, however, to the exclusion of very many anxious and trying moments. Of late, (especially since I have had notice of an exchange,) I have suffered more than can be expressed, in waiting day after day, hour by hour indeed, for the official order. The delay is inexplicable. There is no doubt, however, that God's hand is in it, and I would earnestly beseech the graces of patience and submission.

Waking at any hour of the night, some one is passing to or from "the rear." Footsteps are constantly heard on the board walks, which, with the incessant calling of the sentinels, "Post No. —— vigilant!" the roll-call of the reliefs, and the challenging of passengers, drive sleep from the sick and nervous; and even the strong and well must have a good seasoning before they can get accustomed to it. My health has been

so poor, of late, that I seldom have a good night's rest. The mosquitoes and bed-bugs are not so troublesome, as at this time last year; but they are sufficiently annoying. For a few nights, of late, they have been exceedingly trying.

The regular meeting of the Christian Association, was held at half-past 10 o'clock A. M. As president of the body, I read and commented upon the fourth chapter of Philippians. Gen. Vance (as chairman of a committee, consisting of himself, Col. Hardeman, and Capt. Samford) reported that he had received no reply to the letter he had written to Gen. Schœpf, in relation to books, Bibles, awning, &c., sent to the prisoners by societies and benevolent friends at the North. This silence is unaccountable, as no injury can possibly result from the simple acknowledgment of these favors. All this, however, is of a piece with the numerous annoyances which have increased upon us, during some few weeks lately passed.

Our services this evening were held at half-past four, instead of half-past five as heretofore, the object being to forestall all excuse for interruption by the guards. Lieut. Southgate conducted the meeting, and I made some remarks upon the subject of *Christian Watchfulness*, which were listened to with fixed attention by the large assembly. The order enforced for two evenings back, driving the officers to quarters at 8 o'clock, was omitted, showing that the design, heretofore, was simply to annoy us in our services, with some little shadow of excuse.

The Sutler has been doing a rapid business all day, still selling at exorbitant prices. The poor fellows are obliged to have something to eat; and, little or much, all they have goes into the hands of these extortioners.

Made arrangements to start a class in the Evidences of Christianity, to consist of Col. Hardeman, Adjts. Boyle and Law, Capts. Shane and Dye, and Lieuts. Southgate, Mackey, and others — most of whom have an eye to the ministry. My present suspense and very unsettled condition, will prevent me

Rev. I. W. K. Handy, D.D., Va.

Capt. J. H. Dye, Ark.

Lieut. J. N. McFarland, Va.

W. Cosby Shane, A.D.C., Texas.

Capt. G. L. Roberts, Mo.

Lieut. T. S. Armistead, Fla.

Capt. W. F. Gordon, Va.

Capt. J. J. Dunkle, Va.

Lieut. J. T. Mackey, Tenn

THEOLOGICAL CLASS.

from giving such attention to this interesting class as I could wish; but I shall get them together, and give them a start, which will enable them to proceed by themselves, with one of their number acting, in rotation, as monitor and leader.

Had a long talk, before retiring, with Lieut. Caldwell, who called in to see me — an estimable brother, who shows great friendship and attachment. Adjutant C—— informs me that he has arranged for an escape, to-night, in company with Lieut. R——, should the night be sufficiently dark as it now bids fair to be.

Sabbath, 4th. — We have not had such a gloomy Sabbath since last winter. It has been raining more or less all day, and we have found it impossible to use the awning. Indeed, we should have been thwarted in our services altogether, had not Chaplain Williams responded to an invitation to preach in his own division, No. 23. The notice was so short, that many of us failed to hear him. I was engaged in reading at the time, and knew nothing of the arrangement until the services were nearly over. The sermon, from Acts xiii. 36: "*For David, after he had served his own generation,*" &c., is reported to have been quite interesting and acceptable. He seems to be a young brother who has a heart for the work, and with a fine voice and fertile imagination, his influence, should he be continued here, is likely to be felt for good.

In the afternoon I preached in 27, the largest and best division for public worship in the barracks. The room was crowded to overflowing, and many stood about the doors and windows. I went into the room, fearing I should not be able to do much, and really shrinking from the duty — such was the effect of the weather and suspense upon my heart and mind. The sight of the large waiting audience aroused my sluggish feelings; and by God's grace I was enabled to preach with unusual ease and fulness, the congregation being evidently absorbed in all that was said. After service, several persons

assured me of their great interest in the truths presented—the text being II. Tim. ii. 19: "*Let every one that nameth the name of Christ,*" &c. I thank God for help afforded; and rejoice the more, as I was so cramped and, I fear, ineffectual in my sermon of the last Sabbath.

We could do nothing with the Bible-classes to-day. Indeed, our arrangements have been so broken in upon by the removal of a number of valuable teachers, that we shall not be able to resume the usual order without great difficulty. My own class, in *Romans*, has been cut up into a number of smaller ones, according to a plan suggested by the Committee on Education; and should I remain in prison, the desire has been expressed, that with the assistance of other ministers, I should lecture to the classes generally on such subjects as may be involved in the lessons.

The gentlemen who were to leave last night, were unavoidably prevented; but they hope to be able to effect their object to-night.

Capt. S—— and Adjt. L—— came in, and spent an hour with me before bed-time. We found it pleasant to talk of the things that make for peace. Adjt. L—— expressed gratitude to God for his imprisonment, Capt. S—— having done the same thing before — each of them realizing fully the wisdom of that providence which has brought them nearer to Christ, and opened their eyes to doctrines and principles before unknown, but now dear to their hearts. How delightful to witness this growth in grace!

Monday, 5th.—It rained at intervals throughout the night, and the darkness was unusually favorable to escape. Apprehending the loss of prisoners, Wolff stationed a sentinel at the sally-port, and gave orders to allow only five men to go to "the rear" at one time. Crowds, of course, were soon collected in this passage-way — many of them suffering to obey the calls of nature, and all of them exposed to the rain. Two

officers came in and objected to the order; but finding that it came from the Assistant Commissary, they had no power to revoke it. Before morning this cruel order was made more oppressive, by curtailing the number allowed to go back, to one man at a time. Besides this precaution, men were detailed to go around with lamps, to examine the most likely places of egress, and every sentinel was wide awake, last night, if never before.

Wolff came into "the pen," this morning, with a posse of men, to nail up all the temporary openings, made during the summer (chiefly by the prisoners themselves) to let in the air. His conduct was more than usually blustering; and with oaths and threats, he directed the sentinels to shoot any man who should dare to pull off one of these boards. Whether he was drunk with liquor, or intoxicated with the news of the fall of Atlanta, or both, it was hard to tell.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* exults, to-day, over the fall of the "Railroad city;" and tells us of the many hundreds of guns fired, in the various cities of the North, in honor of the victory. All our news comes through this paper. Although great allowances are to be made, for its usual boast and blatherskite, yet it has its influence in bringing discouragement, in the absence of contradictory or rebutting testimony. Many of the prisoners are greatly cast down, some believing little more can be done in the Confederacy; and others more hopeful of the final issue, but relinquishing all idea of a speedy exchange. For myself, I am willing to leave the result in the hands of a wise and just God. I am sure He will vindicate the right. Believing with my whole heart, in the justice and righteousness of our cause, I look forward to a brighter day; but I may be wrong. If so, His will be done!

In regard to my own affairs, the suspense is terrible. Everything around is disagreeable; and having suffered imprisonment for fourteen months, I long to be free. My family is dear to me, and I want to be near them. How gladly would I go into some

distant retreat, far from the noise and bustle of war, to do some work for God, in winning souls to Christ; and in my advancing years, at peace with all mankind. If my duty, however, is still at Fort Delaware, I would stay and labor on, beseeching Him for grace and patience according to my day. I have been earnestly praying for deliverance. Perhaps I have been inordinate in desires on this subject; or it may be that in some other way I ask amiss. Sometimes the remark is made that Dr. Handy has been praying for months, to be delivered from prison; and as God has not heard my poor prayers, an argument is drawn thence against the importance of this great duty. Gen. Vance remarked to me the other day, that his faith had been sorely tried at this point, in that God had granted the very blessings *he* sought for, to those who asked them not, denying them to himself, earnestly imploring. Here are questions of casuistry to be studied closely. David said, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." God forbid that we should retain any evil thing in our breasts. O God! purge us and we shall be clean.

The day has been cheerless and gloomy. Clouds have lowered continually in the sky. Dampness pervades the atmosphere. "The pen" is full of water and mud; and the floor of our division is like a stable. I shall lie down to-night on a hard bed, as for many nights past (having emptied my dirty straw at our last removal), and with the apprehension of farther disappointment, to suffer on, it may be, for days longer. Oh! for strength in these days of darkness.

We have had no mail, until to-day, since Friday; and the number of letters brought in this afternoon was very small. There were none for me, either from my family, or from Col. Purnell, who, I had hoped, would send me some cheering word about my exchange.

Tuesday, 6th.— Another damp, gloomy, dreary day. It rained, more or less, all night, and the wind blew cold and

wild. The storm continues up to this hour, say five o'clock P. M. Our room is more like a stable or hog-pen than anything else. The floor is wet from one end to the other, and covered with mud. The cold air rushes in from numerous openings, large and small. A comfortable place is not to be found in the whole "shebang." Other divisions are in as evil plight as 23. I have been knocking around to see what has been going on elsewhere, and the same wretched, cheerless, unwholesome appearance is exhibited. Everybody is restless. Like wild beasts in cages, all walk to and fro, uneasy, anxious, comfortless. Some poor fellows here, will certainly never be able to endure it. There are several wounded and delicate men among us, whom I pity with all my heart. Mr. Dougherty, an aged man, with silver locks, coughs distressingly with diseased lungs. This poor man (a native of Pennsylvania, and a citizen of Washington) is imprisoned for the crime of having built a State-house in South Carolina, and then presuming to return to his home. Oh, the wickedness of man!

According to an agreement on the part of the commissioners of exchange, many innocent sufferers, shut up in close confinement and fed upon the hardest fare, in the spirit of retaliation, have this week been partially released from their uncomfortable trials. To-day, four persons who have been confined in the cells at the Fort, were brought into "the pen," and put on an equal footing with other prisoners of war, viz: Major Reuben Mills; Capts. W. H. Stewart, of ——, and J. H. Brown, of Tennessee; and Lieut. R. H. Bailey, of Florida. Bailey has taken his quarters in 23.

Since the interdiction of the cooking on the bank, various expedients have been resorted to, to get a cup of tea, or a little warm hash. Several officers had, fortunately, provided themselves, some time ago, with cooking-lamps. Others have gotten up a sort of extempore stove, constructed of old fruit cans, deposited in tin plates, with a square hole, for the insertion of sticks and splinters, which answers a tolerable purpose

for boiling or warming water, or other articles in the vessel on top. Considerable comfort has been afforded in this way; but we are expecting continually to be ordered to put out our fires. Such an order would save our eyes (for we are smoked dreadfully), but we should suffer *de gustibus*, and, I fear, in health too.

The bad weather has put a full stop to our meetings. I am glad, however, to find several committees, appointed by the Association, improving the interval. Gen. Schœpf, after long delay, having allowed certain letters to be answered, a good deal of writing has been done to-day, in reply to the agents of the Bible Societies in Philadelphia and New York, and to sundry good ladies, including an expression of thanks to Mrs. Emley in regard to the awning. A report is in progress, also, concerning the late revival, the present state of religion, &c., to be printed in pamphlet form, and given to the public. This committee consists of Lieut. Southgate and others, with Col. Hardeman as chairman.

The same order that prevailed the night before, forbidding more than five to go to "the rear" at one time, was issued again last night. Having occasion, myself, to beat a retreat after dark, I found quite a crowd of poor fellows, standing huddled together, in the mud and damp air, and a sentinel interposing with his musket, to prevent an advance. The fellow saw the cruelty of the thing, and cursed the officers for their needless fear of escapes in such boisterous weather. He declared that they ought to be shot; and said he would like to shoot one of them himself — a man who had stolen his money. He was an Englishman, and a member of the 6th Mass.

I received three letters this afternoon, and was upon the whole encouraged by their contents, though very unsatisfactory as to the conduct of Mr. Culbertson, who writes to me from Chambersburg, where I suppose he lives. He tells me that he has written to Secretary Stanton, mentioning my name,

and the covenanted exchange; but says nothing about having reported personally at Washington. I presume the man has hurried home, leaving the result to the influence of a few hasty lines announcing his return. It is too bad! Such, certainly, would not have been my conduct if paroled on a similar agency. A letter from my daughter, dated at Richmond on the 22d, informs me of her great disappointment at my non-arrival on the last truce boat, as Mr. Culbertson had been sent down expressly for the exchange. My wife writes cheeringly, however, and thinks she can see the hand of God in the delay. I have no doubt, that He is arranging it all for the best.

Two officers came in to-night from Early's army, announcing the death of Gen. John H. Morgan, which is reported outside. The statement is not generally credited, but with the news of the fall of Atlanta, adds to the general depression.

Monday, 7th.—The wind and rain continued, until after midnight, when the clouds partially dispersed; and this morning we had a bright sun, which pretty well dried the west half of the area in time for a service at 11 o'clock. Parson Thomas made some remarks on the subject of *Faith and Works.* We had the usual prayers and hymns, and gave notice for a meeting in the afternoon.

The class in the Evidences of Christianity, had its first meeting in 22, occupying Col. Hardeman's bunk, in a corner of the third tier. We read over the first chapter of Alexander — making his work the text-book; and studying Paley, and McIlvain, in connection. All appeared to be deeply interested.

In the afternoon we held a meeting, under the awning, to discuss the propriety of a new arrangement of the Bible classes. It was determined to organize a Bible Class Sabbath School— or rather a Sabbath School of Bible classes. There will be some half a dozen classes in all, and each class will study the same lesson, which is hereafter to be determined.

☞ *Grape-vine telegram.*—Atlanta has been recaptured, with the loss of eight thousand men on the part of the Yankees!! Very doubtful.

Tuesday, 8th.—About one-third of our open space of two acres, was this day covered with water, from an overflow of the ditches. Strange that these disagreeable results are not obviated by raising the banks, with sand or coal cinders, which certainly cannot be hard to obtain.

We had a prayer-meeting at half-past ten, under the awning. I addressed a good congregation, on the subject of *The Church, and its Membership.* The meeting was conducted by Capt. White. After the services, those wishing to join the "*Church at large*" were invited to come forward—Capt. Samford, Chaplain Williams, Parson Thomas, Lieut. Moore and myself, acting as a committee of examination. The following persons gave us an account of their religious experience, were duly examined by myself as Moderator of the committee, and were unanimously accepted, to be more formally received by baptism, and public profession to-night, viz: Adjt. Wm. B. Baird, Lieut. J. A. Walker, and Lieut. A. J. Wilson. Two others who have had a new and better experience, did not come forward, as they are already recognized as church members, at home. They will probably make some statement concerning themselves, at some one of the conference meetings; and conform hereafter to whatever may be required of them in the churches to which they belong.

Gen. Vance tells me that some time ago, when the great excitement took place among the Yankees, under the impression of insurrection and escapes, it was with much difficulty the guard could be got into "the pen;" and that they were only prevailed on to advance, when their officer (I am sorry I cannot get his name) advanced to the gate, brandishing his sword and exclaiming, "Come on, my brave boys, they are unarmed, and can't hurt us!" The valiant fellows were thus

encouraged to rush in immediately, when they formed a hollow square, into which, I suppose, they put their prisoner, Capt. Hamby — a square which the General says, was "hollow indeed." How he got all this information I don't know; but he vouches for the truth of it.

Lieut. Hardee, who has been absent at the hospital about three months, has returned. His face is red, and somewhat marked from small-pox. The poor fellow has had a hard time of it during the war, having received several wounds, and lost his leg. He is a good fellow, and the same whom I baptized in May last, with Adjt. Cyrus.

The services, this afternoon, were held as early as four o'clock. Chaplain W—— preached from John i. 29: "*Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.*" The congregation was large and very attentive. The voice of the speaker is very loud, clear and impressive. He has considerable action, a good flow of language, and a fine imagination. He shows, however, some defect of education; and in this sermon did not reach, according to my view, the gist of the text — the sacrificial work of Christ; but he said many excellent things, and pleased, and edified his audience. Experience and culture will make him an eloquent and exceedingly effective minister.

After the service, the three persons examined this morning, appeared before the stand, and answered affirmatively to the usual questions, thus publicly acknowledging the Lord Jesus Christ, and signifying the sincerity of their repentance, and their entire dependence on Him, for strength and guidance in the ways of truth and holiness. After this solemn profession, all three of these gentlemen were baptized by myself, into the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The ordinance was administered by sprinkling, each of them occupying a standing posture. To reach them conveniently, it was necessary that I should take my position, in a chair provided for the purpose, and placed immediately in front of

them. After the administration of the ordinance, the church arose and gave them a public recognition. The benediction was then pronounced, and many members came forward and gave them the hand of fellowship.

Friday, 9th.— Capt. Frank C. Robbins conducted the morning prayer-meeting; and for a rarity, we were dismissed without remarks, either from ministers or members. Parson Thomas preached in the afternoon from Col. iii. 1: "*If ye then be risen with Christ,*" *&c.* The old gentleman gave us briefly, his favorite subject, with some pretty good remarks on other points. In prayer I was constrained to refer to the planting, and crucifixion with Christ, as well as the burial, and to bring out what I conceive to be the teaching of the Apostle in the chapter; but in such a manner, I hope, as gave no offence, whilst it may have explained the doctrine, without provoking a controversial spirit — all done, of course, in a few words, the design unnoticed, I hope, by any who would make a bad use of the allusions.

One of our number has, to-day, received news of the death of four of his children, since last heard from, and the elopement of his wife to some unknown point at the West. This poor fellow, who is a very ignorant man (he cannot read), has been a prisoner near two years; and as he is "under charges," he is left almost without hope.

Gen. Vance perpetrated the following, which some one took the liberty to nail up at the sally-port, for the edification and amusement of all concerned, viz:

THE GRAPE-VINE LINE.

Professor Morse
Thought him a horse,
When first he put in motion
His 'graphic wires,
And lightning fliers,
From mountain down to ocean.

And ev'ry one
Thought he had done
The grandest thing in Nature;
But let him come
To "Johnny's"[1] home,
And see a stranger *crayture.*

'Tis on this Isle
He'd grin and smile,
And ope his eyes with wonder,
When he should hear,
From far and near,
The "*grape vine*" speak its thunder.

Sometimes 'tis heard,
By flying word,
From t'other side of Jordan;[2]
And then again,
Thro' mud and rain,
It kites around the "bull-pen;"[3]
'Till ev'ry eye
Grows brighter by
The line that so doth gull men.

But if you want
To hear us raut,
Where each his jargon utters,
Pull on your shoes,
What else you choose,
And go out to the Sutler's.

There we arrange
For our exchange—
Our speedy separation;
And when we're back,
We'll not be slack
To whip the Yankee nation.

Long wave the *grape!*
And let us *gape;*
'Tis rousing, lively, funny;
Though surely it
Each one hath hit,
'Tis good for "Reby Johnny."

A Tar Heel.

Fort Delaware, *Sept. 8th*, 1864.

Saturday, 10th.—An officer was taken to the guard-house, this morning, for drawing a basin of water from one of the

1 Name given Rebels by Yankees.
2 Privates' Barracks.
3 Name given to the open space between the barracks.

tanks. Another poor fellow, who was expecting a comfortable wash, was ordered to empty his basin in the ditch. The supply of water is always poor; and it is wise, of course, to be as economical as possible; but, we have had so much rain of late, that it is hard to be restricted, when there might have been an abundance in the tanks. Much has been said about the filthy water at Andersonville; but, I think, it could scarcely be worse than the miserable stuff at this place. The hogsheads afford some little relief for drinking purposes; but, the ditches are our only resource for washing in every department. The brackish current, which comes from the bay, is usually covered with a green scum, and infested with insects. Everybody resorts to the banks; and it is common to see men, at one end washing dishes; a little farther down, a party scrubbing shirts and handkerchiefs — whilst at the lower end, several persons may be noticed in a state of perfect nudity, trying the effect of a salt bath. Added to this, some one will presently come along with a foul vessel, and throwing the contents into the common reservoir, return to quarters, no man saying aught against him. The only defence against this monstrosity of filth is a comparatively clean wash, in the early morning, when the tide has had some little opportunity to carry off the accumulations of the preceding day.

Twenty-six persons — citizens of Virginia, from Loudon and Fauquier counties — were introduced to our quarters soon after breakfast. Among them are several persons advanced in years. Gen. Asa Rogers, who is of this party, is a well known militia officer, about sixty-eight years of age, and a gentleman of intelligence and influence in that section. His son-in-law, the Rev. O. A. Kinsolving, of the Episcopal Church; the Rev. George W. Harris, Baptist minister; and Mr. T. J. Gallcher, are prominent persons in this company. They were all arrested without a moment's warning, and hurried on to the Old Capitol, at Washington, as hostages for persons alleged to have been captured by the Confederate army, and now in

WASHING IN THE DITCH.

confinement at Richmond. Mr. Kinsolving is here in thin clothing and a straw hat, with the weather damp and cold. He was hurried away from his motherless children, whom he was obliged to leave in care of a servant, without wood, and such other necessaries as will be required even during a temporary absence. The old General, who appears to be a sort of leader to the party, refused to take a parole, binding him to neutrality during the war. He has a son (a Major at Drewry's Bluff), who bears honorable wounds received in the service of his country.

We had an interesting meeting of the Christian Association, commencing at ten A. M. A question arose in regard to the propriety of holding the morning services at sunrise, instead of ten o'clock, as heretofore. The debate, in which Col. Hardeman, Adjt. Boyle, Capt. Tracy, Lieut. Bullitt, and others took part, was quite animated; and the question was finally decided by a majority of two, in favor of the sunrise meeting.

The Committee on Education reported a plan for a Sabbath School of Bible classes, which aroused considerable interest; and arrangements were also announced by Lieut. Bullitt, Chairman of the Committee, in regard to sundry classes in secular studies. Suggestions were offered, recommending a course of Literary and Scientific Lectures. The report was adopted, and a train of operations will soon be in progress, which, under the direction of the Committee, promi es much good.

The Rev. Mr. Harris gave us an impressive sermon, in the afternoon, on the parable of Dives and Lazarus. The congregation was large, and the effect of the sermon would have been very decided, but for a constant walking to and fro, and even around and in front of the table, which, in a measure, drew attention from the subject of discourse — and as his hands and arms were sometimes over the very heads of the people, the minds of some were evidently distracted by this new, and

curious manner; but, many, I am sure, heard the word with gladness, and it is hoped this excellent brother has come into our midst for good.

Have been occupied, a good portion of the day, in conversation with backsliders, and inquirers, answering all sorts of curious questions, and endeavoring to instruct the anxious. One young man, to whom I had suggested the importance of a public confession, acknowledged his sinful wanderings, with such evident penitence, and self-abasement, that every member of the Association seemed to be moved, and some were affected to tears.

I am told by some who came in to-day, that Mr. Culbertson's name has been mentioned at Washington, as an exchange for a Dr. Jackson, now in confinement at the "Old Capitol;" and that other names have also been suggested in that connection. What are we to think of a Government exhibiting so much unfairness, duplicity, and want of good faith!

Our rations at dinner were unusually large — in consequence, I presume, of the presence of the hostages. For weeks we have been restricted to a small piece of bread and meat, each, (twice a day) with a cup of rice or bean soup, at dinner. The bread has generally been a mixture of corn meal and wheat flour; and the meat an alternation of beef and pork. The pork, which is usually very offensive to the smell, averages about two inches in length, by one in thickness. These rations are commonly distributed to us at hours so irregular, and with such improper intervals — breakfast from 9 to 10, and dinner from half-past 2 to half-past 3 — that we have been obliged (those who relished it, first using the soup) to transfer them to the bunks, where we can eat with a better division of the time.

The soup is always served in tin cups, without spoons; we are not allowed knives and forks; and the salt is deposited in piles, at regular distances, on the rough, greasy tables. It would be quite an amusing, if it were not often an affecting

sight, to see hundreds of well-bred gentlemen carrying each his "grub" with extended hand, and hurrying to his bunk to make the deposit; or, perhaps, by a small fire at "the rear," to work it up into some sort of hash, which his appetite will better relish at a more suitable hour. As to the quantity, in many cases it is entirely too little. Hearty men are frequently heard complaining of severe hunger, with no prospect of relief, until the next morning — unless they are able to pay an iniquitous price to the Sutler for a few cakes or crackers.

Sabbath, 11*th*.—I have preferred to give way entirely, today, to the other ministers. Capt. Samford preached a good sermon in the morning, from Heb. ii. 17: "*For it behooved him*," &c. He complained of being unprepared; but his remarks were listened to with attention and interest. Mr. Kinsolving declined preaching, but consented to read the service, which he did, in presence of a large congregation, assembled in division 22. A Yankee Lieutenant and a Sergeant took their stations inside of the door, and remained until the services were nearly over. A Colonel and a Major also came in after awhile, and remained for some minutes. It is a little remarkable, that all these men left the room prior to the prayer for the President of the Confederate States, which would not have been omitted, had they been present. As Mr. Kinsolving has invariably adhered to this item of the service, among his own people (though generally in his own parlor, and in private), it is not improbable that it may have had something to do with his arrest.

Mr. Harris preached at the evening service, in 24, from Heb. xii. 14 (latter clause): "*Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord*." The sermon was delivered with warmth and impressiveness, and was a faithful exhibition of the important doctrine contained in the text.

The intervals of worship were spent by myself, chiefly in conversing with persons inquiring on religious subjects.

Capts. Shane and Dye, and Lieut. Caldwell, came in after dark; and we spent an hour or two in sweet communion. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the Bible classes met at the awning, and the Sabbath School system was inaugurated. The teachers, with their several classes around them, were located according to convenience—some under, and some near the awning. The gentlemen officiating as instructors, to-day, were Rev. Messrs. Williams, Harris, and Kinsolving, Col. Hardeman, Capt. Harris, and Maj. Richardson.

Monday, 12th.—The sunrise prayer-meeting was held this morning. The weather was too inclement to allow me to attend. Many others, however, were promptly in their places under the awning, and the services were conducted by Lieut. McFarland.

Our room has been in a most uncomfortable condition all day The floor is damp; the air, which rushes in from numerous openings, very cool; and, withal, we are crowded together, a motley collection of ninety men. Much of the time has been occupied with fiddling, and shuffling; all sorts of noises have prevailed; and even a moment's quiet or comfort has been impossible.

Several of the last importation are a low, rough set, not only in appearance, but in conduct. Twelve of this company have been quartered in 23. Several of them are gentlemen, and an acquisition to our society; but others are dirty and lousy, and find their chief joy in a regular break-down.

Chaplain Williams preached in 29, from Luke x. 42: "*One thing is needful.*" He had some good illustrations, and spoke with animation and effect. An allusion to the Washington Monument in Baltimore—in which he compared the Christian with the dim lights around him, to the visitor ascending the dark and winding stairway, holding a lantern before him, and thus able to see only a few steps in advance, until arising higher and higher, he at length emerges upon broad daylight,

with a grand view of the entire city and every surrounding object—was a beautiful and impressive flight.

Mrs. E——, wife of one of our imprisoned officers, who has lately been making great effort to see her husband, has at last succeeded. She was several days at Delaware City, with letters from Ex-President Johnson and others, which seemed to have failed with our Commandant. She then went to Washington, where she was well received by Maj.-Gen. Hitchcock, but rudely repulsed by Secretary Stanton. Advised by Gen. Hitchcock, she made another effort, visiting the President himself. As soon as Johnson's letter was presented, the way was perfectly clear.

"Why, to be sure, Madam," said Lincoln—"to be sure you can see your husband. Why, don't you know, Madam, that Abraham Lincoln is the greatest man in the country; and that Andrew Johnson is only second to him? You will be willing, now, to go back and tell your friends what a good-looking man I am."

Mrs. E—— could promise the President, very little, on that score — whereupon he complimented her candor, and gave her the pass.

On her arrival at the Island, Gen. Schœpf declined permitting her to remain longer than the one day. The lady expressed surprise, and told him she did not intend to leave.

"What will your friend 'B——y' say," said she, "when I go back and tell him *you* have not treated me as well as other people have done?"

The argument was imperative. Mr. B——y is a friend, whom the General was unwilling to lose; and Mrs. E—— was accommodated to the extent of her plans. This energetic lady succeeded in obtaining an interview with her husband whilst a prisoner in the penitentiary, at Columbus, when the obstacles seemed almost insurmountable.

A "grape-vine" report has been current, imputed to myself, alleging that a strict search of baggage was about to

be instituted. Calling this evening on Gen. Vance, I found him in full acceptance of the unauthenticated story, and, actually, doubly clad, in two pairs of good pants which he could not afford to lose. I think some one must have started the report, from seeing me with three coats on, which I had playfully exhibited to some friends, as evidence of what I was obliged to do on account of the suddenly rough and chilly weather!

Further "grape:"— 2000 privates to be sent off to-morrow on exchange!

Tuesday, 13th.— A meeting of the Christian Association was held in 34. I took the chair; and opened the meeting with religious services, commenting upon the sixth chapter of II. Corinthians. The object of the meeting was to reconsider the rule in regard to the sun-rise prayer-meetings. Another animated discussion arose, in which Adjt. Boyle, Lieut. Bullitt, and Rev. Messrs. Harris and Williams severally took part. The matter was ended by a resolution to revert to the old hour at 10 o'clock A. M., as the time best adapted to secure a large congregation, and most likely to do good.

The afternoon meeting was conducted by Gen. Vance, who made some excellent remarks on the subject of *Prayer;* and which emanating from such a source, will, no doubt, be long remembered. The General is a good singer, and has some fine prayer-meeting tunes, which always arouse the feelings, and give warmth to the services. His prayers, too, are fervent and importunate. The meeting, to-day, was unusually pleasant.

The sentinels have been more strict, to-day, than usual. Why this, I know not. An officer was halted this morning, in the act of picking up a note thrown from the other barracks. Even after he had thrown the paper to the ground, he was made to wait until the arrival of the Corporal. To-night, the sentinels, who are mere boys, have been visiting all the divisions, moving around the rooms in search of— we

could not tell what. Capt. Boarman, chief of 22, asked them what they wanted — and, rather sarcastically inquired, if they were "looking for a gunboat." The lads immediately arrested him, and had him taken to the guard-house. Wolff, for a wonder, saw the absurdity of the thing, and remanded him, at once, to his quarters. Capt. Boarman is one of our most intelligent and gentlemanly officers.

Mr. Magruder had news to-day of the illness of his wife; and was informed that she will, probably, not last more than a few weeks. Earnest effort has been made by influential friends, to get him a parole to see her; but, so far, they have been entirely unavailing. What a cold, heartless, stubborn tyrant, is the Secretary Stanton! Mr. M. is a private citizen, who has been condemned to imprisonment for a year, on the most frivolous charges.

The announcement has been made, that 500 sick and wounded prisoners are to be sent off, on exchange. The men from the adjoining barracks were out for enrolment.

Wednesday, 14th.—A great change in the weather. Beautiful morning; up early; and took a half hour's walk before breakfast. Some hours later we had a drizzling rain, which continued but for a short time.

Twenty wounded officers were called out, with a view to enrolment for exchange. It was quite amusing to see how suddenly some of the lame men were "taken worse." Some had bandages; and some walked with canes, who had, heretofore, never been seen with such appendages. Gen. Schœpf superintended the enrolment in person; and although some poor fellows will be left who ought to have been off long ago, I doubt whether any will get off, this trip, who ought not to go.

Capt. Tracy conducted the morning service. In the absence of remarks by others, I addressed the congregation some fifteen or twenty minutes, from those words, "*Delight*

thyself in the Lord, and He will give thee the desires of thy heart."

Capt. Thomas held forth in the afternoon, speaking on the subject of the Resurrection, from Isaiah xi. 1: *"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people."*

Sundry friends called in, in the course of the afternoon — among whom were Lieuts. Caldwell, Barkley, Milam, and Bailey. Lieut. Milam, who has but one leg, is among the number soon to leave. He promises to visit my daughter in Richmond.

Had a pleasant talk with Major Richardson, of Clark county, Va. The Major informs me, that he was an eye-witness to the execution of the Yankee deserter (name forgotten) who was lately hung, at the Old Capitol. He says the man manifested little or no feeling, in prospect of death; but that which made the deepest impression upon his mind, was the almost entire absence, in the prayer of the chaplain, of any reference to the case of the unfortunate man — the burden of his petition being malediction upon the Rebels, and dictation to the Almighty.

Thursday, 15th.—A call was made for chaplains, and surgeons, to go out for enrolment to be sent South. I requested Chaplain Williams to ask Gen. Schœpf, to grant me an interview — my object being to have some conversation about my own exchange, and to ascertain whether certain letters sent to him about ten days ago (to be forwarded to Mr. Culbertson, and others) had been received and mailed. Unfortunately, Mr. Williams mentioned the matter to Wolff, the very man I wished to avoid, as I have reason to believe he is throwing every obstacle in the way of my release, of which he is capable. No sooner had the announcement of my wish been made, than he peremptorily, and roughly refused. Presently, the Chaplain saw an opportunity to speak to the General, and moved in that direction. Wolff immediately ordered him back; and, angrily stormed out:

"If Dr. Handy wants to see Gen. Schœpf, I will put him in the cells, where he will get to see him, perhaps, every day."

Mr. Williams says, he continued to make some very impertinent and insulting remarks, about my being no preacher — all of which, though used in connection with my name, the Chaplain thinks were intended for himself.

This hatred, and vituperation, is precisely of a piece with the spirit generally manifested by the understrappers on the Island. I am at a loss to know why *I* should be the object of such special spite. I am seldom in contact with these men — having always been particularly cautious about any intimacies, or even conversations with them. Whenever I have spoken to them, I have done so as a Christian, and a gentleman. In all my sermons, I have inculcated the doctrine of forgiveness; and no man, with the decision, and firmness which I have always illustrated, as a true son of the South, could possibly be more fair, and religiously impartial, in view of the standpoints occupied by the contesting parties. But all this is only to be maligned, hated, and opposed, in every effort to go peaceably to the Confederacy. This very afternoon I was informed that Welsh — our self-important, and extortionate Sutler — cursed me, with severe abuse, in presence of several gentlemen in the interior of the Fort, calling me a "damned old Secesh preacher," and hoped that I might be long retained in prison, and treated as severely as possible. And with this man I have never had ten words during my imprisonment. It may be he knows that, upon principle, I never deal with him, save only in cases of the most urgent necessity; or, perhaps he has been informed of my plainness months ago, with one of his clerks, who attempted to cheat me, and how afterwards the same clerk cheated himself, and I returned the money, though he would never have recognized the loss.

The morning prayer-meeting was conducted by Capt. Moore, of Georgia. He read the fifth chapter of James; and I commented for twenty minutes or more on the twentieth verse,

"He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

Chaplain Williams preached in the afternoon, from Psalm lxxxiv. 11, *"The Lord God is a sun and shield,"* &c. He indulged in considerable flights of fancy; spoke with animation and feeling; and made pleasant reference to Heaven as the home of the righteous. It was intended as a farewell sermon, in anticipation of his expected release. Some incidental remarks on the sins of gambling and profanity, were very striking.

Lieut. W. L. B——n, who has been long under a cloud, came to my bunk this afternoon, and announced his hope in Christ, and his belief in the pardon of his sins. Thus it appears, that God is still with us, and the good work goes on.

Friday, 16th.— The sick and wounded are still here. We have heard of the arrival of the steamer *New York*, at Annapolis; but she does not yet make her appearance at the Island. Of course, great anxiety prevails. Chaplain Williams, who with several surgeons is to leave in this boat, has been moving around for several days in his best "bib and tucker," ready to be off at any moment. I have been somewhat in this condition myself for more than a month. On receipt of intelligence, that Mr. Culbertson had arrived at Annapolis, I packed up my "duds," and have refrained from opening the carpet-bag or valise, except about once a week, when I have been obliged to do so, to get out a clean shirt and pack up the soiled one. As I have already used four shirts in this way, I fear I shall soon run out of linen, my hourly expectation of a call forbidding recourse to the washer-*man*. What is more intolerable than suspense! and who more faithless than a Yankee official!

I find the feeling in regard to the exchange of negroes, materially modified within the last few weeks. Some who heretofore have been decidedly opposed to the movement, are advocating the measure as wise and politic. Gen. Rogers tells

me, that his mind has undergone a complete change within ten days. The importance of placing some 5,000 men in the field, just at this juncture, is regarded as paramount. He, with others, is beginning to look at the matter as a mere abstraction, and would urge the Confederate Government, had they a hearing, to make no delay.

Our class in the Evidences is progressing well. All the gentlemen engaged in this study are men of intelligence, and studious habits. Some of them are regular graduates, and all of them officers of various grades, from First Lieutenant to Colonel. The class consists of Col. Hardeman, Capts. W. F. Robbins, Dye, and Spencer, Adjts. Law and Boyle, and Lieuts. Mackey, Southgate, and McFarland.

The morning meeting was conducted by Lieut. J. F. Caldwell, who made some impressive remarks. No other person arising, I offered some remarks on *Sanctification as a progressive work*, hoping to encourage those who are "hungering and thirsting after righteousness."

Mr. Harris preached a good sermon in the afternoon, from Rom. viii. 14: "*For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.*" The truth was listened to with great interest by the large congregation, assembled under and around the awning.

Lieut. Caldwell called in after dark, and gave me a lamentable account of the recent shooting of five of his neighbors, by the Yankees, in Bollinger county, Missouri. One of them, Mr. Kinder, was an aged gentleman, long known as a useful citizen, and a good Christian. The others also were worthy men — all of whom he knew well. This news he gets, without the particulars, in a letter from his wife. She farther states, that his house and farm are to be sold, in a few days, for an old security debt, which he had been notified five years ago was satisfied, and which he had almost forgotten. He is in great trouble about his family, and is experiencing his first great trial, since he became a Christian. May God sustain him!

Had a long walk with old Brother Thomas, before retreating to quarters; and was entertained with an account which he gave me of the "Two Seed Baptists"—a denomination found chiefly in Tennessee and Missouri.

Saturday, 17*th*.—We were obliged to spend much of the day out of doors, in order to give way to the white-washers. This business has become quite a nuisance. At proper intervals it would be a healthful, and tolerable change; but it has become so frequent, of late, as to exceed all bounds of utility, or necessity. Were the same labor and expense appropriated towards some more substantial or rational comfort, it would be well. "The outside of the cup and platter" is "the all-important," with our masters. To please the eye of visitors and inspectors, is the great aim; but food and raiment for suffering prisoners, is a matter that impresses itself but little upon their consideration. "The pen" is full of ragged and hungry men. Let them give us pants, and shoes, and better rations, and it would certainly be much more for *our* comfort, if not for *their* consciences. To add to our miseries, they have even interdicted the harmless little fires, enkindled to boil a cup of tea or coffee, or to warm up the coarse and unpalatable beef and pork, with which we are so scantily fed. A hard fate; but the tables will turn!

The "sportsmen" have enlarged their booth immediately in front of 23, and which is only a few yards distant from the division. A slight framework is erected, about twelve or fifteen feet square, divided into four small apartments, arranged and covered with blankets. Here the professional gamblers spend their time from morning till night. There are several persons frequenting this spot, who have never been seen by some of us, anywhere else. The "keno" business seems to be "played out," and the fixtures sold to the "galvanized" men, hard by — where they may be heard all day calling, in a loud voice, the numbers on the cards. "Vingt-un" is the favorite

game at the booth. Large sums are frequently staked, chiefly in Confederate money. I often pass by this place — which is always crowded — but I have never yet stopped, even to give a casual glance at their games. I regret to say, that card-playing is still carried on in most of the divisions; and in one or two of them the different games are practised to some extent, even on the Sabbath. How infatuating such pursuits!

The regular meeting of the Christian Association was held. Read and commented, briefly, on the twelfth chapter of Romans. Very little business of moment. A vote of thanks was proposed to our excellent friend, Mrs. A. W. Emley; but we were afraid it might induce odium, or otherwise cause her to suffer, and concluded to defer it. A committee to nominate officers for the next two months (of which Major A. Reed is chairman) was appointed by the President, to report at the next meeting.

No news in regard to my exchange! The suspense is painful! Trying to feel patient, and to realize the providential dealings of a kind Father in Heaven.

Subject of the lesson in the Evidences, to-day:— Hume's argument against miracles.

Capt. W——n received a letter from his wife, informing him of her conversion. It has been but a short time since he, also, found the Saviour. They have been married a year or two; but have never spent six weeks together, as husband and wife.

The six men recently released from close confinement were, again, suddenly called out before bedtime, and ushered into their former gloomy cells. The "unlucky men" are Major Mills, Capt. Stewart, and Lieuts. Bailey, Brown, Dosier, and Brereley. The emergency certainly must be special, that they could not be left until morning!

About eight o'clock P. M. we had a "fresh fish," in the person of a Mr. Garnett, just from New York, where he has been for some time on parole. He brought a copy of the

Daily News, in which I find a "personal" from my son (signal officer on the flag-ship Virginia) announcing his own good health, but that his sister, Mrs. Young, is not so well.

Sabbath, 18*th*.—We had a large congregation, under the awning. With the exception of a little too much wind, the weather was fine. My sermon from II. Cor. v. 7—"*We walk by faith, and not by sight*,"—was listened to with the most respectful attention; and I cannot but hope, that the seed sown will spring up ere long, and bring forth fruit to the honor and glory of God. Before preaching, the Bible classes met, under the direction of Lieut. Southgate, instructed by the several teachers, as heretofore stated. It was a beautiful sight—a sight which would have afforded grateful satisfaction, to the breast of many a pious friend at the South. There were not less than two hundred officers, representing almost every section of the Confederacy, all pleasantly occupied for nearly two hours, in Bible recitations. The diligence, with which these studies are pursued, is remarkable. I never saw more earnestness, under the most favorable circumstances, at home. This diligence is the more remarkable, as there are few notes, or other helps to be had in the barracks.

Mr. Kinsolving was too unwell to read the Episcopal service, in the afternoon. Adjutant Boyle took his place. After the usual prayers, he made some explanations in regard to the rubrics, and showed the design of certain usages of "the Church." The Adjutant is a very zealous Episcopalian, and loses no opportunity of recommending the Litany, and the Ritual; but he is a very companionable gentleman; takes hold, with spirit, in the Christian Association; and has, upon one occasion, conducted the prayer-meeting, using the Church prayers, with considerable adaptation and appropriateness. The afternoon services closed the public worship for the day, it being now too late, for the intended prayer-meeting.

Would have been glad to devote the intervals of public

service to reading and meditation; but, in prison it is hard to engage in any such duties, at will. From one end of the barracks to the other, a private place is not to be found. Everything must be done openly and above board. Even secret devotions must often be attended to, in presence of the crowd. I have seen a devout man, on a damp and exceedingly unpleasant day, occupying his usual closet by the fence side, absorbed in meditation, and prayer, though necessarily observed by many eyes. I often sigh for some quiet retreat — some room, or corner, where I could, even for the shortest time, be alone, in communion with myself, and God: but in vain! But, it is not only the *observation* of others, which so constantly interferes with devotion — the noise is incessant, making both study, and prayer, exceedingly broken, and often confused.

I find that Mr. Harris has succeeded in starting evening worship, in 24, where he, and Mr. Kinsolving are quartered. Would that it could be done in 23!

Monday, 19*th*.—Adjutant Law[1] conducted the morning service, introducing the exercises with Bishop Heber's Missionary hymn. After prayer, he gave out that grand hymn of praise, by Dr. Dwight,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

These, with a chapter from the epistle to the Romans, opened up the whole subject of missions, which I endeavored

1 Before the war Adjt. Law was a student of medicine in Maury county, Tenn. Aroused by the fall of Fort Sumpter, he left his books, to enlist in the 154th Regiment Tennessee Volunteers. Was engaged in the battle of Belmont, Mo., which resulted in the defeat of Gen. Grant. Was afterwards, on the staff of Col. Preston Smith; and, in a short time, was transferred to a hospital, in Memphis, as Assistant Surgeon. Rejoining his regiment in Columbus, Ky., he was present in the battles of Shiloh, Richmond, Ky., Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, and Chicamauga. In the last battle, though his knapsack was pierced by a bullet, and the heel of his shoe was torn away by a cannon ball, he escaped unharmed. In 1863, he was appointed Adjutant of the 30th Georgia Regiment. With the Army of Virginia, he was engaged in the battles of the Wilderness, and of Spottsylvania C. H.—at which last place, he was taken prisoner and sent to Fort Delaware. He is, now, a Presbyterian minister in South Carolina.

to improve, by an address on the question, "*Will the Heathen be saved?*" As the subject is frequently adverted to, in conversation, and in connection with the Bible studies, I endeavored to enforce the orthodox views, and to give the subject as practical a bearing as our present circumstances would allow — all of which was received with attention, and evident impression.

By some neglect, on the part of the Committee on Devotional Exercises, the services in the afternoon were deferred so late, that only a brief meeting was held, led by Capt. Walker, and without sermon, or address.

My suspense was relieved, on the arrival of the mail, by a letter from Col. Purnell, who informs me that Mr. Culbertson has been exchanged for another man, through some misunderstanding on the part of the Agent of Exchange. He says, however, that Secretary Stanton will demand an explanation in regard to the matter, and that he has given him a written order on General Hitchcock, for my exchange with any other person whom he (Col. Purnell) shall name.

This is a strange affair; and has disappointed me much. After so positive an understanding by the authorities on both sides, it is impossible to comprehend how it could have occurred without some unfair dealing. Culbertson ought, undoubtedly, to have reported at once, in person, at Washington; and even though this was not done, as General Hitchcock had directed me to write to Richmond, in regard to this very man, I ought to have been allowed to leave, immediately upon his arrival. What reliance can be had upon promises, or covenants, made by such people? I feel myself, in this thing, to be a grossly injured man. If the rights of an *individual*, in such a matter, are of but little importance, why should *I* be persecuted with such untiring persistence? To-morrow will make fourteen months since my arrest; and what have I done, demanding this long and wearisome imprisonment? Am I here, simply, for the *private* con-

versation, at the house of a relative? Such was the ostensible cause when, so many months ago, I was torn from my large and helpless family. The longer I have been kept in prison, the more obnoxious I seem to become. Stanton says he has "abundant evidence of my utter disloyalty;" and that "no man, holding such sentiments as I do, can be a good citizen." The trouble is, they are mad because I have refused to take their oath; and they are the more incensed because I am a minister of the Gospel, with some little influence. Well! they can only go as far as God permits. At His bidding my chains shall fall; and their spite and wrath shall be made to praise Him. I shall continue to hope in His gracious providence; and feel, now, that I can do so with much less uneasiness, than during my suspense, notwithstanding the disappointment.

Found it difficult, to-night, to get to my bunk, for the crowd that pressed into the room at the sound of the violin. The fiddler had taken a seat near the head of my resting-place, and was scratching away with all manner of tunes, and a large party jumping and dancing, with the greatest noise and excitement. I managed, however, to crawl up, where I found Maynadier reclining, and seeking a retreat. My feelings were little consonant with the uproarious surroundings. I managed, however, to become a little abstracted, when Col. Hardeman came in, and spent an hour with me. In the midst of all this confusion, we had an animated conversation on some important topics of practical religion; and separated, mutually comforted from this talk about the things of the Kingdom, and the feelings of the heart. Before leaving, he offered me a more pleasant berth in 22, which I will try and find time to examine to-morrow; and will, perhaps, accept at once.

Tuesday, 20th.—Fourteen months have passed, and I am still a prisoner. It is hard to realize the lapse of time. This, indeed, can only be done by reviewing the past in detail.

Sometimes it seems as though I shall find things in Delaware just as I left them at the time of my arrest, should I leave the Island now. But Oh, how weary and anxious the hours, as they have passed!—much relieved, however, by my constant employment. At the present I feel much more comfortable, than for weeks past, as with little hope for a speedy exchange, I can take hold with purpose and plan. How sweet the doctrine of a particular Providence!

I prefer to make a daily record in regard to the several meetings, by whom conducted, and the work done. I shall read it with pleasure (should my life be spared) in the days to come. I wish, also, to give my dear family a full view of current prison life. Others, too, among my people and my old friends, will be gratified.

The morning meeting was held, as usual, under the awning, without which, I don't know what we should now do. Would be glad if our benevolent friend, who presented the sail, could step in upon us, and see what he has done. Mrs. Emley, too,—I wish we could write to the good woman, and tell her how much we thank her. Time will bring all these matters right. Capt. F. C. Robbins led, to-day, but offered no remarks. I spoke to the congregation on "*The afflictions of the righteous.*" Unusual solemnity.

Capt. N. A. Sturdevant, of the Virginia Artillery, occupied the afternoon hour, with an address on "*The Law of Development,*" delivered under the auspices of the Christian Association, and as the first of a course of lectures on Literary, Scientific, and Moral subjects, as we may be able to obtain speakers. The Captain acquitted himself with great success, giving us a fine argument, delivered in clear, forcible, but extempore language, on the progression and retrogression which universally prevails, both in the physical and moral world—his object being, by illustrations drawn from the former, to impress us particularly with the necessity which inevitably and universally prevails (God only excepted) to

advancement or retrocession, in all that pertains to mind and heart. The lecture was practical and impressive. Many, I have no doubt, among the multitude of hearers who hung with riveted attention upon the words of the speaker, left the awning, realizing the truth of every word he uttered, as to the characters they are, here in prison, forming for themselves, either for a bright and noble, or a debased and besotted future. The manner of the speaker was rather vehement, and his style familiar. He would walk to and fro, strike the table, bend his body, and throw his arms, but in a manner not at all disagreeable; nor were many common-place words and phrases altogether out of place — especially, as he sometimes rose far above them, by a vivid imagination, several fine illustrations, and the introduction of some beautiful quotations. I wish we could have just such a lecture, at least once a week.

After the lecture, the scene was varied, by a large gathering on the opposite side of the board walk. Not less than two hundred persons had assembled, at the sound of the violin; and the voices of the men, personating African minstrels, could be distinctly heard, as many of us passed by, on our evening walk. This jolly crowd continued their sport, until after dark, when the fiddler found his way into 27. I retreated into a corner on the lower floor, where my good friend and brother, Capt. White, had ornamented my table with a fine petroleum lamp, an article for which I had been sighing for months. The musicians and dancers kept up their frolic for an hour or two, at the other end of the room, and might have continued much longer, had not the sentinel, at length, commanded silence.

Mr. Price (Frank A.), one of our politicals from Delaware, had the pleasure, this evening, of receiving his trunk, which had been denied him for weeks, leaving him almost shirtless. His good fortune — though minus two suits of clothes, which they "took" — was also luck to me; as I became possessed of a fine apple and a luscious pear—fruits such as I had not seen

for many a day. It was no small treat, and I luxuriated upon them, before retiring, with more satisfaction than many who will read this, can imagine.

Five prisoners were brought in before bed-time, who have lately been confined at the Carroll prison, Washington. They report, on the authority of the evening papers, a victory for Gen. Sheridan, in Virginia, over Gen. Early, who is said to have retreated through Winchester, with the loss of two thousand five hundred men, killed and wounded. Generals Rhodes and Gordon are also reported killed. A depression prevails, but the thing is credited, only in part.

I retire, to-night, among the last in the division — many being soundly asleep, and all confusion having subsided.

Wednesday, 21*st*.—Adjutant Law called in, this morning, greatly distressed, on account of the reported death of his relative, Major-Gen. John B. Gordon. He belonged to the General's brigade before entering upon his division command; and, being a first cousin, was closely associated with him, and loved him as a brother. He tells me, that his relative was a native of Georgia; was about thirty years of age; a very fine-looking man; and that he was an earnest Christian, in membership with the Baptist Church. He leaves a wife, and two children, whom he generally managed to have near him in camp.

Capt. Charleton Morgan has, also, been in much distress about the loss of his brother, General John Morgan. The news was announced, in an unfeeling manner, by one of the Yankee Sergeants, in 27, where the Morgan men are chiefly quartered — the Captain being one of the number. He thinks the General would not have been killed, but for his determination (which he had often heard him express) "never, again, to be taken alive." This is the second son, which a noble, patriotic mother has given to the cause of independence, at the South.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* comes in, to-day, with a pompous map, headed:

"Sheridan's Glorious Victory! Scene of his brilliant triumph! Map showing his movements on Early, &c., &c."

The first column of the paper is headed as follows:

"Victory! Glorious news from Gen. Sheridan! Great battle of Monday! Fighting from Morning till Evening! Complete Rout of Early! 5,000 Rebels killed and wounded! Sheridan in possession of the field! 3,000 prisoners fall into our hands! 5 cannon and 15 battle-flags captured! Early driven with a whirl through Winchester! Fearful loss among the Rebel Generals! Rhodes, and Gordon killed! Wharton, B. T. Johnson, and York mortally wounded! Retreat of the enemy during the night! Our Cavalry in close pursuit! General Sheridan moving rapidly forward! The Union loss estimated at 2,000! Brig.-Gen. Russell among the slain! Generals McIntosh, Upton and Chapman wounded! Great rejoicing over the victory! Sheridan made a Brigadier in the Regular Army! Grant orders a salute of 100 guns fired!"

This is a specimen of the newspaper flourish, with which we are insulted in prison. We are now cut off from all sources of information, except this sheet — save now and then, when a new-comer arrives, with a copy of the *Daily News*, as did Mr. Garnet a few evenings ago. The influence of such a continual current of unfavorable matter, is not unfelt. All this falls in, of course, with the depressed feelings of those who always look upon the dark side. Any news, however, is better than no news; and we have, most of us, long since learned how to make allowances, for statements coming from a sheet positively affirming on one day, and stealthily retracting, after the supposed effect of the mendacious matter. As for the news of to-day, it is taken with considerable margin. It is generally believed in "the pen," that we have met with a reverse; but the figures will be cut down, before the week is out. We shall find that most of the generals, reported mor-

tally wounded, are still living; that Sheridan has had a hard time of it; that his losses have been very severe; and that Early is still in the Valley, and ready to do a good work yet.

Those who are accustomed to analyze, are confident that Sheridan has been badly whipped; and that Early will soon turn up near Richmond, or Petersburg, where his services will be needed for an important work, soon to be consummated. They admit that a brigade, or division left on picket, may have been driven in, as it was not any part of their design to make resistance; and the great "blow" about prisoners captured amounts to nothing — unless, perhaps, in regard to the sick and wounded, in the hospitals at Winchester, and those left on the field of battle. It is a remarkable fact, that the Yankees make no estimate of their own losses, which we shall probably find to have been immense. We shall soon see how all this is.

Capt. John E. Roberts led the morning service. Mr. Harris made some good remarks, on *The tendency to reaction after a revival*, and gave some timely cautions. He then mentioned the case of an officer under deep conviction of sin. Other cases of seriousness were brought to the attention of the meeting by myself; and prayer was offered for the inquirers.

"Parson Thomas" occupied the stand in the afternoon, and preached from John v. 39: "*Search the Scriptures.*" The old gentleman is a great advocate of immersion and feet-washing, and found it easy to introduce sundry illustrations in the direction of his favorite topics. I regret this, as the inevitable consequence is excitement and, probably, controversy, which are wholly out of place here. I have no disposition, however, to find fault with him, as he evidently means well; and with all his "wood, hay, and stubble," he has some genuine grains of gold.

The chiefs of the several divisions have been informed, to-day, that the order restricting all correspondence to ten lines, for each letter, has been revoked. A notice to the same effect was posted on the outside of the barracks several days ago.

VISITING THE MENAGERIE.

Informed of this, as I supposed by reliable authority, I sent out several letters immediately. We now hear that five or six hundred letters, written on the same day, were all destroyed. Was this done to make a few dollars, by saving the stamps; or from spite, because we did not wait for a more formal announcement in "the pen"? I hope there may be some mistake.

☞ "*Grape:*"—Two officers who were called out, to-day, report that in a conversation with Gen. Schœpf, he refused to grant paroles to certain officers, on the ground that, in four weeks from this time, there would not be a prisoner on the Island. Gen. S. is said to have gotten this information from Maj. Mulford, who recently left here with the sick and wounded.

Letters, received to-day, inform us, that the prisoners who lately left here, to be placed under fire at Charleston, are now in the harbor of that city, on the steamer *Crescent;* and that tired and suffering, they are alternately hoping and fearing, on the subject of exchange.

Thursday, 22*d*.—Several Yankee officers came into "the pen" this morning, accompanied by a number of citizens dressed in black, and conducted by Wolff, who escorted them around the barracks, showing them the curiosities. They appeared to be highly entertained—quite as much as boys at a menagerie. They were especially curious about the gambling booth; and several of them actually climbed up on the benches, to have a better view over the shoulders of the crowd. From this spectacle they made their way across to the awning, where Lieut. Mayes was conducting the morning worship. I regretted exceedingly, that we happened to have a much smaller congregation than usual, and the more so, as our number compared unfavorably with the assembly on the opposite side of the walk. They remained during the singing of two or three verses, and apparently satisfied, they walked off to see other sights. This was rather a new thing. We, not unfrequently,

have visitors; but usually they succeed better in hiding curiosity.

A good deal of inquiry having been made lately, on the subject of *Christian Assurance*, I took up that topic this morning, and endeavored to answer, as well as I could, the question, "How shall one know that his sins have been forgiven, and that he has been accepted of God?" Felt deeply interested in the subject, and spoke with earnestness and comfort to myself, and, as I hope, with profit to others. A remarkable quietness pervaded the congregation, and deep feeling was manifested by the brethren in prayer. I bless God for the times of refreshing.

Brother Harris gave us a good sermon in the afternoon, from the words, "*God is love.*" For some reason the congregation did not assemble until late, and he was obliged to curtail his remarks. What he did say, was solemn, instructive, and likely to do good.

The *Inquirer* still boasts of a great victory in the Valley. The names of Generals Ramseur and Imboden are added to the list of "killed and wounded"—making seven generals, in all, thus enumerated; but no particulars, nor is it said, positively, which of these have fallen, save Generals Rhodes and Gordon — leaving us to conclude that several of the others have also been killed. The statements, in regard to the number lost by Early, vary from *five* to *ten thousand*. We look for a great modification of these flaming cards, in a few days; and suffer less than our enemies would suppose. The whole thing is intended to bear upon the approaching elections; but the bubble will burst, and we shall see its folly.

Simultaneously with the permission to enlarge our correspondence, the Sutler is replenishing his stock, and with little regard to the restrictions of a late order. To-day he received a load of apples, which of course were in immediate demand. As more money comes into "the pen," there will, no doubt, be abundant opportunity to spend it. Well! Welsh will pile

away the greenbacks; and we shall be better fed, if it does "*cost.*"

The class in the Evidences is advancing well — our hour for meeting being immediately after the morning service.

No mail to-day. Sent a "personal" to the New York *News*, for my son, on the James River, as a more expeditious mode of reaching Richmond than by the ordinary channels.

Friday, 23*d*.— Last night I had a dreadful nightmare; and my bed (or rather my pallet), felt like a rough stone, or brick pavement. To-day, I have been aching all over — head, trunk, and limbs. I sent for Dr. Haynie (who, by the by, is again a prisoner — brought in the very day the other surgeons left), and was directed to take a Dover's powder, which, fortunately, was procured for me by Capt. Harris, who called to see me just as I was retiring. I kept my bunk all day; suffering much, but was glad to find, that the Doctor did not apprehend anything serious. A great many friends came in, in the course of the day, with whom I had a good deal of pleasant talk, notwithstanding aches and pains.

At the morning meeting, Brother Harris made a short address; and Capt. Samford preached in the afternoon. The latter services, I am told, were considerably interrupted by the noise and confusion kept up by those who preferred amusement to worship. I regret exceedingly, that the interest on religious subjects seems to be growing less. Sometimes, the attendance at the gambling tent is quite as large, as under the awning.

Got two letters this evening from my wife. She informs me, that she had received *four* letters from myself, simultaneously, of different dates. Of course this will give some evidence of the manner in which we are treated about our correspondence. There seems to be no system, nor any arrangement with a view to the comfort of the prisoners. The interruption, last evening, was occasioned by the drunkenness of Wolff

and Randolph, who were "spreeing" with the visitors already named.

Saturday, 24th—Better to-day, though not well. Attended the meeting of the Association, but resigned my seat to Gen. Vance, who is one of the Vice-Presidents, as I felt too unwell to preside.

Adjutant Boyle introduced a subject of considerable interest; and made some very pertinent remarks on *The increasing fondness for gaming now exhibited in the barracks.* Adjutant Thomas, a new-comer, followed him with a spirited little address, seconding all that had been said, and urging Christians to greater faithfulness in exhorting and warning those around them. He instanced himself as an example of delinquency, on the great subject under consideration, and regretted that no one had come to him, with admonition or advice. His confession and exhortation were timely. Pending an election for officers, which resulted in continuing all the old incumbents, I added a few words, endeavoring to impress the idea, that to decide in regard to the sinfulness of specific acts, amusements, or modes of life, we must not always expect to find the matter referred to in the Word of God, by any direct or particular announcement. The Bible does not profess to make out catalogues of sins. We are to take the decalogue, our Saviour's Sermon on the Mount, and the general teachings of inspiration; and, in the study of these, reach the principle involved, and learn what is offensive to God. I ventured, also, without going into the argument, to affirm that games of chance were sinful *per se* — suggesting only that my audience should take with them that text, "*The lot is cast into the lap,*" &c., and that they should ponder it well.

Just before the adjournment of the meeting, Wolff made his appearance on the sentinel's platform, near the awning; and addressing Col. Hardeman, who sat under the fence, exclaimed, "Colonel! you'll be off to-morrow — Richmond and

Petersburg have both gone up!" At that moment, cannon were booming on the other side of the river, and all anxious to know the cause. Quite an excitement ensued — some imagining sudden bad news — perhaps the very thing that Wolff, though drunk, had just announced; others said it was target firing; or, perhaps, they were trying the guns on the Delaware side. Presently the *Inquirer* came in, with another flaming head, boasting a second great victory over Gen. Early; and then, in a short time, the roar of the big guns was resumed, and continued at short intervals, until one hundred shots were fired, in honor, (as we had by this time learned,) of Sheridan's wonderful exploits in the Valley. This is the greatest demonstration we have had during the fourteen months of my imprisonment. I confess that for myself, I did not like to hear it. Others seemed to be but little affected; and we were all sufficiently posted to know, that it constituted one of a series of efforts to help Lincoln, in the approaching election.

A heavy rain coming up, in the afternoon, the usual services were omitted.

I have written, thus far, in the midst of fiddling, dancing, song-singing, card-playing, and general conversations, interrupted several times by good friends, who came in to have a word with myself. I now close, with the uproar at an end, for the present; but with two card-parties quite near me, and earnestly absorbed in their perpetual amusement.

Sabbath, 25th.—The morning was so unfavorable, that it was thought best to suspend the Bible classes, until to-morrow. Religious services were held during the day, in three several divisions—I preaching, in the forenoon, in 24; Mr. Kinsolving reading the service in 22, at four o'clock, P. M.; and Mr. Harris preaching, at night, in 30.

I don't know when I have had such a sense of failure, as in the effort to preach in the morning from Matt. xv. 24: "*If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take*

up his cross and follow me." Up to the very time for service, persons were continually calling; and not a moment was left for collecting my thoughts, or even for a review of some old notes. Interested in the subject, and wishing to present it forcibly, I had no satisfaction; and felt, that my large congregation was rather enduring me, than otherwise. Mr. Harris was more effective, in the sermon after candle-lighting, from Heb. ii. 3: *"How can we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"*

Was invited by Maj. Bullock and Capt. Bennett, to be with them at dinner. Accepted the invitation, and found that brother Harris was also a guest at the same table. These hospitable gentlemen are of Morgan's old command, and most of whom still quarter in 27. The Major has been one of our most active men in all of our religious meetings, from the first. Capt. Bennett, who is a very clever gentleman, and a follower of the "great Reformer," Alex. Campbell, has also been a frequent attendant, and has taken part both in leading, and in prayer. A special dinner seemed to have been prepared; and for a Sunday dinner, in prison, it would have been considered sumptuous, even in our better days, when boxes and other remittances had no interdiction. The dinner consisted of fried ham, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, coffee, bread, and a splendid dish of chopped peaches, minus the milk, *of course*. The other gentlemen of the party were Majors Elliott and Lowe, Dr. Haynie, Captains Ellis and Cheatam, and Lieut. Cole. We spent (Mr. H. and myself) an hour in conversation, after dinner, with our hosts; and if he felt as I did, we would have enjoyed the whole thing much better, had it been any other day than the Sabbath.

A "box call" was made this morning, for the first time, for a number of weeks. Only about a half dozen boxes were brought in; but not less than two or three hundred persons congregated at the gate to witness the opening; and all were anxious to know, upon what principle they were introduced.

It was ascertained, that new orders would soon be issued, allowing clothes and other articles, with certain restrictions.

Spent a couple of hours, after the evening service, in Bible studies, which, notwithstanding much noise and confusion, were engaged in with considerable abstraction.

Before retiring, a sentinel came in, and ordered an officer playing "Solitaire," to put up his cards. Our tables were quite near to each other; upon each was a lamp, and the hour late; but nothing was said about extinguishing the lights. An unusual move certainly, but more considerate than common!

Monday, 26th.—The Bible classes assembled at the awning. About one hundred and fifty in attendance. At the request of two fragmentary classes, took the charge of them conjointly. The lesson was Matthew iv. Was not able to go further than "the temptation." At the request of the Superintendent, I closed the school, making some general remarks on the lesson, for the benefit of the whole. A great movement this, which God will bless. The usual morning service omitted.

The Masons had a meeting under the awning, at twelve o'clock, to make arrangements to aid such officers of the barracks as are without money or friends. Many are very destitute. Some are ragged, and numbers are hungry. A man was seen, a few days ago, picking up a piece of bread, that had been thrown out by parties who were more abundantly supplied; and on inquiry, he admitted that hunger had driven him to this extremity.

The "*grape*," this morning, was very cheering, viz:— Butler and his whole army captured; and Grant repulsed before Petersburg, with great loss. The papers, however, give no confirmation. As an offset to this, Wolff, who has been prowling around in disguise, has just passed out in haste (8 P. M.) — his voice only recognized — announcing the fall of Mobile.

The evening service was conducted by Lieut. Mackey.

Mr. Harris and myself, each, made a few remarks. "The boys" have, again, been trying to do something in the way of cooking. They have a hard time of it, however, for the want of wood. Every surplus scrap of timber is "confiscated" without delay; and depredations are beginning to be committed upon the board walks. This threatens to put a stop to the privilege. Notice has been posted at the sally-port, cautioning thieves to return the boards; or to prepare for exposure, and wearing the barrels. This notice is signed by the "Chiefs of divisions"— whether at their own instance, or by instigation of the Yankees, does not appear. They are right, however, as a few persons may, by this imprudence, cause many to suffer.

Tuesday, 27th.— Have spent as pleasant a day, as one could well spend in prison. Arose soon after day-light; took a good general bath; shaved; blacked my boots; mended sundry holes in my old pants; occupied an hour or more in Scripture readings; was engaged in study until the hour for morning worship; made an address at the meeting, from those words—"*Ever follow that which is good*"; an hour with the class in the Evidences; engaged during the interval from recitation to the inquiry lecture, in reading and study; spent an hour and a half under the awning, hearing Gen. Vance, on the *Law of influences;* walked about an hour, for exercise; and, now, I am (at a quarter past seven) recording the work of the day. We breakfasted as usual, about 9 o'clock, at our own table; and took our "tea-dinner" about 6 P. M., at the same friendly board, visiting the public dining-room only as long as was necessary to get the rations. Mid-day, between the two meals, I generally eat a crust of bread, or take such other "snack" as may be convenient; and this is the way that the day usually passes, when I am in health, with some exceptions — especially in the fact that the reading and study is often interrupted by the visits of friends and inquirers. To-day very few persons called.

Capt. G. L. Roberts led the morning meeting, simply reading the tenth chapter of I. Corinthians, and giving out the hymns.

Although Gen. Vance had but a short time to prepare his address, and labored under some other embarrassments, he acquitted himself well. Without preaching a sermon, he gave us some very practical and forcible truths, well-expressed, and interlarded with several good anecdotes. Among others, he told a good story about a man in his country, who was so ignorant and intemperate that he huzzaed earnestly and loudly for "Brokenbones" instead of Breckenridge. The General was not quite so poetical as I expected he would be — gifted as he is in that line. But he told us the power of influence; showed how *all* have something of this power; urged that whatever ability, or talent God has given us, should be exerted for the right; that we should prepare ourselves to build up the waste places on our return to the South; that we should avail ourselves of present opportunities for usefulness; and that all good and true men should endeavor, prudently and wisely, to discountenance the gambling now so much on the increase in "the pen." So far, I have heard but one opinion, in regard to the practical tendency of the address. The good General deserves great praise, for the noble stand which he takes, on the side of virtue and religion. Would that we had many more such men!

Our Surgeons examined a number of sick men, to-day, at the instance of our island authorities; and have recommended them as proper persons to be sent off, on the first exchange. Several of them were taken out of "the pen;" and of these, five have been selected to leave soon.

Several officers, who asked permission to be allowed supplies of clothing, have been permitted to write for what they need. Printed cards or bills are to be given them, which they are to forward to parties furnishing the clothing; and these are to be returned, pasted on the outside of boxes, as

authority for the Express agents. This permit does not come too soon; for many of our poor fellows are scarcely able to cover their nakedness; or, with worn-out clothes, are suffering, even now, from exposure.

Adjt. Boyle, who has been sitting with me for an hour, and who has just left, gives a favorable detail of to-day's news, which I had been unable to examine for myself. Forrest, it would seem, is establishing himself on the road leading from Nashville to Decatur, by the capture of the principal depots; and the Yankees begin to see the cutting off of all supplies for Atlanta, by one route at least. General Price is also in Missouri, moving in two columns, with an army estimated at from ten to twelve thousand men. The *Inquirer*, however, still chuckles over the victory in the Valley; and boasts of having put Early to total rout, and thoroughly demoralized his army. A reinforcement of prisoners is momentarily expected.

Wednesday, 27th.—We have been reinforced by one hundred and fifty recruits, from the scene of the late fight in the Valley. They bring very conflicting accounts in regard to their disasters. Many of them blame Early for irregular habits, and bad management; others deny any fault on his part, attributing their reverses to overwhelming numbers and surprise. The captures are put down at eleven hundred; and with the killed and wounded, the number *hors de combat* is supposed to be about three thousand. All admit a defeat, and demoralization. Some are fearful as to farther results. It is stated that Early had been long trying to get Sheridan to fight; but failing, constantly, he had become careless, and scattered his troops, at great distances. It is also said that Gen. Grant had recently made Sheridan a visit, encouraging him to move on; and told him that he had a corporal in his command who could easily whip the Valley Chief. Great allowances are to be made in regard to all these statements, as prisoners are

generally very incompetent to make correct estimates. I am glad to find, that quite a number of these officers are professors of religion[1]. Among them are several field officers.

Lieut. Slaughter conducted the morning services. Mr. Harris was unwell, and not able to attend. I spoke to the congregation on the sin of *Backsliding* — referring particularly to the *wretchedness, ignominy* and *danger* of such a state, with the injury inflicted upon the cause of Christ, by lapses into worldliness and sin. In the course of the evening, a Lieutenant, named ——, who has been seven times a member of the Church, came to me in distress, acknowledging himself to be a backslider, and seeking advice.

Many of the new-comers attended the afternoon service. Maj. Bullock had the stand. No other person arising, I spoke to the crowd, from "*Prepare to meet thy God.*" The seats were all full, and many stood. Felt earnest, and animated; and great solemnity prevailed.

After meeting, had an interview with Lieut. Gabriel Shank, formerly a Mennonite, but more recently a member of Rev. Thos. D. Bell's congregation, near Harrisonburg, Va. This young man—who came in last night—seems to be desirous of improving himself, and wants advice and assistance.

Prof. Gounart has succeeded in obtaining an interview with his old *orderly*, Gen. Schœpf. Wolff had traitorously neglected to hand his letters to the General; and after a long delay, he accidentally got to see him, as he passed through "the pen." They seemed mutually gratified in the meeting; and a low conversation took place between them. To-day, Gounart was presented with a parole of the Island; and what is still better — in consequence of some evidence of poor health — his name has been put down for exchange in a few days.

The steamer *New York* arrived here, and went up, to-day,

[1] Lieut. George T. Lyle, of Virginia — captured at Fisher's Hill — was brought in, about this time. This young brother, now a minister of the Gospel, in Greenbrier county, was an active, and efficient worker, in sundry Christian enterprises after the release of the author.

to Philadelphia for coal. She will probably return to-morrow, when a number of prisoners will be sent to "Dixie."

The lights were ordered to be put out soon after dark; and in the course of half an hour a sentinel came around, announcing, "You can burn your lights now until taps." What irregularity, indefiniteness, and inconsistency!

Captains Anderson and Byrd sit nightly at the foot of my table, poring over Sallust. Quite a rage prevails for Latin, Greek, French, Mathematics, and other branches. Several classes have been formed, with competent teachers,[1] whilst others are plodding along by themselves.

I close this, with the sound of the violin at the other end of the room. A number of persons are engaged in a noisy dance, which has been in progress for an hour or more, and is likely to continue until taps. A comic singer entertained a merry audience in the same place, somewhat earlier in the evening. The card-tables are also spread, occupying some ten or twelve persons.

A cook named Charley, who is expecting to go South, paid six dollars per hundred (Sutler's checks) for twelve hundred dollars in Confederate money, new issue. Exchanges of this sort are constantly going on in "the pen" on a smaller scale; the object generally being, to get current funds to spend with the Sutler for necessaries.

Thursday, 29th.— Mr. F. L. Galleher, a citizen prisoner— recently captured with Gen. Rodgers and others, in Loudon county, Va.— took the lead in the services, this morning; and made a very good address, on the great doctrines of faith, hope and charity. The afternoon services were omitted, in consequence of the distribution of the mail about the time for meeting.

The transport *New York* still delays. Several officers have managed to get their names on the list for exchange,

1 Col. George M. Edgar, and Lieut. Rodes Massey made themselves exceedingly efficient in this department.

who are not quite so sick as that they might not be worse. "Money makes the mare go;" or, according to better authority, "Wealth maketh many friends."

The *Inquirer*, of to-day, announces an arrangement soon to be consummated, in the exchange of ten thousand prisoners. Negotiations are already in progress, in a sly way, with the understrappers; and some can speak almost with certainty, of their prospects. There is a mode of auctioneering, even for "*exchange.*"

Col. Hardeman and Lieut. Southgate spent an hour or two with me, this evening, assisting in the arrangement of committees for the new term. Efficient men will be brought into service; and for those who will remain this fall, there will be an abundance of work to be done.

After retiring, had a long conversation with one lying near me, on the Evidences of Christianity. Though very sceptical, he heard me with respect and attention—suggesting, however, such difficulties and arguments as occurred to him. I was afterwards pleased, to overhear the same man, conversing in an undertone, with another, who professed himself to be an infidel, and confuting him with just such arguments as might be expected from an established and reflecting Christian.

Friday, 30th.— It was so cold, this morning, that we were unable to hold the services, under the awning; and as no other arrangement could be made in time, they were omitted. At night, Capt. Carr, a pleasant young man of the Presbyterian Church, took the lead, but declined speaking. Gen. Vance made some excellent remarks, on the value and importance of Scripture biography; and called attention, especially, to some prominent traits in the character of Paul, which he held up for the imitation of Christians. The General is a noble fellow, and himself an example worthy of imitation. Were all our officers as earnestly engaged in the cause of the Redeemer, we might have a better hope that God would help us in our cause at the South.

XVII.

October.

Saturday, 1*st*.— Is it possible that the second month of autumn has found me a prisoner at Fort Delaware, and that too for the second time? I have been badly treated. My enemies are pressing me heavily; but I would "consider Him, who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, and faint not." God help me!

We have been again turned out of doors. The white-washers have been busy all day; and the square has been covered with baggage, blankets, cooking utensils, and all sorts of extemporaneous fixtures, and odds and ends, such as prisoners only know anything about. It has been so short a time since this business was attended to before, that it was entirely a redundant work — especially on so unpleasant a day, and with such exposure to the prisoners. A good appearance before the inspectors, who are expected to go around about once a month, seems to be the moving cause. They had much better inspect the quantity and quality of our bread and meat.

We had a very pleasant meeting of the Association, in 22. The committees reported progress; several important resolutions were adopted; and the names of the new committees were announced. Things are now admirably arranged, and a good work may be expected in the future.

At the opening of the meeting, I read the first two paragraphs (Alpha and Beta) of the 119th Psalm, and commented about ten or fifteen minutes.

Lieut. Boone, a young officer who anticipates the ministry in the Baptist Church, was the leader in the service to-night. He made some good remarks to a full house, in 34 (our old quarters), now occupied by new-comers.

Met with Col. Makamie in 34, an officer from Tennessee, with whom my son Frederick was once associated in Vaughan's 3d Tennessee Regiment. Was gratified to hear him speak favorably of this son, and of his popularity in the regiment.

Found it so disagreeable in 23, on account of the noise and some other inconveniences, that I have moved my effects into 22, where I have Col. Hardeman, Capts. W. F. Roberts and Shane, and Lieuts. Barclay and McFarland, as near neighbors. My bunk is in the third story, which gives me an impromptu window, with a view of the out-yard, the Sutler's shop, a portion of the privates' barracks, and the tops of the vessels passing on the river. I can, also, afford my friends better accommodation, and be warmer, should I be here in cold weather.

Col. Hardeman having written to Capt. Ahl, on the 19th of last month, asking sundry items of information in regard to the "Pea Patch," its purchase by the United States, origin and chronology of the Fortress, &c.—material perfectly harmless—with a view to an Introduction to the proposed History of the Revival, received the following answer:

'Respectfully returned to Lt.-Col. Hardeman. The giving of the desired information to an enemy of the U. S. would be impolitic, and therefore the request cannot be granted.

"G. W. Ahl, *Capt. and A. A. A. G.*"

On visiting 34, this afternoon, found quite a number of officers wrapped in their blankets, and lying closely together, trying to keep warm! What will they do this Winter?

Sabbath, 2d.—The Bible classes were suspended this morning, in consequence of the very inclement weather. Five services were held, however, during the day, in the different divisions. At half-past 10 o'clock I preached in our old quarters at 34, to the new-comers, from Jer. xvii. 9: "*The*

heart is desperately wicked." Had rather a small congregation, in consequence of a mistake made by the committee in posting the notice; but the attention was remarkably good. Among my auditors were Col. Mackamie, and H. Lansing Burrows, son of the Rev. Dr. Burrows,[1] of Richmond. Mr. Harris occupied the stand in 24; and preached, as I learn, an excellent sermon from the words, "*Let me die the death of the righteous,*" &c. Mr. Kinsolving, at the same hour, read the Episcopal service in 22. At night, Capt. Samford gave us an admirable discourse, from 1. John iii. 3: "*Whoso has this hope in him, &c.*" The congregation was large and attentive. I have not been informed of the results of the meeting in 29, by Parson Thomas.

Sunday is the day for all sorts of "grape." Having no paper on that day, we are sure, before night, to have some startling reports; and it is frequently difficult to know what confidence is to be placed in them. We are excited again this evening, with the prospect of the speedy removal of all the prisoners from this place. Capt. Arnett having been offered a parole for the day, was called out to have it arranged. He refused to accept the offer, as proposed, and asked a parole until exchanged. Whereupon, he was informed by General Schœpf, that it would be of little value to him, as some ten thousand prisoners were to be sent South, within a few days. This statement has come so straight, and has been so frequently repeated, that many believe it, and all are more or less hopeful.

Disagreeable weather all day — rain, mud, and a chilly air.

Monday, 3d.—The damp weather continues. No morning services. The recitation in the Evidences omitted — partly

[1] It would be very pleasant to insert, in this place, a letter from the Rev. Mr. Burrows, now Pastor of the Baptist Church, Bordentown, N. J., written nearly ten years after the above record. Delicacy forbids more than the following extract, which may be useful to those who despair of results:

"In my experience at Fort Delaware, three things I shall never forget:— * * * * (II.) With profit, your sermon, delivered in our division, from the text, '*The heart is deceitful above all things, &c.*,' which I feel, to-day, has had a marked influence upon my life. Perhaps, it did no more, at that time, than arrest attention; but, it doubtless was as the seed that must needs die in the earth, ere it flourishes in the golden harvest. I think, I shall remember that sermon, in eternity!"

for want of a good place to meet, and partly in consequence of engagements on the part of sundry members.

After dinner, organized a class in "Watts on the Mind;" and had our first lesson under the awning — the ground being still very damp. The class consists of Lieuts. Caldwell, A. J. Wilson, Mayes, Brereley, Noble, Shank, and Bailey — all of them church members, and most excellent young men.

I find my new quarters a great improvement upon 23 — having a more retired bunk, a warmer place, and more congenial company. Most of the officers in 22 are gentlemen of intelligence, good behavior, and studious habits. A large proportion of them are professors of religion. We have very little card-playing; little or no swearing, and far more quiet, than in most of the other divisions. My bunk is in the third tier, and requires some hard climbing; but I do not regret it, as it affords a healthful exercise. Every man, on the same line with me (about twenty) is busy with his books, and several of them are members of my class

Mr. Harris intended to *immerse* five young men, in the Delaware, at four o'clock. Wolff had promised to come in, at that hour, with a guard; but the time passed, and the promise was not fulfilled. Special preparations had been made; and I felt sorry for the parties, as they walked about in suspense, clad for the purpose in their worn-out garments.

The evening services were held in 30. A large congregation attended — the result of a better arrangement in regard to notices. Maj. A. Reed, one of the late converts, conducted the meeting. Mr. Harris made a few remarks, urging Christians to "stand up for Jesus." The singing (now under the direction of a committee of the Christian Association) was unusually fine.

On my return from meeting, found Lieut. C. C. Turner at the far end of the "shebang," entertaining a crowd with comic speeches, representing a country debating club. He is a great mimic, as well as a first-rate singer. It was he who sent me

those lines, last month, so full of tenderness and beauty, and "bequeathed" as "a Sabbath testimony."

Had a long talk, before going to bed, with Capt. H. K. S——n, whose mind has been long troubled with doubts and fears. Like several others who have been inquiring anxiously about the meaning of Heb. vi. 4, 5, 6, he is making a personal application of the passage, and fears he has committed the unpardonable sin. His mind is in a dreadful state. Unless he is soon relieved, the consequences will be serious.

Lieut. Boone informs me, that his friend, Lieut. T——r, of North Carolina, for whom special prayer was made a few evenings ago, is now hoping in Christ.

Tuesday, 4th.—The morning hours were occupied in study, and in hearing the recitation in the *Evidences*. The ground being still very wet, the class met at my bunk. Two of the ten were unavoidably absent. In the afternoon we ventured under the awning, and had a pleasant time with *Watts*. Capt. Wm. J. Reese, a new-comer, joined the class. The morning services were omitted, on account of the mud and dampness.

Mr. Harris preached an excellent sermon at night in 25, on *"The sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow"* —1. Peter i. 11. The division was crowded, and the attention close. We have never met in this division before.

The occupants of 31, in which there has heretofore been a great deal of gambling, resolved, to-day, (with only *three* dissenting voices), to banish the vice entirely from the room. I hope it will not be long before other divisions will follow this good example.

Before meeting, went over the fourth chapter of Matthew critically, with Col. Hardeman, who is studying the Scriptures just now with great zeal. I have agreed to have an exercise of this kind with him every night.

Mr. Boucher, a political prisoner, from Georgetown, D. C., and a former mess-mate, having served out his time (sentenced for one year, but commuted to six months), was, this evening, released, much to his joy and consolation.

Had a letter from my untiring friend, Rev. B. H. McCown, who encloses five dollars; and informs me of his continued efforts in my behalf. I rejoice greatly with this dear brother, who has lately received full information in regard to the conversion, and happy death of his only son.

No letters from my wife or children, from whom I ought to have heard several days ago.

Wednesday, 5th.—"The pen" is a perfect quagmire — in many parts ankle deep; and were it not for the board walks, it would be scarcely possible to get about.

A "box call" was made, this morning—chiefly remittances of tobacco from "Dixie." A few boxes of provisions, and some articles of clothing got in. By what rule, or ground of permission this has occurred, we know not, as the late order in relation to special permits (requiring cards on the outside of the boxes, enumerating the articles) has not gone into effect.

The Sutler is doing a driving business. Loads of apples, bread, and miscellaneous articles come in every day; all of which are sold at the highest prices, notwithstanding the late decline in gold. The following schedule will give an idea of what those who have money, are now paying for comforts, viz: molasses, $2.40 per gall.; cheese, 60 cts. per lb.; butter, 80 cts.; coffee, $1.00; tea, $2.25; tobacco, $1.25 per bar, very inferior; sugar, 60 cts. per lb.; sweet potatoes, 90 cts. per peck; writing paper, 5 cts. a sheet; envelopes, 2 cts. each; &c., &c.[1]

An interesting scene occurred, this afternoon, in the baptism of seven officers, subjects of the late revival. They had been waiting several weeks for an opportunity to have the ordinance administered by immersion. There being two Baptist ministers in the barracks, at this time, and the authorities interposing no obstacle, it was concluded to defer the matter no

[1] Three months later, the price of provisions had advanced to about 200 per cent. on the Philadelphia market. According to Lieut. Lyle's journal of Jan. 1, 1865, the Sutler was selling meal at 10 cents per pound; Irish potatoes at $4 per bushel; butter, 90 cents per pound, and molasses at $2.50 per gallon.

longer. The persons to be baptized were, Capts. G. L. Roberts,[1] B. E. Roberts, and Aud, and Lieuts. Mayes,[1] Street, Tallant, and Huddleston. As most of these young men have recognized me as their spiritual father, I felt it my duty and privilege to accompany them to the water-side. We marched under a guard of twelve men — brother Harris and myself walking, arm in arm, at the head of the procession. "Parson Thomas," with the candidates for immersion, followed in double file. Three or four experienced church-members were added to the party, to assist in certain arrangements at the river shore.

The procession moved solemnly through the gate, with the Yankee soldiers posted, six on either side. We had to turn an angle around the quarters occupied by the privates, and to pass in view of the hospital. It was a novel sight, for "Rebs" to be marching in that direction to the river. The poor "boys" peeped out of their grated windows, wondering at the scene.

On reaching the bank, Mr. Harris repeated a standard Baptist hymn, and the convert prisoners joined with their brethren in singing. Sundry Scripture passages were then read, after which each of the young men was led into the water about waist deep, when they were severally immersed, and then returned to the shore — Mr. Harris officiating in the baptism of six, and "Parson Thomas" closing with the seventh.

No controversial remarks were made by the preachers; a good spirit was manifested; and, with the exception of some loud talking by several Yankee officers, and girls, who attended, the scene was orderly and impressive.

Dr. Woolsey spent several hours, this afternoon, in examining officers with a view to another exchange — the ostensible object being to select those who, from sickness or other causes, will not be subject to military duty for the next sixty days. The examination is made in the order of the divisions, commencing with 34. The day's work closed with 27. It is a singular fact, that some of the heartiest men in the barracks

[1] Sons of Baptist preachers.

BAPTISM BY IMMERSION.

have been chosen, whilst some poor fellows, who certainly can't get through the winter (humanly speaking), have been rejected — some of them almost without an examination. Money and watches have been used freely in the purchase of chances; and it is supposed, that several thousand dollars will scarcely cover the bribes. The count was nearly made up, before reaching 22, the last of the divisions. The number of sick persons was "distressingly" large, and many of the diseases curious. One man had been taking medicine for several days, to get himself in a good condition for inspection. If it were not for the injustice done several who are really in a suffering condition, and the miserable avarice of those who catch the baits, the thing would be amusing enough.

Had letters from my wife, and Mr. McCown. They write hopefully, of my prospects of release. An order has certainly been given for my exchange with the first man (state prisoner) who shall be sent from Richmond. But, when will he come!

Examined several Scriptures with Col. Hardeman, before retiring—subject, *Baptism.* The Colonel, though a Methodist, has been immersed, his mother being of the Baptist persuasion. Suggested several thoughts, which had not before occurred to him, and which, I find, he has specially noted.

Thursday, 6th.— Great excitement has prevailed all day. During the forenoon, Dr. Woolsey continued his examination. The result made *One hundred and sixteen* men very glad; whilst many, who had presented themselves, were disappointed. The company were taken out; had their accounts adjusted; were paroled according to the cartel of 1862; and ordered to be ready to leave to-night or to-morrow morning. Nobody expected the *denouement,* for a day or two at least—such being the order heretofore. We had assembled in 31 for the evening prayer-meeting, and had had a prayer and one or two hymns, when the call was made at the gate. It was necessary to adjourn immediately, to give those in the room an opportunity to

get their baggage. Capt. F. M. Wooten was reading a chapter. The confusion was great. In ten minutes the throng at the gate was numerous. We had scarce time to say "good-bye" to many of our best friends.

Among those who have left, are a number of our most useful men, and several of the late converts. Capts. B. Tracy, C. L. Bennett, W. R. White, G. L. Roberts, and Hubbard, Adjt. James W. Thomas, Lieuts. J. C. Bronaugh, Slaughter, Noble, Hunley, and others will be greatly missed. We have, also, lost the chief of our division, Capt. Alex. Boarman, a very gentlemanly and popular young officer from Louisiana.

I have dissolved partnership with my old friend and messmate, T——s.[1] We have sat at the same table for nearly fifteen months; and in some respects he has been very useful to me — especially in preparing my coffee, taking care of my larder, and as a helper in times of sickness. I have tried to repay him, according to my circumstances, placing all in his hands, and looking only to him for my meals. I shall not soon forget him, and wish him every blessing. But I have had to look over many foibles, and some very provoking things. Some things have lately occurred rather too much for my patience; and I felt constrained, to-day, to tell him that we had better part. I shall miss his coffee, and neat table; but he will also feel the change most keenly. I am really sorry for him, and wish him well.

Found it impossible to gather the class in the Evidences, the excitement being so great. Managed to have the recitation in *Watts*, at the usual hour after dinner.

The weather warm and cloudy; the mud still abundant; and the floors damp and disagreeable.

Capt. Burrows called to see me, this morning, to get a few stamps, and some stationery. He came in with the

1 Poor T. has gone to his reward. He is now, I trust, in the better land. He was the last one to give me his hand, as I passed out of the gate in leaving "the pen." I shall never forget his sorrowful look, as the tears coursed down his rugged face. He was a generous, warm-hearted, faithful fellow.

last lot of prisoners; has no money, and is, otherwise, in a very needy condition. As my eye fell upon the rough clothing, coarse shoes, and unhosed feet of this son of a distinguished Richmond clergyman, I felt sad, and thought of my own dear son, on the James River, who, also, may be suffering for necessary clothing, if not for food. May God keep him from want in these days of adversity.

Friday, 7th.—I am glad to find that quite a number of the *really* sick, and wounded got off last night. Others, who ought to have gone, were left; whilst some of the stoutest and most substantial men in "the pen" were among the favored. A number of tricks were played upon the examining officer, by which he was effectually deceived, and the waggish "Rebs" luckily relieved. One man, who had a slight wound in the leg, shaved off the hair, and applying a mustard plaster to give it an inflamed look, was passed without difficulty. Another bound a cord around his leg, and by an adroit effort, removed it at the right time, so as to leave the limb in a swollen and apparently varicose condition, satisfying the officer of his inability to do any service for months to come. Another gave his arm a stiffened condition, apparently unfitting him for military duty. A young man, from Kentucky, had been at the hospital for several days, in a state of utter prostration and debility, the effect of medicines which he had been taking for the very purpose.

Bribes were unsparingly used. Indeed, the sergeants and lackies were running about "the pen," all day, yesterday, taking bids and arranging for the exchange. A large, healthy looking officer gave a very handsome double-cased gold watch, and one hundred dollars in green-backs. An officer, in fine health, was passed, instantly, as having a weak breast; and went off rejoicing, that it had only cost him his fine gold watch. A very delicate, consumptive officer, from Arkansas, who had been inspected in a former examination, succeeded better to-

day, by giving a check on his banker, in New York, or Philadelphia, for $200. Some of the divisions were much more fortunate than others. No. 27, in which the Kentuckians are quartered (many of them monied men), was relieved of as many as eighteen of its inmates. Our division (22) lost only three, neither of whom were known to be more out of order than others around.

Capt. W. M. Dwight was, this morning, unanimously elected chief of 22, in place of Capt. Boarman, who left yesterday. An effort was made to get him to make a speech on the occasion; but he perseveringly refused. The Captain is a South Carolinian, a member of the Episcopal Church, Chairman of our Committee on Education, and a very popular gentleman.

The weather, to-day, has been so very pleasant, that both of my classes met under the awning. Capt. White, and Capt. W. F. Robbins, of the class in the Evidences, are among those who left. To *Watts*, we have had two additions.

For about two months Ahl, and Wolff have seldom been seen in "the pen." Formerly, they were constantly passing to and fro. Some new order has been instituted, and business is now, mostly, conducted through the sergeants, clerks and orderlies.

The Committee on the Sick and Destitute have, conjointly with a Committee of the Masons, raised a neat little sum, for the purchase of such medicines as we are unable to obtain from the Yankee surgeons. Medicines are often needed in cases of emergency; and sometimes the most simple and necessary remedials are wholly inaccessible, except at the hospital.

The congregation, to-night, in 28, was unusually large — some persons, who were unable to get seats, left the division. Preached from Isaiah iv. 7: "*Let the wicked forsake his way,*" &c.

Took a cup of coffee, by invitation, with Cols. Hardeman, and J. N. Harrell. These gentlemen are mess-mates, who bunk

quite near me, on the same tier. They do their own cooking, with the patent lamp, which has become so popular, that in almost every division there are a number who patronize it. Others do their cooking on the bank at "the rear," the authorities having so far relaxed as to allow a few blocks and shavings to be brought in occasionally to assist the process. Many who have no money, and no cooking vessels, or who may be too lazy or indifferent, still adhere to the two rations, as they are, each day, prepared and issued by the Yankees; but, very few, now, stand at the table. The custom is, to crowd into the dining hall, take the meat and bread, march off, and prepare and eat it at option, and according to fancy.

Before retiring, had a visit from Capt. G. S. T——s, son of Judge T——s, of Columbus, Georgia. This is the same young man who lately addressed the Association on the subject of card-playing, &c., confessing his own defection, and asking the prayers of the body. He is a lawyer by profession, and was, for three years before the war, a practitioner at Atlanta. He says he has occupied the position of President of a Christian Association at that place, and represented his Society at Charleston, in the Convention of 1858. He was also superintendent of the Sabbath-school in one of the Presbyterian Churches in Atlanta. We had a long talk, and I endeavored to advise him for his spiritual good, for which he thanked me, and promised to make new efforts, in the fear of God.

Retired late, leaving Barclay, Robbins, McFarland, and Shane still poring over their Greek.

Saturday, 8th.—This has been a very cold, windy and uncomfortable day — so much so, that I have been obliged to keep my overcoat on, all the time, and in the afternoon, to lie down and cover up. It has been too windy to meet the classes under the awning; and the cold has taken us altogether unprepared for class-meetings, in the divisions. It is altogether

uncertain what arrangements we shall be able to make for the future. If we could be allowed one of the vacant divisions, there would be no difficulty whatever; but our masters have no spirit of accommodation, and we must do the best we can.

We had an animated meeting of the Association in 22, commencing at 10 o'clock. A discussion arose in relation to an article of the Constitution, requiring the presentation of all reports in writing — Adjt. Boyle, Col. Hardeman, Lieut. Southgate, and Capt. G. S. Thomas severally delivering themselves on the subject. A resolution was introduced, and unanimously passed, recommending to the officers of the several divisions, to make arrangements for regular evening prayer; and if possible, to have the service simultaneously in all the rooms. Capt. Dwight, Gen. Vance, and Rev. Mr. Harris, were appointed to wait upon the Chiefs of divisions, and to bring the subject before them. Each of these gentlemen made earnest remarks on the resolution — Col. Hardeman, who introduced it, spoke, with animation, for several minutes. The full result is not yet known. So far as reported, there has been a cordial response.

The evening prayer-meeting was conducted by Lieut. Horne, one of the late converts. Several brethren made feeling and effective remarks. Bro. Harris and myself added our testimony, and we all felt that it was good to be there.

Got a letter from my wife, stating that she had received a communication from Major-Gen. Hitchcock, who informs her, that Secretary Stanton has sent him an order for my removal to Old Point, with a view to my being sent South, as soon as arrangements can be made. What those arrangements can be, I am at a loss to know, as boats are constantly passing to and from the point of exchange.

As I close this (10 P. M.), the wind is still blowing fierce and cold. Our awning has been wrecked, and a bad rent has been made in the middle of the sail. I fear we shall not have much more comfort under it.

Col. Hardeman is, at this moment, descanting, quite eloquently, for the amusement of Barclay, Shane, McFarland and Roberts, on the subject of hunting, pointer-dogs, ducks, &c., &c.

Saw an officer pick up a piece of stale bread, from the sweepings of 22, and hurry off, as by stealth, to eat it.

"Twenty-two" has voted, with but a single dissenting voice, to adopt the recommendation of the Association in regard to evening prayer, and the first exercise of this sort was commenced by myself this night—the chapter read being Psalm xcii.

Sabbath, 9th.—A very cold night. Suffered much, my blood being too thin to be heated by the covering at command. Others have been complaining; and the cry is, "How shall we stand it this winter?" Occupied my bunk through the entire day, except when at worship. Kept myself covered with my blanket and comforter; but found it almost impossible to read or study.

Capt. Samford preached to a full house in 22, from "*Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, &c.,*" Phil. iv. 8. His principal object was to show what sort of *thoughts* we should have; and to enforce the propriety of a proper control of the mind.

Soon after service, "Johnny" (an official messenger) came in inquiring for "Dr. Handy." From my wife's letter of last night I anticipated, at once, what was meant. Accompanied the Sergeant to the General's office, and was delighted to find, that he had an order from the Secretary of War, for my transportation to Fortress Monroe, to be sent South — with the farther order that I should "not be allowed to communicate with any one by the way." This last, if interpreted literally, would even debar me from my family, and completely nullify the promise — made by Secretary Stanton, a few weeks ago — that I should be allowed to take my family with me. I suggested the difficulty to Gen. Schœpf, who kindly proposed to tele-

graph to Gen. Hitchcock for instructions. Under these circumstances, it became necessary, of course, that I should delay a day or two for the reply. The General permitted me to write, immediately, to Col. Purnell, and to my wife, with a view to expediting the arrangements; and I returned to my quarters rejoicing, but fearing, on account of my wife and children.

On my return to the barracks, great curiosity was aroused, as to the time, and certainty of my release. The facts being announced, I was immediately urged to preach a farewell sermon at candle-lighting. It was in vain that I plead the excited state of my mind, and the painfulness of such a task. Though an appointment had been made for preaching in two of the divisions, it was soon arranged for one service only, and that by myself, in 34. Very reluctantly, I gave consent.

The Bible classes were consolidated, and convened in 22, to hear a lecture on the lesson from Mr. Harris; it being too cold to meet under the awning, and no division being large enough to admit of the ten classes being heard by as many teachers at the same time. During the lecture, I kept my bunk, under cover, hoping to be able to collect my thoughts for the evening service. I found it impossible to do so, partly from the excited state of my mind, and partly from the interesting manner in which Bro. Harris addressed the class — the lecture being distinctly heard from my lofty bunk.

"Thirty-four" was so crowded, when I entered for the evening services, that I was obliged to crawl under the first tier of bunks, over multitudes of legs — so densely packed were even these lower quarters. Every available spot in the division was occupied. All who could do so, stowed themselves away in the several tiers, whilst the benches were filled, and numbers stood, jamming the room to its utmost capacity.

With a realizing sense of my utter unpreparedness for the occasion, I announced my text, II. Cor. xiii. 11.: "*Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one*

mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you." God helped me! Never have I before seen so much feeling in the barracks. Many eyes were suffused with tears. All seemed deeply affected. The effort was wholly impromptu; and I had the consciousness of great leanness in what was said; but the occasion was so overruled of Providence, as to make it effective, independently of any speciality in the matter of my remarks. After sermon, I found that the adjoining division (33) was also quite well filled with attentive hearers, who had gathered there, hoping to hear, though they could not see. I believe this scene will be deeply, and lastingly, impressed upon the minds and hearts of many, to whom God will make it a blessing. Oh, that Eternity, at least, may reveal, that God has been glorified!

Monday, 10*th*.—The entire day has been spent in receiving calls from friends. Some have had messages to send to Richmond; many have brought their albums for autographs; others came, to hand me some material evidence of their regard; all have desired to have some words of friendship; and my poor heart has been overwhelmed with the astonishing expression of confidence and affection. Dear friends and brethren! How truly do I love them! As prisoners,

> "We share our mutual woes,
> Our mutual burdens bear;
> And often for each other flows
> The sympathizing tear."

In the afternoon was called to the General's office. Found, that he had a letter from my wife, informing him that she had a telegram from Washington, allowing her to accompany me, with the children, to Richmond. He directed me to write immediately to my brother-in-law, Mr. Thos. F. Dilworth, requesting him to see that the family be at Delaware City by seven o'clock on Thursday evening next, to take the Erickson boat to Baltimore. I repaired at once to the General's office

(the conversation took place outside of the Fort), and there wrote the letter, as directed, and another to Mr. John N. Handy, of Portsmouth, requesting him to take the oversight of certain business matters in New York. Mrs. H. is to leave to-morrow for Sussex, Delaware, to get the children, and to say farewell to her parents. The Yankee Sergeant, who accompanied me to and from the Fort, was astonished that I should wish to go South, where, as he said, "there is so much fighting."

On my return to the barracks, a number of young men crowded around to hear the news; and several of them followed me to my bunk, where I entertained them with sundry manuscripts and papers forwarded by my wife, and which she had been carefully preserving, for the day of my exodus from prison. These documents came to me like the face of an old friend; and as I looked them over, one by one, rejoicing in their wonderful preservation, the young men seemed to be quite as happy as myself, in this little turn of prison life.

The awning was removed, to-day, and transferred to Mr. Harris, who has appropriated it as a sort of mattress.

Tuesday, 11*th*.— This day was spent very much as yesterday—the number of visitors being not quite so great. Awoke with a cheerful heart, having experienced a more comfortable night than for at least two nights preceding — the weather being milder, and a shawl (which came with the papers of yesterday) making up for all deficiencies.

Many persons are suffering for necessary clothing. Some have not even a single change. Others are in rags. Indeed, there is a general complaint of unpreparedness for the winter. Numerous applications have been made for permits to write for necessary articles. It is not known, whether Gen. Schœpf receives the letters or not; but the prevailing impression is that he does not. In some instances, bills have been granted to send for clothing, which are to be pasted on the outside of the boxes on the return. No replies, however, seem to come,

and the result is an enigma. Gen. Rogers, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Kinsolving (with others arrested at the same time), are suffering much—their efforts for relief meeting no response.

The Sutler got in a new supply of apples, and sweet and Irish potatoes. Scores immediately surrounded the door, with buckets, tubs, haversacks, tin pans, boxes, and every conceivable sort of vessel, to supply themselves. They actually pressed upon one another, taking the establishment by storm. Thirteen barrels were emptied in a few minutes. The apples sold at $1.00 per bail-bucket, and the potatoes at 90 cts. per peck.

I have, heretofore, made no mention of the rats which abound, almost illimitably, on this Island. They run to and fro at all times, both night and day; but are seen in greatest numbers about night-fall at "the rear," where they burrow into the banks, and feed upon the garbage and filth. At such times they make a peculiar, low, purring noise, resembling the inarticulate muttering of many human voices. Sometimes, both Yankees and prisoners have a grand time hunting this vermin with dogs, ferrets, and sticks. A rat hunt took place to-day, with a dog brought in by some of the "galvanized" laborers. Not less than a hundred prisoners stood by, enjoying the sport, and waiting to secure a good supply of game. Many large, fat fellows were caught, and carried off in a wheelbarrow—greatly to the joy of some of our *Epicures*, and particularly of Lieut. W. D. Hall, of Texas, who, with sundry compeers, had a fine mess for supper — and yet, I am told, they sighed for more!

The slime-fish, also, caught at "the rear," are not less popular than the rats. The cat-fish are, usually, small, but the eels are, frequently, of the largest size. The supply (which is generally obtained from the inside of "Fort Sumpter") seems to be inexhaustible; and when skinned, they are in great demand at a good price —few persons manifesting any squeamishness in regard to their mode of feeding, or the locality whence they are taken.

The vote has been taken in all the divisions, in regard to holding evening prayers. In 22 there was but one dissenting voice. In 23, three persons openly opposed, and four refused to vote. In 24 the service had already been established. No. 21 gave a unanimous vote, and then expelled the faro bank, heretofore constantly going in that room. No. 26 approved unanimously. No. 27 gave one opposing voice, but the person was ashamed to let himself be known. In 28, the motion was seconded by a man at the card table, who stopped "with a good hand," and lost his "chance." No. 28 voted by ballot, in consequence of a suggestion from some one, that there was a disposition to force matters. To the surprise and gratification of all, the vote was unanimous. In all the other divisions, the measure has been approved, with like unanimity. Even the most wicked men (a few infidels excepted) seem to rejoice in the result. This is the best, and most important move yet made by the Association. Who can doubt what will be the effect?

Took supper, by invitation, with Capt. W. H. Bennett, of Georgia,— a clever, sensible, good-hearted, *harum-scarum* professor of religion. Found Capt. G. S. Thomas messing with him. Had a good table of cold meat, fried potatoes, fried rice, molasses, butter, bread and coffee — all prepared. with care, and pains, by the hands of my hospitable host.

Mr. Kinsolving led our evening worship in 22. After service, sundry friends crowded to my bunk, where the various subjects of politics, religion, the war, prison life &c.. &c., were all, successively, on the tapis.

Crept under my covering at a seasonable hour, thinking of my dear family, and my anticipated release.

Wednesday, 12th.—Took breakfast this morning, by invitation, with my friend, Adjt. F. Boyle, of North Carolina. He is at this time bunking alone, and leading a real bachelor's life. We had a nice breakfast of corn-cakes, hash, fried

ham, light bread, butter, and coffee, with sugar and condensed milk. The Adjutant had a patent cooking lamp, upon which he cooked his coffee, hash and ham; the cakes were fried by his neighbor, Capt. Whitehurst, of Portsmouth, who has a home-made cooking furnace, constructed by joining, laterally, two of the long preserve cans, arranged with a miniature grate, and a smoke-pipe made of a smaller sized can — the whole deposited in a small square box, and filled around with earth. Of these cooking stoves, there are many varieties in "the pen," according to the ingenuity of the contrivers, and the material at hand.

Spent the day in entertaining visitors, and in various arrangements preparatory to leaving on to-morrow.

Several kind friends have just put into my hand, various sums of money — all Confederate bills, old and new issue. The kindness and attention of these noble fellows is sometimes almost overwhelming. May God reward them!

Took tea, by invitation, with my excellent friend and brother, Lieut. Lewellyn Southgate, of Norfolk. His mess-mate is Captain Spencer, a cousin, who is a modest and intelligent young man from King and Queen county, Virginia. We had a comfortable supper, of hash, bread and butter, tea, and coffee, prepared as the breakfast of this morning, on a cooking lamp.

Availed myself of the quiet of meeting hour, to attend to some necessary writing — but regretting to miss two meetings, in succession, after a constant and unwearied presence, nearly every day and night during my imprisonment.

By request, conducted evening worship in 27 (Morgan's command), and made a little talk, in view of my expected removal, to which the entire company listened with the most respectful attention.

CONCLUSION.

I left the Fort in charge of a Lieutenant, named Lewis. We crossed the river in a Government row-boat. It was about dark, and the clouds were lowering. The water had a strange black look; and as the Yankee sailors plied their oars, I had mingled feelings. I was leaving friends, to go to friends. It would be pleasant, to see my dear family; but I was still a prisoner, and the future seemed dark. I felt, even in the prospect of a speedy release, like Paul, who, going bound in the Spirit, to Jerusalem knew not the things that should befall him there.

I found my wife in waiting, at the hotel. She had been watching, all the evening, and had nearly given me up. A scene ensued which may be better imagined than described. A number of friends accompanied her. Besides the relatives, Capt. Jefferson, his estimable wife, and his amiable daughter, Lydia — all of them true and tried ones — were there, to greet their old pastor. They met me with tears in their eyes; and the glad embrace was as cordial with them, as from the wife, and little ones, who had been first to salute me.

Other friends gathered to the scene. They were not allowed an entrance; for a grim Dutchman stood sentinel at the parlor door, with orders to permit no intercourse, except with my immediate family. It was a useless requirement. A pair of folding doors were thrown open, as soon as the guard assumed his post, and a number of persons came into the adjoining room by a back entrance. The front window shutters, also, flew back. A crowd had gathered on the porch; and everybody felt at liberty to look in upon the prisoner, or to give him a hurried salutation as opportunity afforded.

The old *Erickson* came soon, puffing and blowing, into the lock across the way. Time was short. There was an order to

move. The Lieutenant led off. Then came the captive, his wife, and five children following. The Dutchman brought up the rear, musket in hand. Friends pressed around. Every one was anxious to render assistance. One took charge of the baby. Each of the children had an escort. Some carried the baskets; others lifted the trunks. I dropped my glove in the crowd, and was unwilling to lose it, for I was going *South*. A hundred eyes were immediately on the search, and notwithstanding the darkness, it was soon found.

We were hoisted over the railing; and in a few moments the sturdy steamer was struggling through the canal, bearing her red lights farther and farther, from the anxious vision of the loved and left behind.

We had a delightful trip across the bay. On board we met with the Rev. Mr. Owen, of Baltimore, who slipped a timely "greenback" into the hand of his old fellow-student, with the remark, that a generous lady had made him her banker for just such emergencies.

In Baltimore, sundry friends met us at the wharf. Lewis was not strict, and we were allowed to commune with them. A son of seventeen summers,[1] who had been sojourning with his uncle, now joined the family gathering, and thus Gen. Lee obtained a recruit for his army, and Gen. Stevens a private courier. We were not so fortunate in meeting our amiable daughter. Tossed and troubled as she had been by the Radical persecutions, we had hoped to cheer her, by having her near us. By some mishap the arrangement failed, and we were obliged to leave without her. To her parents the disappointment was a sad one; and to herself the consequences were irreparable.

We arrived at Old Point on Saturday morning, October the fifteenth. Gen. Butler was absent. It was long before we could find the Provost Marshal. He was a young man, full

1 Moses P. Handy, now of Richmond, and one of the Editors of the "Daily Dispatch."

of the dignity of office, and very reserved. An Eastern Shore acquaintance gazed in amazement, as the prisoner and cörtege (wife, and seven children) were marched up to the quarters, by the Lieutenant and his guard. The Marshal was indisposed to answer questions; and Mrs. Handy became nervous. It was necessary to hoist a window. A glass of water was also handed; and thus a scene was prevented — for she would soon have fallen to the floor.

The stiff officer relaxed, and seemed inclined to favor us.

"If I give you a parole," he asked, "can you pay your expenses at the hotel?"

With the very high rates of board, uncertainty of leaving for several days, and a limited purse, I felt unprepared to accept the proposal; and was the less inclined to do so, as I had already incurred expenses which ought to have been paid by those who held me a prisoner. Impressed also with the injustice of any outlay on my own part, he soon found that "Uncle Sam" must foot the bills.

"You will have to go to the House of Detention," was the indifferent reply.

The "House of Detention!" I thought of the House of Correction, and the House of Refuge: but this "House of Detention"—what could it be? I feared we should get into some low quarters; and that now my family must suffer with me, the subjects of insult and privation. What could I do? There was no alternative.

After some delay, an ambulance drove up to the door, followed by a cart, bearing the baggage from the wharf. The drivers cracked their whips, and we now discovered, that we were detailed for Camp Hamilton, about two miles distant across the marsh.

We hauled up at an unpainted cottage, near the waterside. On the left stood a larger, and more imposing building; and hard by, on the same side with the cottage, was an enclosure for prisoners. An officer stepped out, and approaching the

ambulance, politely assisted Mrs. Handy and her little ones to descend from the rear of the vehicle. This officer was Capt. Blake, of Maryland, to whom we were afterwards indebted for respectful attentions.

On entering the cottage, we found it entirely vacant. There were several good rooms, furnished with beds, chairs, and other comforts, which, to one just from the cheerless bunks of a prison, seemed really delightful.

The Sergeant made a fire in the grate, and informed us, that for about three dollars a day he could furnish us with a great improvement upon the prisoners' rations. A bargain was struck immediately, and we were really so pleasantly situated, that I rejoiced having escaped the hotel, and tried to persuade myself, that we were visitors at some calm retreat, in search of rest and health.

After a delightful *siesta* upon a soft bed, (without its furniture), I was glad to obey the call to dinner. The table was neatly spread, and I thought we had an admirable dinner. Mrs. Handy admitted, that it was good enough; but she lacked the experience, which, on my part, aroused the enthusiastic plaudit, Capital! Capital!

We spent four days at the "House of Detention;" and were suddenly ordered to the steamer "*Greyhound*," on Tuesday evening. I confess to a sort of sympathy with the members of my family, who now dreaded the interview with the tyrant at the Fortress. Mrs. H. was unable to conceal her agitation; and the burly driver gave her no relief in his remark—

"Well! you *may* be afraid of him, madam! He is a perfect brute; and ought to have been shot long ago."

As we approached the landing, the gleam of a thousand lights beamed, like so many stars, in the dusk before us. A large fleet was lying in "the Roads." We entered the steamer, over piles of boxes and trunks. Before reaching the stairway, I had the misfortune to snag my best pants upon a broken hoop, that protruded from one of the trunks. This accident

increased my nervousness, and became an annoyance, in the momentary prospect of the expected interview.

At the head of the stairway, I came suddenly upon a sour looking person, whom I immediately decided to be Gen. Butler. I was in no mood to speak to him — for I felt as savage as the stranger looked. But it was proper to make some recognition; and habit, as well as policy, constrained a "nod," extorting, at the same moment, a gruff "How do you do, sir?"

A step or two farther, and lo! what a mistake! It was not Butler; but my own veritable self, to whom, in my confusion, I had paid such obeisance. The deception was occasioned by an enormous mirror, which covered the headway, on the rise of the stairs. The truth is, it had really been so long since I enjoyed a full survey of my own *personnel* — now, too, somewhat altered by long confinement, and unusual dress — that the mistake was not so bad, after all. I was not flattered, however, by this singular substitution; and my wife felt it keenly, for, said she, "If you looked anything like *that* man, I would get a divorce."

Presently, we sat down in the saloon, ruminating upon the probability of a strict search among our effects, the loss of my journal, and the extreme disagreeableness of the shortest interview with a Major-General, who had sentenced one minister of the Gospel to stable cleaning at Hatteras, and another to street-sweeping at Portsmouth!!

The trunks were piled upon the lower deck; and the carpet-bags, baskets, &c., &c., were snugly hid away under the table. We were surprised that there was no call for the keys. Not a thing was disturbed; not a hint was there, from officer or subordinate, in regard to the quantity of the baggage, or the contents of "great box, little box, band-box or bundle." We had nothing contraband; but had there been, the result would have been the same. We were unmolested; and took, safely, to Richmond, five trunks, two valises, a band-box, and a corresponding supply of baskets and bundles.

THE MISTAKE.

The children fell asleep on the side lounges in the saloon, and we still waited the arrival of some messenger, who should summon us into the audience chamber of the Major-General of the Department of Virginia — for it was to him, we were "to be handed over," by the express language of the order from the Secretary at Washington.

Presently, a gay young officer, with flaming sash, and dangling sword, came bowing into the room. Displaying a pair of splendid gauntlets, as he held his cap *a la mode*, he stood before us, a picture of military grace. Approaching the centre of the apartment, where Mrs. H. occupied a seat by my side, he politely remarked:

"We have but two state-rooms on the boat, sir, and the larger one is occupied by Mrs. Gen. Butler. The other is quite small; but it is at your service, if you can use it, to the comfort of your family."

This was an unexpected attention, as we were resigning ourselves to the prospect of a wearisome night, in the open saloon. Grateful for an invitation so apropos, it was accepted without hesitation, but not until I had inquired:

"To whom am I indebted, sir, for this generous proposal?"

"My name," he replied, "is Dekay — Lieut. Dekay, of Gen. Butler's staff."

The clever Lieutenant immediately offered his assistance, and the sleeping children, with all the lighter baggage, were removed to the narrow, but otherwise comfortable state-room below stairs. Several trips were made back and forth — the officer still attending — until, feeling somewhat embarrassed by his presence, I excused his farther assistance, and he respectfully retired. We were afterwards offered the services of the chambermaid, by the same officer, who tapped gently at the room door as we were adjusting the pallets for the little ones.

We were just about retiring, when a rap was again heard

at the door, and a third time we opened to our polite Lieutenant, who informed us that the table was waiting below, and that General Butler would be happy to have our company to tea. The courtesy of this new friend was now becoming oppressive, and we thought it best to remain in *statu quo*. Fatigued and excited, the invitation was pleasantly declined, and we were satisfied to occupy the neat berths, sleeping away the night with dreams of home, and better days.

In the morning we found ourselves at Aiken's Landing, where Gen. Mulford made the necessary arrangements for our removal to the Confederate lines. Gen. Butler remained on board until the baggage was ready for transfer, and then rode off on a gay charger, which a sergeant had been holding, for some hours, at the foot of the gang-board We had a short row up the river, and stopped at a pleasant mansion, where we were kindly entertained with a number of prisoners, who were awaiting transportation. It was not long before the ambulances moved off, bearing their precious loads to the next landing; and as the procession stretched along the road, the scene was exciting, and many hearts were glad.

It seemed to be necessary to circumambulate the woods a distance of two miles, to reach the Confederate boat, which was lying only a few rods up the James—for Dutch Gap was hard by, and some mysterious operations were in progress, at the famous canal, which curious Rebels must not see.

We were soon at Varina, rejoicing in the prospect of a speedy reunion with friends, if not "in the land of the free," yet certainly at *home*—"the home of the brave." We were assured by the sight of the familiar old steamer "*Curtis Peck*," and the well-known face of her commander, Capt. Z. C. Gifford. There she was—the same old thing—the worse for the wear, it is true; marred, broken, soiled, indeed almost a wreck; but, it was the "Richmond boat," still faithfully plying to and fro, in the service of the South; and when we stepped aboard the old hulk, there was not a man of us who

could not have hurraed for the veteran steamer, more beautiful, and more glorious in our eyes, a thousand fold, than the magnificent "*Greyhound*," which we had just left, in all her gilded glare.

The officers of exchange were busily stirring about. Col. Ould, Capt. Hatch, and a few others were in their holiday clothes; and the Confederate gray never seemed more illustrious or impressive; and though, in comparison, the poor "boys" were shabby enough, it was well understood that they were returning from bonds and sufferings, with hearts still beating warm for liberty and State rights; and as they marched aboard the war-worn vessel, the band discoursing a well-known air, every heart echoed the exhilarating response,—

"In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixie."

As we moved up the James, numerous Confederate steamers were noticed at their moorings; and presently the flag-ship *Virginia*—long anxiously looked for—was brought conspicuously to view. Indeed, we were now side by side; many eyes gazed from boat to boat, all desiring to know who is there?—who comes? Soon "face answered to face;" and it was not long before one family, at least, was made happy in the fond embrace of a long absent son and brother, whom God had cared for, and watched over by night and by day, through long months of exposure and suffering, "on the wave, and on the shore."

We got to Richmond about dark; and were soon transported, by special arrangement, to the residence of our hospitable friend, Samuel M. Price, of Church Hill. Here, for several weeks, and in those hard times, we were fed, warmed, and nursed by cordial hearts, and Christian hands; and now, after the lapse of years, we look back with grateful recollections to the scenes of that happy home.

How strange the way by which God has led His servant! It was a way that he knew not; but it was a way of blessing.

"The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul! I was brought low, and He helped me. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord, now, in the presence of all His people. O Lord, truly, I am Thy servant; I am Thy servant, and the son of Thy handmaid: *Thou hast loosed my* BONDS!"

APPENDIX.

A.

Letter I.—To the Delaware Republican.

Port Penn, *June 29th*, 1863.

Mr. Editor:—Last Sabbath, the Presbyterian congregation here were entertained by one of the former Chaplains of the Rebel Army: and we doubt not that the loyal portion (which constitutes about nine-tenths of the attendants), will feel quite indignant and somewhat mortified when they hear the true sentiments of the reverend gentleman who occupied the pulpit on that occasion.

Rev. I W. K. Handy, formerly pastor of the Port Penn and Drawyers churches, went South before the Rebellion, and preached at Portsmouth. Little was heard from him after postal communication between the hostile sections was suspended. Occasionally the Dilworth family (Secessionists), from which he got his wife, received some intelligence of his whereabouts and condition: the substance of which was (according to report) that his congregation being unable to support him, he had enlisted as Chaplain; and that he was engaged one Sabbath in throwing up Rebel entrenchments. We give the last assertion as a rumor merely, for the FACTS which will be stated below are amply sufficient to prove his disloyalty, without the least exaggeration.

He was always known as a Southern man while in charge of the above named churches, and showed decided proclivities to Southern institutions at the ballot-box and in religious bodies. No one dared to interfere with him in the enjoyment of such privileges, so long as he remained loyal to the Government which gave him protection and support. There were many in his congregations at that time of similar views, and he was none the less respected and esteemed by his political opponents on account of

them. That crisis, however, which drew a dividing line between the friends and enemies of the country, placed him, it is lamentable to say, with the latter. We have too much regard for the constitutional rights of our citizens to arraign any one who is simply a political opponent, and it is only when in the midst of a terrible war for the restoration of the Nation do we bring before the public those who by word and deed are secretly aiding and comforting those in arms against the Government.

No personal grudge or selfish motive induces this exposure of treason. We believe that the interest of this community, as well as the whole country, demands that all persons uttering treasonable language, whether Rebel sympathizers among us, or temporary sojourners from the seceded States, be reported to the military authorities and taken into custody. It is owing to the unwarrantable leniency in this respect, manifested by the powers that be, that the Rebellion has obtained its present immense proportions. The Administration has long since seen the folly of abused liberty of speech in times like these, and at last acknowledges that the salvation of the country depends mainly on tightening the yoke of restraint on the tongues of its refractory subjects.

We therefore feel bound as a Home Guard for State protection to inform the Marshal that the minister of the Gospel above named, after taking the oath of allegiance and getting a permit from Maj.-Gen. Dix to visit his friends in Delaware, did say in the presence of several witnesses, near the village, that "He did not regard the American flag any more than a rag, for it belonged to a Government of tyranny and oppression."

In justice to Mr. Gaylord (pastor at Port Penn), we would say that he was not aware of Mr. Handy's being so averse to our flag and country, or he would not have allowed him to enter the Sanctuary.

Only one man among those who did know his sentiments, had the courage to treat a traitor as every truly loyal man feels he should be treated, and that was the unswerving, uncompromising, intrepid patriot of this section, George W. Karsner.* Since the assault on Fort Sumpter, no one has had any doubt of his fidelity to the old flag, for it has not ceased to wave proudly over the heights of his mansion, Monterey, when there was a victory to rejoice over or an anniversary to celebrate. For a long time his was the only flag seen in the neighborhood, and his voice the only one that gave treason its merited rebuke. When the preacher alluded to came to greet him at church, he refused, saying: "I cannot give my hand to the enemy of my country." He said just what he felt, and it was an emotion of genuine patriotism that prompted the remark. Is it not more honorable and candid to speak thus than disguise the thoughts under the garb of hypocrisy? If there could be any justifiable grounds for being a Southern sympathizer, Mr. Karsner might well plead

* It was this person, who, as a witness in the Johnson-impeachment Trial, menaced Gen. Thomas with the reminder, "The eyes of *all Delaware are* upon you, Sir!"

them, for he is not only a native of the South, but all his relatives live there. His only brother resides in Alabama, and several of his nephews are in the Rebel Army. The strongest ties of affection cannot alienate him from the country which gave him his friends, his home, his all; and he feels that his first duty is to protect and defend this immortal Government, if in so doing he be arrayed in mortal combat against the dearest relations of earth. At the age of three-score years, he is found in the tented field, with the noble Fifth Delaware. Long may he survive this bloody conflict, and spend his declining age in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture.

COMPANY A.

B.

LETTER II.—TO THE DELAWARE GAZETTE.

THE REV. DR. HANDY.

Mr. Editor:—Observing in your *Gazette* of yesterday a statement that my son-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Handy, a Presbyterian clergyman, had been arrested by order of Gen. Tyler, and sent to Fort Delaware, charged with having been a Chaplain in the Confederate Army, and escaping through our lines, I deem a plain statement of facts necessary, both in justice to the individual named and to the public, as well as to the officers ordering the arrest through the representations of some lying scribbler in the columns of the Delaware *Republican* some week or two since.

Dr. Handy is Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Portsmouth, Va., and as such has won the love and confidence not only of the members of his own church, but of the ministers and people of the other Christian churches in that locality, and also the respect and esteem of several officers of the Federal Army who made his acquaintance. Owing to the feeble health of his wife and some of his children, he made application to Maj.-Gen. Dix for a pass to come North with his family and return, which Gen. Dix very promptly granted and sent him a pass for that purpose.

Dr. Handy is not now, nor never has been a Chaplain in the Confederate or any other army, and it is a libel on Gen. Dix to suppose that he would give a pass to go and come to any person occupying such a position.

Dr. Handy, availing himself of the opportunity, went on to Baltimore and spent a night with his brother-in-law, Col. Purnell (Postmaster there), and from thence he went to my son's, in New Castle county, previous to his coming down here. Whilst at my son's he was visited by the Rev. Mr. Gaylord, of Delaware City, and Sam'l Jefferson, Esq., on which occa-

sion he was especially invited by Mr. Gaylord to preach in the church at Port Penn, inasmuch as being their old Pastor the congregation would expect it of him. During that visit I learn that some discussion took place between the two reverend gentlemen in relation to the sin of slavery, in which Dr. H. assumed that neither the Old nor New Testament warranted the belief that slavery was a sin; whether Mr. G. took the ground that it was, I have not learned. That the writer in the *Republican* must have obtained some garbled account of that private family conversation, scarcely admits of doubt, and that it must have been through Mr. Gaylord seems almost as certain—although loth to charge such a breach of honor and pastoral duty on any minister of the Gospel of Christ. In justice I must say that Mr. Gaylord could not have written or seen the article previous to its publication, for he well knew that most of the statements were false, and could readily be proved to be so by members of his own congregation. The truth is that Gen. Tyler was imposed on by some false-hearted scoundrel, who was prurient for fame in the way of maligning and injuring if possible a humble and sincere minister of the Gospel of Peace. Gen. Tyler, I take for granted, is a gallant soldier, and as such must necessarily be a man of honor; and would not, if he knew it, causelessly inflict an injury on an enemy, much less on such a man as the Rev. Dr. Handy, who, if he could only be allowed a hearing, could satisfy any honest man that he has neither done nor said anything since he came to Delaware that would warrant his arrest and imprisonment, and who amongst the last words uttered when leaving here, said that his trust was in his God, who had never yet deserted him in the hour of trial.

A man must be a coward indeed who would slanderously attack a man now in the position of Dr. Handy, knowing as he does that our State is under martial law, and he a citizen of a Confederate State, which closes all our legal tribunals against him. For the fling at me and my family, when he chooses to come out over his own proper signature, we will try and attend to him; at any rate, while living he will always know where to find me.

BRIDGEVILLE, *July 29th*, 1863 JOHN D. DILWORTH.

C.

LETTER III.—TO CAPT. JAS. M. GILLISS, U. S. N.

FORT DELAWARE, *Dec. 18th*, 1863.

CAPT. JAMES M. GILLISS:

My Dear Sir:—Accompanying this is a petition to the Secretary of War for my release from imprisonment, which I take the liberty to send

you, asking the favor of you to present it in person to that officer, and with the hope that you may be disposed to use what influence you can in my behalf. The paper will sufficiently exhibit the circumstances of the case, and show you that I have suffered a long imprisonment, for a very slight offence. I am satisfied, could the matter be understood just as it is, that I would be permitted to return immediately to the bosom of my distressed and dependent family.

Should you feel disposed to favor me in this matter, you will please arrange for my release, on one of the three following conditions, or in any other way that will not affect my *status* as a citizen of Virginia, or interfere with my prospects for usefulness as a minister of the Gospel, whose home is at the South, viz: either—

1st. That I be allowed a parole to remain in the States of Delaware and Maryland (one or both of them), until exchanged or otherwise disposed of—to report, at intervals, in Washington or Wilmington, at the discretion of the Secretary. Or—

2d. That I be exchanged, as a citizen prisoner, for any Northern minister of the Gospel now in confinement at the South, or for such other person as may be designated by the authorities at Washington. Or—

3d. That I be sent to the South, and that my family be allowed to go with me.

Of the three plans, I prefer the *first;* and would be glad to go quietly into some retired neighborhood where I may be removed as far as possible from the noise and excitement of the day, attending to the wants of my family, and waiting the will of the Government, to return to my pastoral duties at Portsmouth.

I might write to you in detail, illustrating my peculiar position, my difficulties, and my trials; but I presume you will not deem it necessary. The one great thing I wish, is to be restored to that liberty so essential to the happiness of my large family, and to be released on such terms as will not interfere with my usefulness in the future.

Will you not as a friend and kinsman attend to this matter for me, and do what you can for my relief in the present distress? My health is very poor, and growing worse continually from confinement. On the 20th inst. it will be *five months* since my arrest; and ought not this to be regarded as sufficient punishment for any offence which I may have committed, especially when by releasing me upon either of the above conditions I shall be effectually prevented from any mischief in the future?

And now, my friend, I wish only to say that I am heartily tired of the turmoils of the day; and I wish not to meddle with anything pertaining to the political or military arrangements of the North or of the South. I claim only to be an humble minister of Jesus Christ. My business is to save souls; and that is more upon my heart than anything else

I leave the whole matter with you, satisfied of your ability and influ-

ence as abundantly competent to achieve for me all that I desire. You are the first person to whom I have ever addressed a line on the subject, or in any manner whatever called to my aid; and if you fail, then I must abide by my fate, and continue to wait His time, "who has the hearts of all men in His hands, and can turn them as the rivers of water are turned."

Hoping to hear from you soon, and confidently relying upon your aid, I am very truly, your friend and relative,

ISAAC W. K. HANDY.

D.

LETTER IV.—TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

FORT DELAWARE, *Dec. 18th*, 1863.

HON. EDWIN M. STANTON:

Sir:—I have been a prisoner at Fort Delaware for nearly five months, having been arrested at Bridgeville, Delaware, on the 20th of July last, and brought to this place the next day by order of Brig.-Gen. Tyler, of Wilmington. The ground of my arrest, so far as I can learn, was the repetition of a conversation between myself and a Federal officer, which took place some nine months ago, at Portsmouth, Virginia,—a conversation which gave no offence to that gentleman (Col. Dulaney, of the Marines), and after which he treated me with the utmost kindness, inviting me to call and see him again, and offering me an escort to my lodgings. The repetition of this conversation occurred at the house of a relative in New Castle, Delaware, and in a private circle, simply as a narrative of current events, and for the entertainment of those members of the family who were present at the time, and who were supposed to be perfectly confidential. Only two persons not of the family were present on that occasion, and they were supposed to be so intimately associated with its interests that the talk proceeded without reserve.

A few days after this interview it was ascertained that one of the persons above alluded to, a brother minister, and their pastor—had given publicity to the words uttered; and in a few days the matter was reported to the public prints; became greatly exaggerated, and four or five different items, wholly untrue, were widely circulated in an article which called the attention of the Provost Marshal of Delaware to my presence in the State, as a dangerous man, and demanding my arrest.

Six weeks after the conversation referred to, whilst lying on a sick bed, I was arrested by Capt. Ellison, Provost Marshal of Delaware

City, and without any trial or investigation of my case, was brought to this Fort, and have here remained ever since.

I am a citizen of Portsmouth, Virginia, and Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in that place. By permission of Maj.-Gen. Dix I was allowed, with my wife and children, to visit Delaware, intending myself to return in a few weeks to my charge—leaving my family with their friends. My wife's health was very poor; her mother also had been a long sufferer; and the object of the visit was to bring together these invalids who had been separated for *five* years, and with the probability that one or both of them might not long survive.

I have *nine* children scattered as it were to the four winds—some of them being at this time in Virginia, some in Delaware, and some in Maryland. My ordinary means of support are entirely cut off; my wife's health is still delicate, and her mind in a state of great anxiety and distress.

My object in this communication is to call your attention to my case, and to ask of you that relief which my suffering condition will suggest, and which your love of justice and sense of right will prompt you to grant.

Should it please you to interpose in my behalf, you will bring joy to an agonized family; receive the grateful remembrances of scores interested in the result; and place your very humble prisoner under lasting obligations.

Before closing this petition, it is proper that I should unequivocally deny any intention, in the private conversation for which I was imprisoned, to disturb the peace, to interfere with the politics of the neighborhood in which I was visiting, or in any way whatever to act a part in connection with the great movements now agitating the country, and working out a history so thrilling and so full of interest to the American people, at the North and at the South. As illustrative of this, I have only to say that my visit to Delaware was the result of an *unconditional* pass granted, as before stated, by Gen. Dix; and that a principle of honor and Christian character would have prevented any deviation from a course of strict neutrality, and non-interference with any matters interdicted by the *implied* obligations of the pass.

I have now only to leave my case in the hands of the Secretary, humbly praying that I may receive his kindly notice, and that there may be a speedy order for my release.

I am with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

ISAAC W. K. HANDY.

E.

Letter V.—To the Commandant at Fort Delaware.

Fort Delaware, *Jan. 5th*, 1864.

Brig.-Gen. A. Schœpf:

Dear Sir:—I would beg permission to say to you that in the *private* conversation for which I am imprisoned, there was no intention to disturb the peace, to interfere with the politics of the neighborhood in which I was visiting, or in any manner whatever to act a part in connection with the great movements now agitating the country. The words uttered were supposed to be strictly "*in-doors*," and without any thought of their being misunderstood or misrepresented; and it has been a source of great pain to myself that under the peculiar circumstances of my visit to Delaware, they should have been so gravely construed as to demand a punishment of more than five months' imprisonment.

May I not ask you to give me your sympathy and influence in securing my release, and a speedy return to my large, dependent and suffering family?

With this hope, and with assurances of regard,

I am your obedient servant,

Isaac W. K. Handy.

F.

Confession of Faith, used in the Admission of Members to the Church, at large.

1. Do you believe in the one only living and true God; that he is the Creator and preserver of all; and that he is infinite in all his attributes of wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth?

2. Do you believe in the doctrine of future rewards and punishments: that all who love and fear God shall eventually be saved with Him in Heaven, and that all who die in their sins shall be lost forever?

3. Do you believe that the Lord Jesus Christ is the one only Mediator between God and man; that he was offered up a sacrifice to satisfy divine justice: and that there is no other name given under Heaven whereby man may be saved?

4. Do you believe that the Lord Jesus Christ was both God and man; and that He with the Father and the Holy Ghost, mysteriously constitute the Godhead; and that they are one person forever?

5. Do you believe in the necessity of Repentance and holiness of life; and that without these no man can see God in peace?

6. Do you believe in the utter inability of man of himself to do anything aright; and is it your purpose, God helping you, henceforward to lead a godly, righteous, and sober life?

7. Do you now renounce the world, the flesh, the Devil; and do you look only to Jesus as your Saviour from sin as well as from death?

8. Do you intend that this shall be a public profession of your faith in the Divine Redeemer, and henceforward do you wish to be known and numbered only with the children of God, and members of the Church of Christ?

9. Do you then sincerely and with your whole hearts confirm and ratify the vows of your Baptism, that bind you to renounce the world with all its vanities, to resist your evil passions, to consecrate yourselves to God, your Father, Saviour, and Sanctifier; and to live in temperance, righteousness, and holiness all your days?

G.

Statement of Lieut. Finley in regard to Hospital Treatment.

U. S. Military Prison, Fort Delaware,
Division 36 Officers' Barracks,
August 3d, 1864.

Rev. I. W. K. Handy, D. D.:

Dear Sir:—Below please find the sketch of my "Eight Days' Experience and Observation in the U. S. Hospital," on the Island, which you requested me to give. In July I had a slight attack of fever, accompanied with acute neuralgic pains over the right eye, and along the side of the nose. On making application to be sent to the hospital to escape the noise and confusion of the barracks—a room about forty feet by twenty-two—where I was confined with about one hundred officers, I was informed that so long as I could walk I must remain where I was. After suffering considerably for a week, and having become quite feeble, the surgeon at last removed me to the hospital. My first experience in that building was by no means calculated to give any favorable anticipation of the treatment to be received. With some four or five others I was

ushered into the long hall connecting all the wards and offices, and there, lying upon the floor, had to wait the convenience of some careless official, until he saw fit, with all due regard to red-tapeism, to assign us to the proper ward. We were directed to Ward No. 1, and on reaching it Dr. A——, the surgeon in charge, gave us a rapid, careless examination, and then left us, to complete preparations for the beds our aching limbs so much needed. The regulations of the hospital require each patient, on entering, to take off every article of clothing, and if his condition will admit it, he must take a bath. There seems to be a great want of care about ascertaining the condition of patients, and cases occur of injury from improperly bathing. After the bath a thin cotton shirt is furnished, with cotton drawers; which is all the patient is—except in special cases—permitted to wear until he is discharged. And this, too, although he may have just taken off flannel underclothing which he has been accustomed to wear for years. On representing my condition, being then under the influence of mercury, I was excused from the bath, and on earnest application was permitted to retain my flannel. It was with feelings of relief I was at length permitted to stretch myself upon the bed assigned me. The room was well ventilated, cool, neat, and quiet, presenting a strong contrast with the crowded barracks I had just left. Indeed the pains taken to secure these results would be very commendable, were it not made, as I soon observed, a prime object, while close attention to the sick was but a secondary consideration. The ward-master was much more concerned about having the beds neatly made up, with the coverlets making the proper mathematical figure in their folds, and in preventing any stains from marring the cleanliness of the floor, than in seeing some helpless patient made more comfortable by those little acts of kindness cheerfully rendered, and words of tenderness which so much revive and sustain the depressed sufferer. My own experience will be dismissed in a few words. As I needed rest and quiet more than anything else, having got my system under the influence of medicine before entering the hospital, but little more was given me, and I improved rapidly. About the fourth day, my mouth became quite sore, ulcers forming around and on the tongue and lips, and in the throat. It was with some difficulty I at last got the surgeon to pay any attention to this matter, when he gave some solution with which to wash the mouth, and touched the ulcers with caustic. Being still feeble, and not being permitted to have my clothing so as to sit up and regain strength, and finding the diet too low to build me up, on the eighth day, when the call for *volunteers* to return to the barracks was made, I determined to go back. I do not regret doing so, for my improvement here has been more rapid than I had any reason to expect it to be there.

There were a few points which came under my observation to which I will briefly refer. The surgeon in charge of the hospital, while doubt-

less fully competent, did not take time and care enough to ascertain the real condition of his patients. He seems to have proceeded upon the theory that any one, to be properly a subject for hospital treatment, must have either dysentery or diarrhœa, consequently his prescriptions were very general in character, being to a great degree the same in a variety of cases. He usually visited his ward once a day, sometimes dropping in a moment or two a second time. There were about fifty cases, and he would probably spend one hour, generally not so long, in examining and prescribing for them. As there were changes taking place every day, there would frequently be four or five cases he had not seen before. A few hurried questions, a second often being asked before it was possible to reply to the first, a hasty decision announced, was all he would do before dashing off to another case. Among those who entered the hospital with me, was Lieut. J. P. Barcoe, of Florida, suffering from fever. But little was done for him, and he rapidly grew worse until he had no disposition to eat anything and could retain nothing upon his stomach. He was conscious the doctor had mistaken his disease, and one day made an earnest appeal to him in, as nearly as I can remember, the following words:

Lieut. B.—"Doctor, please examine me more carefully, and see what is the matter with me; the medicine I am taking affords no relief; I am growing worse all the time."

Dr. A.—"No wonder, Sir! you take no nourishment—you must eat, Sir! You are subject to the laws of Nature—Medo-Persian laws that change not—and if you do not eat, you cannot live;" and then turning to the nurse said:

"*You* must see that he takes his food—make him eat."

Off he went without any further examination, still treating his case, so far as I could see, just as those convalescing from chronic diarrhœa were treated. A few days after I left, he sunk to his grave, far from his sunny home and his loved ones; his days shortened, I verily believe, by want of proper treatment.

The nurses were willing and generally desirous to do what they could to alleviate the condition of the patients by prompt attention to their wants. But they lacked experience, and in one or two instances failed to control their temper, exhibiting a culpable negligence and irritability, very discouraging to a sick, low-spirited sufferer.

I was somewhat surprised to see how recklessly the patients in that ward were exposed to small-pox, which was prevalent on the Island at that time. Cases about which there was a little doubt at first, were brought into the ward, scattered among us, and allowed to remain until the disease was fully developed. During my short sojourn there, five or six cases were removed to the pest-house, situated about one hundred yards from the general hospital. I can but thank the same kind Provi-

dence who has always protected me, for preserving me, so far, from this terrible disease.

In this brief sketch I have set down nothing, knowingly, in malice, and have not extenuated anything. As you will perceive, there are some things pertaining to the hospital highly commendable; and more *attention* to the *patients* by the surgeon and nurses would make it all the most exacting could require.

I am, Doctor, with high esteem and Christian affection

Very truly yours,

G. W. Finley,

1st Lieut. Co. R, 56th Regt Va. Inft.

H.

Statement of T. M. Niven, Esq., in regard to the Awning used in "The Pen," at Fort Delaware.

During the late war *we* had a sort of impromptu Quarter-Master's Department in this city. A gentleman by the name of Demilt (a native of Connecticut), had been engaged largely in the trade between New York and North Carolina. The war broke out and his trade was gone. He at once entered heart and soul into the matter of relieving the imprisoned Confederate soldiers, and to this end scoured the city, and bought up whole stocks of clothing, shoes, hats, caps, &c., when he could buy cheap, and many of the small, dilapidated shop-keepers were ready to sell at fabulously low prices when they could clear the whole stock out.

In this way Mr. Demilt could clothe a man comfortably (not fashionably), from head to foot, for about $10. He secured what help he could get from sympathizers, and filled his lofts with these goods. Any of us who had a request from Fort Delaware, Point Lookout, Johnson's Island, Elmira, or any other prison, could go to Demilt and purchase a full outfit for a very few dollars, and thus relieve much suffering. And in his own case, he was, for a long time, in receipt of scores of applications per day, which he always responded to gratis.

Rev. Dr. Plumer, now of Columbia Theological Seminary, was living in Philadelphia (having been driven out of the Theological Seminary at Alleghany, and his pulpit there, by the *truly loyal*), and came over to New York and called on me in reference to purchasing a tent for religious worship in Fort Delaware, where you were then a prisoner. He said some ladies in Philadelphia, as I understood him, had put a sum of money in

his hands for that purpose, but he found that the cost of a tent of sufficient size would be quite large, and he scarcely knew what to do. After a little thought, I invited him to go with me to Demilt, who I knew was a shrewd councillor in such matters. The matter was explained to D., and he at once said, "I can furnish you a large schooner mainsail which has seen some sea service, but is entirely whole, and is about 40x80 feet, for the price of old junk."

This met our case exactly, and thus a roof was provided comparatively sun and storm proof, under which you could preach to your fellow-prisoners the unsearchable riches of Christ, and a large margin left to be devoted to their bodily wants. The man of the world could probably not see anything strange in all this, but to me the finger of God was plainly visible. I prayed that under the shadow of that old sail the record might be made: "This man and that was born there," and I have never doubted but that there you had a rich experience of the grace of God in Christ. I am sure your crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus will be more resplendent for your labors under that sail.

Your persecutors "meant it for evil, but God meant it for good." Their guilt none the less, God's glory much the more.

T. M. Niven.

New York, 16 Broadway, *October 3d*, 1873.

I.

Preamble and Constitution of the Christian Association at Fort Delaware.

We, the undersigned, members of the different branches of the Christian Church, impressed with the importance of association in our efforts to promote the cause of Christian benevolence in the relief of the wants, spiritual, moral, intellectual and physical, of prisoners, whether civil, political or military in our own or other lands, in humble reliance upon the Divine blessing for success, do agree to and adopt the following *Constitution*:

Art. I. This Society shall be known as the "Confederate States Christian Association for the Relief of Prisoners."

Art. II. In the event of the subsequent formation of a National Association with the same objects, this Association shall be subordinate thereto.

ART. III. The objects of this Association shall be to alleviate the sufferings and supply the wants of Prisoners, military or political, whether in the "United States," "Confederate," or other national prisons, and of civil prisoners wherever confined.

ART. IV. The officers of this Association shall be a President, three Vice-Presidents, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, and Librarian, who shall be elected by ballot at the last regular meeting in March, June, September and December, a majority of the votes cast being necessary for a choice. They shall hold office for three months.

ART. V. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Association, and to enforce all parliamentary rules and usages observed by deliberative bodies, so far as applicable to our present organization.

ART. VI. The Senior Vice-President present, shall, in the absence, removal, or death of the President, be the presiding officer. All vacancies other than the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, shall be filled by appointment of the presiding officer.

ART. VII. All standing committees shall be appointed by the President, and shall act as such during the term in which they are appointed. The following standing committees of seven (7) each shall be appointed at the first regular meeting of each term, viz: "Divine Worship," "Sick and Destitute," "Procuring and Distributing Religious Reading," "Order and Arrangement," "Education," "State of the Church," "Finance," and "Introduction."

ART. VIII. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to enroll the names of the members, keep a correct minute of all the transactions of the Society, and to receive all literary contributions, and with the approval of the Committee on Education, read them at the ensuing meeting.

ART. IX. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all moneys, and disburse them only upon the order of the Finance Committee.

ART. X. It shall be the duty of the Finance Committee to examine all bills and requisitions for money for the purchase of articles for the use of the Society; and it shall be the further duty of said Committee to collect all contributions and hand them over to the Treasurer.

ART. XI. There shall be an active membership during imprisonment, associate, life, and honorary membership of this Society. The profession of a saving faith in Christ shall be the only condition of active membership—any person of good moral character, desirous of using his influence on the side of religion and morality, may become an associate member—any member of an Evangelical Church may become a life member upon the payment of $2.00 in coin, or its equivalent in currency. Honorary members shall be elected by the Association, not exceeding two (2) at any meeting.

ART. XII. Any active member of this Association shall be eligible to any office of the Association, but no person shall be elected to fill the office of President for two consecutive terms. The honorary and associate members shall not be eligible to any office of the Association; nor shall they be entitled to vote upon any subject. They may address the Association upon any subject before the body for deliberation.

ART. XIII. There shall be constituted a Board of Directors, consisting of Quarterly, Annual and Life Directors.

Sec. 1. Any person professing a saving faith in Christ may be constituted a Quarterly Director upon payment of $1.00 in coin, or its equivalent in currency; an Annual Director upon payment of $2.00; and a Life Director upon the payment of $10.00 in coin, or its equivalent in currency.

Sec. 2. The President of the Association shall be "ex-off." Chairman of the Board of Directors; and may convene them whenever in his judgment the interests of the Association demand it.

Sec. 3. The Directors (five to constitute a quorum) shall constitute a Board of Publication, to whom shall be referred all articles or works for the Press.

ART. XIV. Life Directors and Life Members in the several States shall be authorized, in the absence of any State organization in their respective States, to receive contributions, make collections, and in every way promote the general welfare of the Association; the sums so collected to be paid over to the Treasurer selected from their own body—the Treasurer to receipt for such moneys and to pay them over to the Treasurer of the Association or disburse them at its order; or to organize Associations, State or National, for the promotion of the objects of this Society, in which event the moneys collected shall be employed for the benefit thereof.

ART. XV. No member shall be allowed to speak more than twice upon the same subject without the permission of the presiding officer; nor more than three times without the consent of a majority of the Association present.

ART. XVI. Any one member may demand the ayes and noes upon any question before the Society; and upon such demand each member shall vote "aye" or "no" as his name is called by the Secretary.

ART. XVII. The regular meetings of the Association shall be every Friday at 7½ P. M., in such Division as the Committee on "Order and Arrangement" may be able to obtain; and special meetings may be called by the President at the request of any Standing Committee.

ART. XVIII. One-fourth of the active members of the Association shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ART. XIX. The order of business shall be as follows:

1st. Singing, reading of Scriptures, and prayer.

2d. Reading the minutes of preceding meeting.
3d. Reception of members.
4th. Conference of Brethren and religious experience.
5th. Reports.
6th. Motions.
7th. Unfinished business.
8th. Elections and appointment of Committees.
9th. Reading literary contributions.
10th. Adjournment by singing and prayer.

ART. XX. Any amendment which may be proposed to the Constitution shall lie over until the next regular meeting, and shall be adopted only upon the concurrence of two-thirds of the active members present.

J.

APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES IN BEHALF OF PRISONERS.

FORT DELAWARE, *October 30th*, 1864.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES:

The undersigned invite your attention to a benevolent enterprise which they believe will commend itself to the hearts and consciences of our entire people. It is "To make an organized effort to supply the wants of prisoners."

We feel confident that if the people of the Confederate States had from the beginning of the war fully appreciated the multiplied wants and hardships of this large class of our people, there would long since have been organized a society especially to promote their welfare. But so diverse and onerous have been the duties which this struggle has imposed upon our people at home, they have in a great measure underestimated the trials and sufferings of prisoners, and the wide field which relieving their wants affords for the exercise of Christian benevolence. Whilst therefore we heartily commend the patriotic and benevolent enterprises which you have, during the war, inaugurated to promote the cause of freedom, the good of mankind, and the glory of God, we most earnestly ask that another be added to those enterprises by which these glorious ends may be promoted. We make this appeal as a committee of the "Confederate States Christian Association for the Relief of Prisoners," a society in operation among the officers in confinement at this Fort; and we cannot better commend this enterprise to your favor than by acquainting you with the nature and purposes of that Association.

Early last summer, the officers imprisoned here, who were members of evangelical churches, appreciating the importance of some organized effort to promote the cause of Christ among their fellow-prisoners, organized a "Christian Association." In the providence of God, the Rev. Isaac W. K. Handy, D. D., and several other ministers were confined here also, and so heartily and faithfully did these godly men direct the efforts of the Association, that God speedily and abundantly blessed those efforts with a gracious outpouring of His Spirit, and in the addition of many souls to His Church. As the summer advanced, and the means at its command would permit, the Association, besides having the Gospel preached, and holding daily prayer-meetings, established a library of religious and miscellaneous reading, and organized classes in the various branches of science and religion; and so wide was the field which was gradually opened to its operations, that it soon became necessary to redraft its constitution. This was done in October, and the new society was styled the "Confederate States Christian Association for the Relief of Prisoners," and was designed to relieve the wants, spiritual, moral, intellectual and physical, of prisoners, whether civil, political, or military, in our own or other lands.

The Society was organized upon this broad basis with the hope that the United States authorities might permit it to extend its operations to other prisons, and that it might by its objects and efforts suggest to the people of the Confederate States the importance of organizing in each community and State of the Confederacy similar Associations, to which this might be auxiliary. Our Association has been in operation under its new title but a short time, but bids fair to be eminently useful, even with the restrictions which the prison rules impose upon its operations. But we trust that God will extend its usefulness still further by removing such obstacles as now hinder its efforts, and that the people of the Confederate States will cordially respond to our appeal in behalf of their prisoners, and will furnish this and similar associations in other prisons, the means to supply their wants.

But our efforts should not stop here. That benevolence does not deserve the name of Christian benevolence, which does not embrace our enemies as well as our friends. There are thousands of prisoners in our own prisons whose wants should be supplied. Let us endeavor to discharge our duty to them as well as to our own prisoners, and exemplify the teachings of Him who said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

We therefore most earnestly appeal to you to organize Associations everywhere throughout the Confederacy for the relief of prisoners. Let money be raised, and books and clothing be bought, collected and forwarded to the Associations in the various prisons, and when necessary

let the living minister be sent to preach to the prisoners, and rest assured God will bless your efforts by promoting our country's good, and His own glory.

R. B. VANCE,
LEWELLYN SOUTHGATE,
GEO. M. EDGAR,
} *Committee.*

K.

LETTER VI.—CAPT. GILLISS TO MRS. HANDY.

August 6th, 1863.

Capt. Gilliss has had an interview with Col. Hoffman, Provost-Marshal in charge of prisoners, and urged every available argument to obtain the permission asked by Mrs. Handy.

The Provost-Marshal states, that the privileges of similar nature at that very Fort, have been so frequently availed of by ladies to injure the Government, that he has been obliged to refuse all applications.

If he does accede to the request made, it will be coupled with pledges for whose faithful performance he will hold Capt. Gilliss responsible.

Believing that both Mr. and Mrs. Handy will have too much regard for their own honor, and too much respect for Capt. Gilliss to violate any pledge for which the last becomes sponsor, he has not hesitated to make the promise in their behalf.

If the question is decided favorably, the terms will be communicated the instant Capt. Gilliss hears from Col. Hoffman. He hopes it will be to-day, though at too late an hour to communicate by mail.

L.

LETTER VII.—GEN. HOFFMAN TO CAPT. GILLISS.

OFFICE OF COMMISSARY GENERAL OF PRISONERS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *August 6th*, 1863.

CAPT. JAS. GILLISS, U. S. NAVY, WASHINGTON.

SIR:

After reflecting upon your application of this morning for a permit for Mrs. Handy to visit her husband at Fort Delaware, I have consented to

her having an interview with him, if he is so seriously ill as to make it proper, for the sake of humanity, to set aside the rules which ordinarily govern in such cases. On the same terms she will be permitted to furnish him such delicacies as his health may demand.

I have written to Gen. Schoepf, Com'd. Fort Delaware, on the subject, and Mrs. Handy will have to apply to him for a pass.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. Hoffman,

Colonel and C. G. P

M.

Resolutions passed at a meeting of the Christian Association, and forwarded to the Author, after leaving prison.

Whereas, in the Providence of God, our beloved brother, Rev. Isaac W. K. Handy, D. D., President of this Association, who has gone in and out among us so long, faithfully laboring for the good of souls and the glory of God, has lately been removed from our midst, having been released from his long and oppressive confinement in prison, therefore,

Resolved 1st, That we deem it an evidence of a gracious Providence controlling even the evil purposes of men, that our brother was sent into our midst, where his labors have been richly blessed in winning souls to Jesus. His oppressors "thought evil against him, but God meant it unto good to save many souls alive."

Resolved 2d, That we deem it a duty and a privilege, to bear our grateful testimony to the earnestness, zeal and ability with which Dr. Handy discharged the duties of his station as a Christian minister, to the unsullied piety—a piety alike above reproach and above suspicion—of his Christian character, and the uniform kindness, courtesy and charitableness exhibited toward all with whom he was in any way associated while a prisoner here.

Resolved 3d, That while we deeply feel the loss we have sustained in his removal from among us, and sadly contemplate the probabilities that many of us "shall see his face no more" below, for his sake we rejoice that he has been released from his protracted and painful captivity, and permitted to return to his home and his brethren in his own loved "sunny South."

Resolved 4th, That we most humbly and earnestly commend our brother to the protection, guardianship and paternal care of our Father God, beseeching blessings of providence and grace to rest upon him in richest measure now and evermore. And that we cordially commend him to the churches of the saints, as a brother of the purest life and character, a minister of singular devotion to his work, and of unusual ability in his calling, and as one who, because of his sufferings in our sacred cause, is eminently entitled to their Christian sympathies.

Resolved 5th, That the Secretary be instructed to spread this preamble and accompanying resolutions upon the minutes of this Association, and to transmit to Dr. Handy a copy of the same, at the earliest practicable period.

GEO. W. HARRIS,
President of the C. S. Association for Relief of Prisoners.

LEWELLYN SOUTHGATE, *Secretary.*

N.

NAMES, &c., OF THE SIX HUNDRED CONFEDERATE OFFICERS WHO WERE REMOVED FROM FORT DELAWARE, IN AUG., 1864, TO BE PLACED UNDER FIRE AT MORRIS' ISLAND, S. C.[1]

MARYLAND.

Rank and Name.	Arm.	Capture.	Residence.
Maj. W. W. Goldsborough	1 I	Gettysburg, Pa., J'ly 3, 63	Baltimore.
Capt. W. H. Griffin	A	Yellow Tav., May 11, 64	"
" Eugene Diggs	2 C	Near Martinsb'rg, Va., Oct. 15, 63	"
" George Howard	1 C	Hawes' Shop, Va., May 27, 64	"
Lt. E. G. Duley	C	Gettysburg, Pa., J'ly 5, 64	Mont'g Co
" C. D. Fitzhugh	C	Antietam, Md., Sep. 14, 62	Hagerst'n
" J. E. B. Pue	C	Han. Junc., Va., May 24, 64	Mont'g Co

[1] I am indebted to Capt. J. L. Cantwell, of Wilmington, N. C., for whatever there may be of accuracy or completeness in this list. It was carefully prepared by that officer, assisted by Capt. A. J. Lewis, of Port Gibson, Miss., during the imprisonment at Morris' Island. I have closely adhered to the memoranda of these gentlemen, as to the orthography of names, and the time and place of capture. Other items have been borrowed from a pamphlet by Capt. J. J. Dunkle, entitled "Prison Life during the Rebellion."

Those marked * were sent to the U. S. hospital at Beaufort, S. C., about five days after the arrival at Hilton Head.

Those marked † died whilst at the South, and were buried either at Beaufort or Fort Pulaski. I. W. K. H.

VIRGINIA.

Rank and Name.	Arm.	Capture.	Residence.
*Col. Evan Rice	55 I	Fal'g Wat's, Va, J'ly 14, 63	Essex Co
Lt.-Col. Chas. B. Christian	49 I	C'ld Harb'r, Va, May 30, 64	Amh'st Co
" Jas. C. Council	26 I	Petersburg, Va, May 15, 64	St Stevens
Maj. P. V. Batt	44 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 15, 64	Petersb'rg
" Thos. P. Branch	Staff	" " " 16, 64	"
" W. H. Hood	Mil	" " " 15, 64	Berlin
" David A. Jones	Staff	Spottsylv'a, Va, J'ne 10, 64	Harrisn'g
* " A. A. Swindler	7 I	Rap'n'k Co, Va, M'h 18, 64	Sperryv'le
" Richard Woodrum	26 I	C'ld Harb'r, Va, June 3, 64	Union
Capt. H. A Allen,	9 I	Gettysburg, Pa, July 3, 63	Portsm'th
" B. G. Brown	7 I	" " " "	Albrl'e Co
" J. O. B. Crocker	9 I	" " " "	Norfolk
* " E. Carter	8 I	" " " "	Henri'o co
* " R. S. Elam	22 I	" " " "	Lynchb'rg
* " W. T. Johnson	18 I	" " " "	Henri'o co
" Geo. W. Nelson	Staff	Millwood, Oct. 26, 63	Rckb'ge co
" Peyton Alfriend	39 I	Petersburg, July 9, 64	Petersb'rg
" T. H. Board	58 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Bedford co
" Jas. McD. Carrington	A	" " " 12, 64	Charltv'le
" Wm. P. Carter	A	" " " 12, 64	Millwood
" J. R. Christian	3 I	" " " 8, 64	N Kent co
" Emmett E. DePriest	23 I	" " " 8, 64	Richmond
" A. Dobbins	42 I	" " " 12, 64	Jacksnv'le
" Jas. Dunlap	26 I	Cold Harbor, Va, J'ne 3, 64	Union
" H. C. Dickinson	2 C	Chickah'y, Va, May 12, 64	Liberty
" W. P Duff	50 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Jonesville
*†" J. B. Fitzgerald		Bl'kwater, Va, Aug. 22, 63	Norfolk
" R. E. Frayser	Signal	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 20, 64	N Kent co
" A. N. Finks	10 I	" " " 12, 64	Madis'n co
" W. L. Guthrie	23 I	" " " 12, 64	P Edw co
" T. M. Gobble	48 I	" " " 12, 64	Abingdon
" D. C. Grayson	10 I	" " " 12, 64	Luray
" Bruce Gibson	6 C	Yell'w Tav, Va, May 11, 64	Upperville
" J M Hughes	44 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Richmond
" J. M. Hillsman	44 I	" " " 12, 64	Amelia co
" J. W. Helm	42 I	" " " 12, 64	Jacks'nvle
" Lewis Harman	12 C	Vidiersville, Va, May 5, 64	Staunton
" J. E. Hodges	32 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Norfolk
" T. B. Horton	11 I	" " " 12, 64	K Wm co
" A. R. Humes	21 C	Leetown, Va, July 3, 64	Abingdon
* " George Hopkins	10 C	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Hanv'r co
" F. W. Kelly	50 I	" " " 12, 64	Tazw'll co
† " A. M. King	50 I	" " " 12, 64	Abingdon
" J. A. Lipps	50 I	" " " 12, 64	Wise co
" W. S. McConnell	48 I	" " " 12, 64	Estellville
" Chas. D. McCoy	25 I	" " " 12, 64	Charlo'ts'e
" R. H. Miller	44 I	" " " 12, 64	Buck'm co
" Wm. C. Nunn	5 C	Trevillian's Sta, Va, June 11, 64	Plymouth
" Geo. W. Mercer	29 I	C'ld Harb'r, Va, June 6, 64	Rural Re't
" Isaac Kuykendall	7 C	Springfield, Va, Feb. 18, 64	Romney

	Rank and Name.	Arm.	Capture.	Residence.
	Capt. J. M. Lovett	22 C	Cap'n Brid'e, Va, Jan 31, 64	Ham's'e co
	" C. J. Lewis	8 C	Shepherdst'n, Va, J'ly 3, 64	Charlest'n
	" W. T. Mitchell	6 C	Yell'w Tav, Va, May 11, 64	Pitts'ia co
	" T. A. Moon	6 C	" " " " 11, 64	Halifax co
	1st Lieut. Wm. Asbury	16 C	Wayne Co, Va, Feb 15, 64	Wayne co
	" J. Arrington	42 I	Gettysburg, Pa. July 3, 63	Camp'l co
	" J. C. Allen	7 C	Nr Romney, Va, Feb 2, 64	Edinburg
	" A. R. Angel	42 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Frank'n co
	" E. Lee Bell	10 I	" " " 12, 64	Luray
	" W. L. Bernard	37 C	Leesburg, Va, July 16, 64	Frank'n co
	" Saml. F. Carson	5 I	Morton's F'd, Va, Feb 6, 64	Augu'a co
	" Jesse Child	42 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Warrent'n
	" Isaac Coles	6 C	Brandy St'n, Va, June 9, 63	Pitts'ia co
	" T. C. Chandler	47 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Bowl'gG'n
	" Jas. H. Childs	4 C	Markham's Sta'n, Jan 6, 64	Richmond
	" H. T. Colter	53 I	Gettysburg, Pa, July 3, 63	K. Wm. co
*	" C. T. Chadduck	33 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Luray
	" T. P. Doyle	33 I	" " " 12, 64	Staunton
	" L. B. Doyle	5 I	" " " 20, 64	Lexington
	" P. W. Dalton	42 I	" " " 12, 64	Taylorsv'e
	" S. M. Dent	5 C	Yellow Tav'n, May 11, 64	Alexand'a
*	" C. R. Darricott	5 I	Hanover, Va, May 19, 64	Han'ver co
†	" A. W. Edwards	15 C	Nr Rich'd, Va, May 11, 64	Prince's A
	" C. B. Latham	10 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Harrison'g
	" J. W. O. Funk	5 I	" " " 12, 64	Winches'r
	" J. W. A. Ford	20 C	Nr Wash'n, D.C, J'ly 14, 64	Lewisburg
	" Jos. W. Gillock	27 I	Gettysburg, Pa, July 5, 63	Lexington
	" D. W. Garrett	42 I	" " " 3, 63	Morgant'n
	" J. D. Grewer	50 I	Spottsylvania, May 12, 64	Taze'ell co
	" Jno. W. Gilkeson	25 I	" " 12, 64	Mint Spr'g
	" Wm. E. Hart	25 I	" " 12, 64	K. Wm. co
	" C. D. Hall	48 I	" " 12, 64	Lee co
	" C. P. Harper	21 I	" " 12, 64	Meckl'g co
	" J. H. Hawkins	10 I	" " 12, 64	McGah'y'e
	" H. L. Hoover	25 I	" " 12, 24	Staunton
	" Albert G. Hudgins	Navy	Albemarle Sound, N.C., May 5, 64	Richmond
	" Henry C. Howlett	5 C	Chesterfield C. H., May 11, 64	Petersbu'g
	" Robt. B. Howlett	5 C	Yell'w Tav'n, Va, May 5, 64	Cobb's C'k
	" W. L. Hunter	45 C	Aldie, Va, April 23, 64	Wayne'b'o
	" Geo. H. Killian	5 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	"
	" T. J. Kirk	4 I	" " " 12, 64	Chris'nsb'g
	" David M. Layton	25 I	" " " 12, 64	M. Merid'n
	" Jno. F. Lytton	5 I	" " " 12, 64	Log Glade
	" T. S. Mitchell	42 I	" " " 12, 64	Mart'sv'le
	" Benj. C. Maxwell	A	" " " 12, 64	W. Heml'k
	" T. O. Mass	23 I	" " " 12, 64	Louisa co
	" Jno. O. Murray	12 C	B.&O.R.R., Va, Oct 25, 63	Richmond
	" Benj D. Merchant	4 C	Antioch, Va, Dec 29, 63	Manassas
	" W. H. Morgan	11 I	Mil'fd Sta, Va, May 21, 64	Carroll co
	" Wm. McGauley	9 C	Ashland, Va, July 1, 64	Warsaw
	" Jas. W. McDowell	26 I	C'ld Harbor, Va, June 3, 64	Gr'nb'r co
	2d Lieut. P. B. Akers	11 I	Mil'fd Sta, Va, May 21, 64	Lynchb'g
	" J. H. Allen	48 I	Logan Co, Va, Dec 9, 63	Boone co
	" T. A. Appleburry	44 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Fluv'na co

	Rank and Name.	Arm.	Capture.	Residence.
2d Lieut.	Jno. G. Brown	49 I	Nr Mechanvl'e, May 30, 63	Fr't Royal
"	H. G. Brinkley	41 I	Nansem'd Co, Va, Sep 1, 63	Norfolk
"	F. C. Barnes	56 I	Gettysburg, Pa, July 3, 63	Marysv'le
"	Robt. C. Bryan	48 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Abingdon
"	Robt. S. Bowie	37 I	" " " 12, 64	"
"	Barney B. Cannoy	4 I	" " " 12, 64	Elk Creek
"	C. F. Crisp	10 I	" " " 12, 64	Luray
"	Alex. B. Cook	23 I	" " " 12, 64	Louisa co
* "	G. P. Chalkley	14 I	Gettysburg, Pa, July 5, 63	Petersb'g
"	R. C. Campbell	53 I	" " " 3, 63	K'g Wm co
"	A. B. Cawthorne	26 I	Petersburg, Va, June 15, 64	K'g&Q'n c
"	W. B. Carder	4 I	Gettysburg, Pa, July 3, 63	Marion
"	John W. Davis	20 C	Fredr'k City Md, J'ly 10, 64	Clarksb'g
"	W. B. Dodson	5 C	Yellow Tavern, May 11, 64	Danville
"	Michael H. Daff	37 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Wash'n co
"	Jno. A, Donaghe	10 I	" " " 12, 64	Parnassus
"	Wm. A. Dawson	27 I	" " " 12, 64	Collaws
"	Norman D. Embry	11 I	Milford, Va, May 21, 64	Pineville
"	Wm. L. Enos	26 I	Petersb'rg, Va, June 15, 64	Wood co
"	J. Walker Frasier	1 C	Rapid Ann, Va, Oct 11, 63	Loud'n co
"	C. Fraetes	3 I	How[illegible]tt's Farm, Va, June 19, 64	Petersb'g
"	Jas. T. Fulcher	37 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	
"	S. H. Finks	10 I	" " " 12, 64	Madis'n co
"	Jas. W. Groom	23 I	" " " 12, 64	Louisa co
"	Jno. T. Ganaway	50 I	" " " 12, 64	Chatham
"	T. M. Gravely	42 I	" " " 12, 64	Mart'sv'le
"	W. S. Gilmer	37 I	" " " 12, 64	Lebanon
"	L. Green	5 C	Nr Richm'd, Va, May 12, 64	Petersb'g
"	W. W. George	26 I	Cold Harbor, Va, June 3, 64	Princeton
"	S. W. Garey	3 I	Gettysburg, Pa, July 3, 63	Norfolk
"	Ben. H. Hutchison	8 I	" " " 3, 63	Loud'n co
"	Hopkins Harden	19 I	" " " 3, 63	Scottsville
"	J. L. Hempstead	25 I	Wilderness, Va, May 5, 64	
"	F. R. Haynes	24 C	Gloucester, Va, Oct 5, 63	Cobbs
"	Robt. B. Hart	5 C	Yell'w Tav, Va, May 11, 64	Stevenv'le
"	Saml. J. Hutton	37 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Glade
"	Wm. H. Hatcher	42 I	" " " 12, 64	Liberty
"	J. J. Henritze	37 I	" " " 12, 64	Lebanon
"	J. W. Harris	53 I	" " " 12, 64	Bedford co
"	J. S. Hix	44 I	" " " 12, 64	Gooch'd co
"	P. Hogan	4 I	" " " 12, 64	Lexington
"	John W. Hughes	44 I	" " " 12, 64	Cobham
"	S. Horace Hawes	A	" " " 12, 64	Richmond
"	Saml. A. Johnson	23 I	" " " 12, 64	Louisa co
"	H. C. Jones	50 I	" " " 12, 64	Gladesv'le
"	Geo. F. Keiser	5 I	" " " 12, 64	Mart'sv'le
"	T. J. King	42 C	Charles City C.H., Va, Dec 13, 63	Greenville
"	Festus King	A	" " " " " 13, 63	Kg W'm co
"	J. Stanton King	37 I	" " " " " 13, 63	Abingdon
"	J. P. Kelly	4 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Newbern
"	J. W. Kratzer	12 C	" " " 21, 64	Harr'nb'g
"	Drury Lacy	23 I	" " " 21, 64	Pr Ed'd co
† "	Russell W. Legg	50 I	" " " 21, 64	Turk'y C'e
† "	Jno. Long	10 I	" " " 21, 64	Bridgew'r

Rank and Name.	Arm.	Capture.	Residence.
2d Lieut. Jno. L. Lambert	52 I	Cold Harb'r, Va, May 30, 64	Greenville
" W. P. R. Leigh	5 C	King & Queens Co. Va. June 7, 64	Gloucester
* " L. C. Leftwich	Navy	At Sea, May 7, 64	Lynchb'g
* " G. B. Long	14 I	Gettysburg, Pa, July 3, 63	Petersb'g
" Rodes Massie	A	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Cow'sv'le
" J. W. Mauck	10 I	" " " 12, 64	Harr'nb'g
† " Eli A. Rosenbaum	37 I	" " " 12, 64	Abingdon

WEST VIRGINIA.

*Capt. E. D. Camden	25 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Sutton
" J. J. Dunkle	25 I	" " "	Franklin
" A. M. Edgar	27 I	" " "	Lewisburg
" J. H. Johnson	25 I	" " "	Franklin
" J. A. Lipps	50 I	" " "	Wise co.
" J. W. Mathews	25 I	Wilderness, Va., May 5, 64	Beverly
1st Lieut. Earl C. Andis	4 I	Morton's F'd, Va, Feb. 6, 63	Elk Creek
" M. E. Bowers	25 I	Wilderness, Va., May 5, 64	Franklin
" W. W. Boggs	20 C	London co., Va., July 16, 64	Wheeling
" Henry Fry	37 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	"
" Geo. W. Finley	56 I	Gettysb'g, Pa., July 3, 63	Clarksv'le
* " N. A. Haskins	25 I	Wilderness, Va., May 5, 64	Buch'n co.
" O. H. P. Lewis	31 I	Highland co., Va., Nov. 10, 63	Beverly
2d Lieut. L. D. Bland	18 C	Pendleton co., Va., Jan. 19, 64	Franklin
" Thornton J. Berry	25 I	Wilderness, Va., May 5, 64	Salt Lake
" F. Fousse	25 I	Spottsylv'a, Va, May 12, 64	Weston
" W. N. Hendrix	25 I	Wilderness, Va., May 5, 64	Fairm'nt
" A. R. Humphries	26 I	C'd Harbor, Va., June 3, 64	Lewisburg
" C. P. Johnson	C	Burlington, Va., Dec. 3, 64	Hpsh'e co

NORTH CAROLINA.

Col. Jno. A. Baker	3 C	Petersb'g, Va., June 21, 64	Wilm'gton
" G. N. Folk	6 C	Kinston, N.C., June 22, 64	Morgant'n
Lt.-Col. T. L. Hargrove	44 I	S'th Anna Bridge, Va., June 26, 63	Oxford
Maj. J. R. McDonald	57 I	Gains' Mill, Va., June 1, 64	Fayettev'e
Capt. W. J. Alexander	37 I	Gettysb'g, Pa., July 3, 63	Wilkesb'o'
* " R. W. Atkinson	2 C	Hano'r CH, Va., May 27, 64	Wilson
" John C. Blair	1 C	Yell. Tav., Va., May 11, 64	Boone co
" S. S Bohannan	28 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Yadkin co
" Nero G. Bradford	26 I	Gettysb'g, Pa., July 5, 63	Lenoir co
† " C. R. Brumley	20 I	" July 1, 63	Concord
" E. McN. Blue	35 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 17, 64	Moore co
" Jno. L. Cantwell	3 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Wilm'gton
" David L. Cockerman	54 I	Rapp'k Br , Va., Nov. 7, 63	Jonesville
" Alex. T. Cole	23 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Rock'gh'm
" Jno. Cowan	3 I	" " "	Wilm'gton
* " A. S. Critcher	37 I	" " "	Watauga
" W. H. Day	1 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 17, 64	Halifax
" W. B. Dewar	31 I	Gains' Mill, Va., June 1, 64	Chalk

Rank and Name.	Arm.	Capture.	Residence.
Capt. H. M. Dixon	35 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 17, 64	Moore co
" H. D. Fowler	1 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Ballsville
* " J. C. Gorman	2 I	" " May 19, 64	Wilson
* " J. H. Gilbert	57 I	Gettysb'g, Pa., July 3, 63	Newton
" Samuel H. Hartsfield	3 C	Hano'r co., Va., May 27, 64	Kinston
" Samuel H. Hines	45 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 10, 64	Milton
" H. W. Horne	3 I	" " May 12, 64	Fayettev'e
" Thos. L. Johnson	1 I	" " "	Edenton
" W. H. Kitchen	12 I	" " "	Scotland
" John G. Knox	7 I	Wilderness, Va., May 5, 64	Rowan co
" J. K. Kyle	52 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 21, 64	Fayettev'e
" J. W. Lane	16 I	Wilderness, Va., May 6, 64	Hend'nv'e
" Thomas C. Lewis	18 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Wilm'gton
" W. G. MacRae	7 I	Wilderness, Va., May 6, 64	"
" J. W. Moore	3 C	Greenv'le, N.C., Dec. 17, 64	"
" W. F. Murphy	51 I	Ber. Hun., Va., June 16, 64	Clinton
" Samuel J. Parham	54 I	Rap'k St'n, Va., Nov. 7, 63	Henderson
1st Lieut. S. S. Abernathy	30 I	Kelly's F'd, Va., Nov. 7, 63	Forestville
" Wyatt B. Allen	6 I	Rapp'k Br., Va., Nov. 7, 63	Wake co
" T. M. Allen	4 I	Gettysb'g, Pa., July 4, 63	Fairfield
" W. T. Anderson	5 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Fayettev'e
" H. E. Arp	24 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 17, 64	Smithville
" G. W. Avant	35 I	" " "	Chat'm co
" B. W. Birkhead	22 I	Hano'r J'n, Va., May 24, 64	Ashboro'
" J. W. Brothers	67 I	Near Kinston, N. C., June 22, 64	Kinston
" John S. Bullock	23 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Tranqu'ty
" Robert B. Carr	43 I	Gettysb'g, Pa., July 4, 63	Magnolia
* " A. A. Cathey	34 I	" July 3, 63	Charlotte
" David A. Coon	11 I	" "	Lincolnt'n
" Geo. W. Corbett	18 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Caintuck
" J. H. Darden	3 I	" " "	Snow Hill
" John O. Frink	18 I	" " "	Carrs
" John F. Gamble	14 I	" " May 19, 64	Shelby co
" John M. Guyther	1 I	" " May 12, 64	Plymouth
" W. G. Harrington	25 I	Cox's F'm, Va., July 12, 64	
" J. A. Heartsfield	1 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., July 8, 64	Ballsville
" T. B. Henderson	3 C	N'r Henderson, N. C., Dec. 17, 63	Jacks'nv'e
" J. M. Hobson	2 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., July 8, 64	Raxville
" H. J. Jenkins	I	Gates co., N.C., June 9, 64	Murfr'sb'o'
" Julian A. Latham	1 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Plymouth
" A.N.Leatherwood	29 I	Clay co., N.C., Feb. 19, 64	Ft Henry
" C. P. Mallett	3 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Fayettev'e
" John D. Mallory	37 I	Dr'ry's B'ff, Va., May 16, 64	Buckhorn
" Frank McIntosh	18 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Richmond
" M. McLeod	20 I	Wilderness, Va , May 6, 64	Carthage
" J. J. McMillan	1 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Wilm'gton
" Nathan S. Mosely	12 I	" " "	Warrent'n
" F. F. Patrick	32 I	" " May 10, 64	Columbia
2d Lieut. Geo. N. Albright	6 I	Rapp'k S'n, Va., Nov. 7, 63	Melville
" M. B. Allison	62 I	Cum'dGap, Ten., Sep. 9, 63	Sampson
" H. C. Andrews	28 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Orange co
" T. P. Barrow	3 I	" " "	Wash'gt'n
" J. A. Blain	16 I	Fall'gWat's, Va, July 14, 63	Fr'klin co
" J. H. Bloodworth	4 C	Brandy S'n, Va., Oct. 11. 63	Wilm'gton

	Rank and Name.	Arm.	Capture.	Residence.
2d	Lieut. Alex. H. Brown	30 I	Kelly's F'd, Va., Nov. 7, 63	Chatham
	" David S. Bullard	18 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Owensv'le
†	" John M. Burgin	22 I	Gettysb'g, Pa., July 3, 63	Marion
	" C. M. Busbee	5 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Raleigh
	" E. A. Carver	1 I	" " "	Forestville
	" W. B. Chandler	13 I	" " "	Yanceyv'e
	" Geo. S. Coble	44 I	S. Hanover J'n, Va., June 26, 63	Graham
	" Joseph B. Coffield	1 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Tarboro'
	" J. Coggin	23 I	Gettysb'g, Pa., July 1, 63	Troy
†	" J. C. C. Cowper	35 I	" " "	Suffolk
	" G. M. Crapon	3 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Smithville
	" T. D. Crawford	Navy	N'r Washington, N. C., Feb. 24, 64	Wash'gt'n
	" A. B. Davis	1 CSC	Petersb'g, Va , May 7, 64	Morgant'n
	" W. F. Doles	32 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 10, 64	Wilson
	" E. W. Dorsey	11 I	Gettysb'g, Pa., July 5, 63	Whitesv'le
	" John Q. Elkins	18 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	"
	" Nich. E. Fennel	61 I	Ber. Hun., Va., June 16, 64	Leesville
	" Francis F. Floyd	51 I	" " "	Whitesv'le
	" H. Y. Gash	6 C	Jackson's Mills, N. C., June 22, 64	Morgant'n
*	" R. A. Glenn	22 I	Hanover, Va., May 23, 64	N'w Salem
	" W. C. Gordon	6 C	Jackson's Mills, N. C., June 22, 64	Morgant'n
	" B. A. Gowan	50 I	Ber. Hun., Va., June 16, 64	Whitesv'le
	" A. J. Gurganus	3 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Onslow
	" J. M. Harget	1 I	" " "	Newbern
	" Edwin S. Hart	23 I	" " "	Burrack
	" J. F. Heath	67 I	Swift C'k, Va., April 26, 64	Newbern
	" L. J. Henderson	3 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Jacks'nv'e
	" Gilbert P. Higley	57 I	C'd Harbor, Va., June 1, 64	Lumbert'n
	" J. C. Hines	5 C	Jack's Sh'p, Va., Sep. 22, 63	Clinton
	" A. J. Howser	1 I	Spottsyl'a, Va , May 12, 64	Lincolnt'n
	" Wm. H. Ivey	2 C	" " May 7, 64	Jackson co
	" Wm. P. Johnson	1 C	Bristow S'n, Va, Nov 25, 63	Charlotte
	" W. T. Jones	35 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 17, 64	Moore co
	" J. E. King	3 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Onslow
†	" C. C. Lane	3 I	" " "	Snow Hill
	" J. B. Lindsey	31 I	C'd Harbor, Va., June 1, 64	Wadesb'o'
	" G. H. Lindsey	54 I	Dr'ry's B'ff, Va., May 16, 64	Madison
	" Z. H. Lowdermilk	3 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Randolph
	" R. H. Lyons	31 I	" " "	Bl'ck Rock

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Maj.	Wm. P. Emanuel	4 C	Louisa CH., Va, June 11, 64	Charlest'n
"	Martin G. Zeigler	C	Stony Cr'k, Va., May 7, 64	Cokesb'g
Capt.	Henry Buist[1]	27 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 24, 64	Charlest'n
"	Wm. L. Campbell	11 I	" " May 13, 64	Waterb'o'
"	T. B. Martin	C	" " May 7, 64	Spart'sb'g
"	S. B. Meachum	5 I	Wilderness, Va., May 6, 64	Yorkville
"	Docitheus C. Moore	C	Jarratt's D't, Va., May 8, 64	Cokesb'g
"	Jas. M. Mulvany	27 I	Petersburg, Va., May 7, 64	Charlest'n
"	Thomas Pinckney	4 C	Hawes' S'p, Va., May 28, 64	"

[1] Exchanged June 24, 1864.

Rank and Name.	Arm.	Capture.	Residence.
*1st Lieut. F. M. Baughman	1 I	Hanover, Va., May 23, 64	Florence
* " A. W. Burt	7 I	Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 63	Hamburg
" Henry J. Clifton	21 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 18, 64	Tim'nsv'le
" W. W. Covington	23 I	" " June 11, 64	Ben'tsv'e
" T. W. Easterling	5 C	Trevillian's Sta'n, Va., May 12, 64	Charlest'n
2d Lieut. S. T. Anderson	1 I	Gettysb'g, Pa., July 19, 63	Chester
" W. S. Bissell	2 I	" " July 4, 63	Charlest'n
" William Epps	4 C	Louisa CH., Va, June 11, 64	King Tree
" J. J Gallman	5 I	Wilderness, Va., May 5, 64	Unionville
" M. P. Galloway	23 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 17, 64	Marlboro
" David Gordon	4 C	Louisa CH., Va, June 11, 64	King Tree
" Jesse G. Hallford	8 I	C'd Harbor, Va., May 30, 64	Tim. Dis.
" J. A. Jarrett	C	Rocky Creek Sta'n, Va., May 7, 64	Spart'sb'g
" W. E. Johnson	7 C	Old Church, Va, May 30, 64	Liberty
" Nathan B. Lusk	12 I	Wilderness, Va., May 6, 64	Cherokee

GEORGIA.

Maj. D. F. Booton	3 C	E. Tennessee, Jan. 19, 64	Rome
Capt. John P. Allen	55 I	Cum. Gap, Ten., Sep. 19, 63	Dawson
" J. D. Ashton	4 C	Sum'rv'le, Ga., Sep. 12, 63	Burke co
" Wm. Barnes	9 A	Cum. Gap, Ten., Sep. 9, 63	Atlanta
" Thos. M. Carter	14 I	Wilderness, Va., May 6, 64	Jacks'n co
" J. H. Connelly	44 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 10, 64	Griffin co
" H. R. Deadwyler	38 I	" " May 12, 64	Elbert
" Wm. J. Dumas	53 I	Knoxv'le, Ten., Nov. 29 63	Forsythe c
" J. A. Edmunds	44 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 10, 64	Fayettev'e
" C. R. Ezell	4 I	" " "	Jasper co
" A. C. Gibson	4 I	" " "	Lagrange
" Willis J. Gorham	Staff	Wilderness, Va., May 5, 64	Ham't'n co
" H. K. Harrison	7 C	Trevillian's Sta'n, Va., June 11, 64	Chat'm co
" Thos. W. Harris	12 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Ogleth'e co
" John J. Henderson	61 I	" " "	Irvineville
" F. W. Hopkins	7 C	Louisa CH., Va., June 11, 64	Thomasv'e
" Thos. W. Kent	48 I	Gettysburg, Pa., July 5, 63	Wrightsv
" James L. Lemon	18 I	Knoxv'le, Ten., Nov. 29, 63	Cobb co
" George W. Lewis	1 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Bainbr'ge
" Daniel McDonald	61 I	" " "	Brooks co
" Andrew J. McLeod	57 I	Gains' Mill, Va., June 1, 64	Camden
" J. R McMichael	12 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 10, 64	D'a Vista
" R. L. Miller	7 C	Trevillian's Sta'n, Va., June 12, 64	Augusta
" Wm. C. Nutt	53 I	Knoxv'le, Ten., Nov. 29, 63	Griffin co
1st Lieut. Wm. J. Boswell	55 I	Cum. Gap, Ten., Sep. 9, 63	Canfield
" Jas. J. Boss	35 I	Wilderness, Va., May 6, 64	Monroe co
" Sanf. W. Branch	8 I	Gettysburg, Pa., July 4, 63	Savannah
" Benj. L. Brown	59 I	" " July 5, 63	Ft. Gaines
† " J. L. Burney	49 I	" " July 4, 63	Twiggs co
" Thos. J. Carr	43 I	Champion Hill, Miss., May 17, 63	Jeff'son co
" R. Childs	4 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 10, 64	Clinton
" J. D. Deloach	61 I	" " May 12, 64	Tatnal
" W. H. Deloach	7 C	Louisa CH., Va, June 11, 63	Bryan

Rank and Name.	Arm.	Captnre.	Residence.
1st Lieut. N B. Durham	44 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 10, 64	Clarke co
" Dan'l W. Garrett	11 I	Wilderness, Va, May 6, 64	Morgan co
" Chris'r C. Grace	12 I	" " "	Perryville
" J. G. Greer	4 I	" " May 5, 64	W't Point
" W. W. Halbert	4 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 10, 64	Augusta
" W. D. Ivey	12 I	" " " 10, 64	Millford
" Eugene Jeffers	61 I	" " " 12, 64	Macon
" P. P. Lyon	18 I	Gains' Mill, Va., June 1, 64	Canton
" J. J. Maddox	38 I	Locust Gr'e, Va., May 6, 64	Milton
" Jas. W. Maxwell	50 I	C'd Harbor, Va., June 1, 64	Coffee co
" John G. Morgan	45 I	Wilderness, Va., May 6, 64	Clinton
" M. M. Mosely	3 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Banks co
" Henry J. Moses	57 I	Gains' Mill, Va., June 1, 64	Blakely
" G W. Roughten	49 I	Locust Gr'e, Va., May 6, 64	Sand'sv'le
2d Lieut. W. R. Avant	61 I	Gettysburg, Pa, July 3, 63	Macon
" Andrew J. Barton	55 I	Cum. Gap, Ten., Sep. 9, 63	Gainsville
" John B. Bently	22 I	Gettysburg, Pa. July 3, 63	Lincolnt'n
" W. C. Cherry	4 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 10, 64	W't Point
" W. H. Chew	7 C	Trevillian's St'n, Va., June 11, 64	Augusta
" John F Davies	14 I	Wilderness, Va., May 6, 64	Amh'st co
" G. K. Ford	7 C	Louisa CH., Va, June 11, 64	Wayne co
" D. W. Goodwin	44 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Greensb'o
" F. N. Graves	61 I	" " " 12, 64	Lumpk's
" Aug. M. Green	12 I	" " " 10, 64	Youngsb'
" T. J. Gunn	51 I	C'd Harbor, Va., June 1, 64	Houston
" D. T. Harris	21 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 10, 64	Forsythe c
" R. Harvey	7 C	Trevillian's St'n, Va., June 11, 64	Bryan

FLORIDA.

Capt. William Bailey	5 I	Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 63	Leon co
" Wm. B. Ballentine	2 I	" " " 2, 63	Pensacola
" G. Finley	1 C	Miss'y R'e, Ten, Nov. 23, 63	Mariana
" J. C. Talbot	5 I	Wilderness, Va., May 6, 64	Lake City
1st Lieut. T. S. Armistead	8 I	" " "	Mariana
" Sanders Myers	4 I	Miss'y R'e, Ten, Nov. 25, 63	Apalache
2d Lieut. Alex. L. Bull	5 I	Wilderness, Va., May 6, 64	Tallahasee
" James Collins	5 I	" " "	Monticello
" S. M. Davis	4 I	Miss'y R'e, Ten, Nov. 23, 63	Quincy
" Reuben N. Hall	4 I	" " "	Apalach'a

ALABAMA.

Capt. J. W. Burton	6 I	Gettysburg, Pa., July 4, 63	Montgo'ry
" Richard F. Campbell	49 I	Pt. Hudson, La., July 9, 63	Vill. Spr's
" Charles E. Chambers	13 I	Gettysburg, Pa., July 4, 63	Tuskegee
" J. N. Chisolm	9 I	" " " 2, 63	Florence
" L. S. Chitwood	5 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 19, 64	Clayton
" J. H. Ellison[1]	2 I	" " " 19, 64	Mobile

[1]Escaped from Hilton Head.

Rank and Name.	Arm.	Capture.	Residence.
Capt. J. W. Fannin	61 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 8, 64	Tuskegee
* " J. D. Meadows	1 I	Pt. Hudson, La., July 9, 63	Florence
1st Lieut. R. H. Adams	Staff	Mt. Pleas't, Ten, Sept 24, 63	Farnsdale
" J. J. Andrews	Staff	Florence, Ala., Nov. 30, 63	Florence
" A. J. Armstrong	46 I	Champion Hill, Miss., May 16, 63	Columbia
" Dwight E. Bates	A	Spottisyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Selma
" Wm. T. Bishop	16 I	Bexar, Ala., June 20, 63	Florence
" J. D. Bond	59 I	Petersburg, Va, June 17, 64	Haynesv'e
" J. P. Breedlove	4 I	Gettysburg, Pa, July 4, 63	Tuskegee
" H. A. Chadbourne	10 I	" " " 2, 63	Selma
* " W. N. Cidyard	3 I	" " " 3, 63	Mobile
" Paul H. Erle	28 I	Miss'y R'e, Ten, Nov. 23, 63	Jefferson
" J. L. Haynes	14 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Talladego
" A. J. Kirkman	4 C	Lauderdale co., Ala., Oct. 30, 63	Florence
" Ed. J. Mastin	Staff	Charlest'n, Ten, Dec. 28, 63	Huntsv'le
2d Lieut. W. H. Allen	49 I	Pt. Hudson, La., July 9, 63	Gunt'sv'le
" W. P. Bass	15 I	Wilderness, Va., May 6, 64	Salem
* " W. H. Bedell	1 C	Tennessee, Oct. 28, 63	Tallah'see
" A. C. Foster	4 I	Florence, Ala, Nov. 30, 63	Florence
" James L. Leonard	7 CSC	Swansboro, NC., Ap. 30, 64	Tuskegee

MISSISSIPPI.

*Major L. Fontaine	C	Lexington, Ala., Dec. 14, 63	Austin
" Thos. H. Johnson	1 I	Pt. Hudson, La., July 9, 63	Fernando
Capt. Thomas Boyd	1 I	" " "	Morr'nv'le
" H. T. Coffee	48 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	N. Orleans
" A. J. Lewis	C	Claiborne Co., Miss., Feb. 14, 63	Natchez
" Thos. Q. Munce	12 I	Petersb'rg, Va, June 24, 64	Keenzie
" Jos. L. Purgason	32 I	Nr Corinth, Mis, May 4, 64	P't Gibson
1st Lieut. Charles L. Barrett	CLI	Pt. Hudson, La., July 9, 63	"
" J. C. Carson	Staff	Trev's St'n, Va., June 12, 64	Natchez
" Wm. H. Frizzell	12 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Holmes
2d Lieut. John M. Allen	29 I	Chickam'a, Ten, Sep. 20, 63	Grenada
" Wm. L. Barton	2 I	Tupelo, Miss., May 4, 63	Tupelo
" F. W. Bessonett	12 I	Chester Gap, Va, July 24, 63	Union
" Wm. M. Bulloch	48 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Bovina
" John R. Cason	17 I	Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 63	Holly Sp's
* " A. H. Farrar	13 I	" " " 3, 63	Grenada
" Timothy Foley	19 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Vicksburg
" Benj. L. Grant	22 I	Fall. Wat's, Va, July 14, 63	Pentat'ch
" Robert J. Howard	1 I	P't Hudson, La., July 9, 63	Byhala
" W. T. Jeffries	C	Claiborne Co., Miss., Feb. 14, 63	P't Gibson
" Joel W. Jones	1 I	" " July 9, 63	Smithville

LOUISIANA.

Lt.-Col. P. F. DeGournay	A	P't Hudson, La., July 9, 63	N. Orleans
" E. S. M. LeBreton	4 M	" " "	"
Capt. J. G. Angell	5 I	Rappah'k, Va., Nov. 7, 63	"
" John Elliott	2 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Floyd

Rank and Name.	Arm.	Capture.	Residence.
Capt. E J. Hall	1 C	P't Hudson, La., July 9, 63	N. Orleans
" H. E. Henderson	Staff	Wilderness, Va., May 5, 64	Alexand'a
" L. Jastraanskie	10 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Aberville
" Wm. B. Kemp	9 C	P't Hudson, La., July 9, 63	Greensbo'
" Lewis H. Malarcher	7 I	Wilderness, Va., May 5, 64	N. Orleans
" W. A. Martin	7 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 19, 64	B'n Rouge
" W. E. O'Reiley	9 I	Rapp'k St'n, Va., Nov. 7 63	N. Orleans
1st Lieut. J. C. Bartholemy	20 I	P't Hudson, La, May 23, 63	St. James
" Jas. D. Bowman	15 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Bastrop
" J. M. Burgess	8 I	" " "	Holmesv'e
" P. H. Cavanaugh	1 I	Wilderness, Va., May 5, 64	Liberty
" Bolivar Edwards	C	P't Hudson, La, May 23, 63	Covingt'n
" J. Fickerson	14 I	Nr N. Ann, Va., May 23, 64	N. Orleans
" J. B. Fitzpatrick	14 I	" " "	"
" T. J. Hudson	9 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	"
" T. D. Kelly	5 I	" " "	"
" Daniel Mahoney	10 I	" " "	"
* " John Markew	1 I	Gettysburg, Pa., July 5, 63	"
2d Lieut. Chas. J. Batchelor	2 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Red River
" Chas. A. Chisholm	10 I	" " "	"
" J. R. Cottingham	3 I	Haines' B'ff, Mis, Ap. 30, 63	Columbia
" A. V. Duralde	9 I	P't Hudson, La., July 9, 63	B'n Rouge
" Rich. M. Fletcher	2 I	Spottsyl'a, Va , May 12, 64	Vernon
" J. L. Hempstead	25 I	Wilderness, Va., May 5, 64	Dubuque
" John Kilmartin	7 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	N. Orleans
* " S. H. May	10 I	Gettysburg, Pa., July 5, 63	"

TEXAS.

Capt. R. C. Gillespie	45 I	Sth West'n Va., Oct. 25, 63	F't Worth
1st Lieut. W. A. Collin	7 I	Raymond, Miss, May 12, 63	Coffeev'le
" J. E. Cobb	5 I	Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 63	Liberty
" T. J. Duval	32 C	Deer C'k, Mis., Jan. 14, 64	Anderson
2d Lieut. S. G. Adamson	32 C	Nr McMinnville, Tenn., Oct. 4, 63	Fannin
" H. Coffee	1 C	Nr Franklin, Tenn., April 27, 63	Dangerf'd

ARKANSAS.

Col. V. H. Manning	3 I	Wilderness, Va., May 6, 64	Hamburg
Major Wm. E. Stewart	15 I	P't Hudson, La., July 9, 63	Madison
" Micajah R. Wilson	1 I	" " "	Hamburg
Capt. David Arbuckle	17 I	" " "	F't Smith
" J. L. Brent	18 I	" " "	Lenville
" George K. Craeraft	23 I	" " "	Lake Vill'e
" David B. Coulter	12 I	" " "	Center
* " W. A. Ferring	3 C S I	Arkansas, Sept. 8, 63	Litt. Rock
" A. B. Israel	1 C	Missouri, Dec. 25, 63	Powhatan
* " H. L. W. Johnson	12 I	P't Hudson, La., July 9, 63	Arkadel'a
" J. M. G. Jones	C	Arkansas Line, Oct. 4, 63	Berryville
" John C. Patterson	14 I	P't Hudson, La., July 9, 63	Yellville
1st Lieut. J. B. Baxter	23 I	" " "	Monroe
" P. H. Benson	23 I	" " "	Jonesboro'

Rank and Name.	Arm.	Capture.	Residence.
1st Lieut. D. T. Bronaugh	16 I	P't Hudson, La, July 9, 63	Liberty
" C. W. Cargill	10 I	" " "	Litt. Rock
" G. W. Carter	23 I	" " "	Arkadel'a
* " J. W. Greer	23 I	" " "	Helena
" W. A. Hancock	C	Arkadelp'a, Ar , Oc. 30, 63	Marion
" Madison Hixson	16 I	P't Hudson, La., July 9, 63	Clarksv'le
2d Lieut. Cicero M. Allen	2 C	C'd W'r F'd, Mis, Nov. 3, 63	Marion
* " M. S. Bradburn	16 I	P't Hudson, La., July 9, 64	Liberty
* " W. B. Burnett	10 I	" " "	Marion
" O. H. P. Caldwell	19 I	Big Bl'k, Miss., May 17, 63	Magnolia
" D. M. Coffman	C	Missouri, Dec. 25, 63	Smithville
† " Robert Y. Dillard	16 I	P't Hudson, La., July 9, 63	Nashville
" W. C. D. Evans	17 I	Natchez, Miss., Dec. 25, 63	Wash'ton
" T. P. Peak	A	" " "	"

MISSOURI.

Capt. Peter Ake	2 C	Helena, Ark., Nov. 3, 63	Iventon
† " Moses J. Bradford	10 I	" " July 4, 63	Raleigh
" J. G. Kelley	Staff	Smithv'le, N.C., Feb. 29, 64	St. Louis
" Schuyler Lowe	A	Rodney, Miss., Jan. 29, 64	Indepen'e
1st Lieut. Alex. M. Bedford	3 C	Big Bl'k, Miss., May 17, 63	Savannah
" Wm. Haliburton	C	Laurence co., Ar., Oc. 7, 63	Dent
2d Lieut. Peter G. Benton	8 I	Helena, Ark., July 4, 63	Cassville
" George C. Brand	2 C	Holly Spr's, Mis., May 3, 63	Brownsv'e

KENTUCKY.

Col. G. W. Woolfolk [1]	C S C	Ohio, July, 1863	Paducah
Major J. Bennett McCreary	7 C	Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 63	Richmond
Capt. John B. Austin	2 C	Dickson co, Ten, Oc. 27, 63	Charlotte
" Thos. E. Eastin	8 C	Buffington's Isl'd, O., July 19, 63	Lexington
" T. M. Hammack	10 C	Rutland, Ohio, July 10, 63	Morganf'd
" R. D. Logan	6 C	Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 63	Danville
" M. D. Logan	3 C	Lancaster, Ohio, July 25, 63	Lancaster
" C. L. Miner	C	Ohio, July, 1863	Waco
" Almarine A. Norris	C	Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 63	Buskville
1st Lieut. W. P. Crow	6 C	" " "	Stanford
" B. S. Drake	2 C	Buffington Isl'd, Ohio, July 19, 63	Lexington
" W. T. Dunlap	2 C	Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 63	Marshall
" Hugh P. Dunlap	10 C	" " "	Paris
" Felix G. Eakins	12 C	" " "	Henders'n
" Isham A. Fox	7 C	Buffington Isl'd, Ohio, July 19, 63	Richmond
" W. A. Kendall	3 C	Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 63	Denton
" Barnaby Logsdon	1 C	Charlest'n, Ten., Dec. 28, 63	Fairmount
" Hansal Moles	7 C	Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 63	Alleghany
" George C. Nash	6 C	Buffington Isl'd, Ohio, July 19, 63	Owen
2d Lieut. M. L. Aldrich	3 C	Syracuse, Ohio, July 20, 63	Dallas co
" S. P. Allensworth	2 C	Salinesv'e, Ohio, Oct. 26, 63	Todd co

[1] Escaped August 21th, while the steamer Crescent was aground at Cape Roman Light, S. C.

Rank and Name.	Arm.	Capture.	Residence.
2d Lieut. S. S. Atkins	10 C	Mt. Lib'ty, O'o, July 18, 63	W.Liberty
" A. B. Chinn	8 C	Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 63	Lexington
" S. M. Cowan	6 C	" " "	Somerset
" W. B. Ford	8 C	Buffington Isl'd, Ohio, July 19, 63	Winch'ter
" R. B. Haynes	3 C	" " "	Denton
" J. S. Hughes	6 C	" " "	Stanford
" G. W. Hunter	8 C	Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 63	Bardst'n
" Wm. F. Leathers	7 C	Buffington Isl'd, Ohio, July 19, 63	L'renceb'g
" Benj. F. McNear	6 C	Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 63	Owenton
" J. O. Meadows	3 C	Syracuse, Ohio, July 20, 63	Bonham
" J. D. Morris	8 C	Buffington Isl'd, Ohio, July 19, 63	Winch'ter
" L. D. Newton	3 C	" " "	Union
" D N. Prewett	6 C	" " "	Perryville
" Chas. E. Richards	5 C	Cheshire, Ohio, July 20, 63	Warray

TENNESSEE.

Col. A. Fulkerson	63 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 17, 64	Rogersv'le
Lt.-Col. T. N. Daugherty	8 C	Livingston, Ten., Feb. 8, 64	Livingst'n
Capt. H Baker	3 C	Tennessee, Sept. 10, 63	Natchez
" J. W. Boyd [1]	6 C	Corinth, Miss., July 1, 63	Jackson
" J. H. Burke	2 C	Lancaster, Ky., July 15, 63	Knoxville
" G. R. Campbell	C	Shelbyv'e, Ten., Oct. 29, 63	Manch'ter
" Leroy P. Carson	35 I	Sequatchee Val., Ten., Aug 1963	McMinnv'
" W. H. Craft	C	W't Tennessee, Feb. 26, 63	Nashville
" W. N. James	44 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 17, 64	Carthage
" Samuel J. Johnson	25 I	Dr'ry's B'ff, Va, May 16, 64	Sparta
" James P. Lytle	23 I	Bean's S'n, Ten, Dec. 14, 63	Unionville
" J. R. McCallum	63 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 17, 64	Knoxville
" John Nicks	C	Hickman co., Tenn., Dec. 25, 63	Hawkins
" F. F. Perkins	11 C	Williamson co., Tenn., Dec, 8. 63	Franklin
" James H. Polk	1 C	Middle Tenn., Jan. 14, 64	Ashwood
1st Lieut. Elijah Boddie	7 I	Wilderness, Va., May 5, 64	Gallatin
† " W. P. Callahan	23 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 17, 64	Livingst'n
* " J. M. Cash	4 C	Lexington, Ky., Feb. 8, 64	"
" M. A. Douglas	44 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 17, 64	Gallatin
" Henry C. Fleming	25 I	Dr'ry's B'ff, Va., May 16, 64	Spencer co
† " Thos. J. Goodloe	44 I	" " "	Winch'ter
" P. D. Hunter	8 C	Cum. Gap, Ten., Sep. 9, 63	Nashville
" C. L. Hutcheson	63 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 17, 64	Georget'n
• " John D. Jenkins	14 I	Wilderness, Va., May 5, 64	Clarksv'e
" J. F. Lauderdale	2 C	Spr. Place, Ga., Feb. 29, 64	Claiborne
" Jesse Ledford	25 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 17, 64	Livingst'n
" Sidney A. Morgan	25 I	Spr. Place, Ga., Feb. 29, 64	Sparta
2d Lieut. W. H. Adams	51 I	Nr Ringg'd, Ga, Nov. 25, 63	Covington
" W. E. Allen	60 I	Big Black, Mis., May 17, 63	Newport
" W. H. Anderson	1 C	Columbia, Ten., Oct. 11, 63	Murray
" B. Arnold	23 I	Huntsville, Al., Feb. 24, 64	Sparta
" J. G. S. Arrants	63 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 17, 64	Zollicoffer
" Thos. E. Bradley	23 I	Chickam'a, Ten, Sep. 19, 63,	Smith co

1 Removed from "the pen," October 11, 1863.

Rank and Name.	Arm.	Capture.	Residence.
*†2d Lieut. R. C. Bryan	2 C	Salem, Miss., April 13, 63	LaGrange
" J. A. Burnett	50 I	Spottsyl'a, Va., May 12, 64	Blountsv'e
" Wm. N. Cameron	25 I	Dr'ry's B'ff, Va., May 16, 64	Sparta
† " W. C. Campbell	25 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 17, 64	Cooksville
" Henry H. Cook	44 I	Dr'ry's B'ff, Va., May 16, 64	Franklin
" C. D. Covington	45 I	Lebanon, Ten., Feb. 6, 63	Lebanon
" Wm. B. Easley	48 I	Hickman, Ten., Jan. 23, 64	Vernon
" G. R. Elliott	4 I	White co., Ten., Jan. 8, 64	Alleghany
" A. J. Elzey	17 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 17, 64	Columbia
" Z. W. Ewing	17 I	" " "	Lewisburg
" J. H. Hastings	17 I	" " "	Shelbyv'le
" J. H. Henderson	31 I	Monroe co., Ten., Feb 2, 64	Madis'nv'e
" John M. Henry	44 I	Petersb'g, Va., June 17, 64	Hartsville
" John W. Hooberry	44 I	" " "	Nashville
" J. J. Irvine	9 C	Murray, Ten., Nov. 8, 63	Columbia
" T. Irwin	11 I	Mission Ridge, Nov. 25, 63	Nashville
" W. C. Knox	4 C	Wilson co., Ten., No. 15, 63	Shelbyv'le
" Joseph B. Lewis	1 C	Union co., Ten., Dec. 4, 63	Rutledge

SIGHS AND RHYMES

AT

FORT DELAWARE.

SIGHS AND RHYMES AT FORT DELAWARE.

A PRISON SIGH.

By S. J. JOICE.

From out these vaults, so dim and gloomy,
Where hang the cold shades heavily,
Into the bright air, vast and roomy,
How blessed would the passage be!
Afar I see the landscape glowing,
With Spring's first blossoms all aglcam,
While round me Delaware's tide, full flowing,
Is glancing in the sun's warm beam.
Yon spreading fields, with verdure swelling,
Those distant hills of mystic gray,
The fresh'ning gales from Ocean welling,
To chase the fleecy clouds away;
The budding fruits and clustering bowers,
Beckoning swains and maidens there,
May soothe the hearts, in lovers' hours,
Of those, who never knew more fair.
But of *these* scenes, nor of *these* waters
Is my sad spirit now a dream;
I sigh for those, and fairer daughters,
That dwell beyond Potomac's stream.
As some lone bird of golden pinion
Forc'd from his fairy land of song
And cag'd in strangers' cold dominion,
I pine in silence o'er my wrong.
But memory! which dark'ning bastions,
Nor prison bolts, nor bars can stay,
Free from oppression's power, still hastens
Back to those lov'd ones far away.

LIBERTY — A SONNET.

By S. J. JOICE.

Bright Goddess of the undaunted mind!
Brighter when tyrants seek thy form to bind
With fetters, and in dayless vaults
And prison gloom thy votaries confine,
Than when on mountain heath or forest wild
Thou roam'st with nature's untaught child,
Or, with the conqueror, in thy fight exults!
For here thy habitation is the soul,
Heroic and unquell'd, whose control
Can despot's power and will defy;
And though in chains, the lengthen'd scroll
Of history's deathless heroes reads,
Whose blood and sufferings grow the seeds
Thy martyrs' strength and hope supply.

VIRGINIA!

By J. P. FITZGERALD, Lt.-Col. 23d Reg't. Va. Inf't.

Virginia! thy sons may ever be proud,
To claim thee as their native State,
Though round thee hangs a darksome cloud,
Of foemen's rage and Northmen's hate.
To-day, thy streams with blood are red,
Thy fields are strewn with noble dead;
Thy daughters weep for loved ones slain,
Who ne'er shall smile on them again;
Thy capital's infested by a horde
Of foes, insatiate, boasting loud —
Who cry, "Come yield unto us now
And to the yoke thy proud neck bow."
But thou dost bear as proud a mien
As e'er on battle-field was seen,
And yet will strike the deadly blow,
To lay the boasting Northmen low.

Thy captive son sends forth the prayer,
That God his mighty arm will bare,
To shield, protect thee, and defend
My Mother dear, from such an end.
God grant that it may ne'er be said,
"Virginia has bowed her towering head;"
And never may this word be spoke,
"Virginia has passed beneath the yoke."
But bright on each historic page,
May her name descend from age to age,
Be handed down to other climes
Renowned for virtue, unsoiled by crimes;
Others learning from her story,
Virtue's path is that of glory.

June 4, 1864.

WHAT IS LIFE?

By GEN. R. B. VANCE.

I saw a child with beaming eye,
And shining, golden hair,
Who chas'd, in glee, a butterfly
From stem to flow'ret fair;
"'Tis life," he laughed — the sweet, wee thing —
"To watch its happy flight,
As o'er the mead its radiant wing
Cuts through the mellow light."

A boy stood by, of noble form,
And firm, elastic tread;
Whose dreaming look, and ardor warm,
To all around him said:
"'Tis life to pass this youthful hour —
My banner wide unfurl'd —
And, with the strength of manhood's pow'r,
Make combat with the world."

A maiden by the altar knelt,
The true affianc'd bride
Of one for whom she deeply felt
Love's holy, blissful tide;

And softly broke her gentle tone
Upon my list'ning ear:
"'Tis life to know he is my own,
Ah! mine alone fore'er!"

Forth from the crowd a hero came,
On prancing, dashing steed,
Who oft amid the battle's flame
Had made his foeman bleed;
"'Tis life," he cried, "to sweep the field
With keen and flashing blade,
Where man, and horse, and broken shield,
In bloody heaps are laid!"

Then long I gazed on *child* and *boy*,
The maiden in her bloom;
And scrutinized the bounding joy
Which gilds the victor's plume;
And queried, in my inmost heart,
My soul with feeling rife:
"Is this, in truth, our only part,—
Can this, indeed, be 'life'?"

As thus I stood, an aged man
Went slowly, feebly by,
Whose hoary locks, and closing span,
Proclaimed the time to die:
"'Tis LIFE," he said, with parting breath,
"To know our sins forgiven;
To gain the victory over DEATH,
That we may *live* in Heaven!"

FORT DELAWARE, *May 7th*, 1861.

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM P. CARTER.—C INFANTRY.

They tell me that the glorious spring has gone,
And that its mellow tones have passed away:
I cannot tell. The voices of the morn
Seem hushed forever; the dying day

Leaves not its halo on the spirit's shrine,
Nor does the woodbird in her joyous glee
Pipe her sweet notes of melody sublime
To pass this cup of bitterness from me.
I would that I might climb some rugged steep,
And watch the cloudlets change from blue to gold,
And hear those summer winds like Mara weep,
To drive this mount of chaos from my soul;
I would that I might join that angel band,
Or view, once more, my own, my native land.

FORT DELAWARE, *Aug. 14th*, 1864.

TO MY WIFE.

BY S. J. JOICE.

When, first, in all thy youthful charms,
And dazzling beauty's pride,
I took thee to my wedded arms,
A trusting, loving bride,
I felt that thou wouldst prove to me,
Through life, a faithful guide,
A guardian angel o'er my way,
Whatever fate betide.

And thou hast been as firm to me,
As loving and as true,
As fancy's vision painted thee,
Or youthful hopes then drew.
When fortune smiled upon our way,
Thy modest worth was seen,
Mellowing its deceitful ray
With pure and steady beam;
Thy wings towards the dangerous light
Were never far displayed,
But loving still the good and right
Its glare had not betrayed.

And when by sore affliction tried,
Our hearts with anguish riven,
Thy trusting faith our tears hast dried,
Calm, anchored fast in heaven.

I saw thee then, thy fragile form
Trembling and bow'd with care,
Resigning to the Almighty arm,
Our cherubs would not spare.

In that sad hour I learned thy worth,
Thy martyr's soul and faith,
Which suff'ring for their love and truth,
Could'st nobly bear the scathe.
And now when stern oppression's power
Is laid upon thy heart,
And his which should in trial's hour
From thine not beat apart,
Is doomed within a dungeon's gate
To languish time away,
Thy spirit calmly meets the fate,
And bides the conquering day.

Thus, as from out my prison's gloom
I see athwart the tide
Yon beacon tower the waste illume,
The mariner to guide,
So in the storms of life dost thou
Thy steady beam display,
To guide my storm-worn, wand'ring prow
Safe to the hoped-for bay.

LINES.

Inscribed to a Photograph of Lieut-Gen. T. J. Jackson.

BY A YOUNG DELAWAREAN.

Each one that gazes on thy picture, feels
None was so fit to wear the virtuous seals
The Gods impress upon the brow at birth
Of those designed to glorify the earth,
As thou O Jackson! Christian! Hero! Sage!
Who shed such lustre o'er the darkened age
When despots strove by force of hireling clan
To crush to earth the heritage of man!
To make them clasp the hand that bound the chain
Round those who "knew their rights and dared maintain"

Them 'gainst the fierce assaults of usurped power
By perjured despots—tyrants of the hour,
Who'd quench the flame of freedom once so bright
In this fair land, and plunge in darkest night
The star of hope that erst so proudly rose
To cheer its friends and terrify its foes!
But He who holds all nations in his fist,
Called men to arms determined to resist
This giant long of Tyranny accurst,
And swear that ere they'd yield would perish first!
Thou heard'st 'cross distant hills the opening roar
Of guns that echoed in Old Baltimore;
Then, like a lion starting from its lair,
Thou paused but long enough to breathe a prayer,
Then Godlike rose and stemmed the torrent tide
That poured along Virginia's valleys wide,
And showed the world that States when once made free,
At tyrant's nod no more would bow the knee!
But thou hast fallen ere the fight was o'er!
Thy plume shall wave on battle-field no more!
No more wilt lead 'mid carnage undismayed
The fearless veterans of thy Old Brigade!
No more with victory's shouts thy prayers ascend
To Him who was and is thy country's greatest friend!
Deep grief upheaves thy own Virginia's breast,
Whose bitter tears refuse to be suppressed
'Till her proud brow again with freedom glows,
And she shall ride in triumph o'er her foes!

* * * * * * * * * *

From thy low grave let sculptured marble rise,
Whose topmost stone shall kiss the Southern skies,
To mark the spot where sainted "Stonewall" lies.

FORT DELAWARE, *March 1st*, 1864.

DEATH IN THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.

An Incident of the siege of Charleston.

BY GEN. R. B. VANCE.

The Federal papers reported the death of the beautiful Miss P——, of Charleston, under the following circumstances: She was on the floor to be

married to Lieut. D—— R——, the minister had just asked her if she was ready, when a shell broke through the roof, mortally wounding her. As she lay in her bridal robes, the life-blood ebbing, the ceremony proceeded. When it came to her turn to respond, she struggled to articulate, but finally answered "yes," dying immediately; her husband vowing to perish in battle with her murderers.

The snow-white robe was placed upon
The maiden's lithe and graceful form;
And near her stood the gallant one
Who won her in the battle's storm;
So proud his glance, so glad her smile,
With their happy friends beside them,
It seemed that earth or earthly guile
Might never again divide them.

"Dear maiden! art thou ready now?"
Thus gently spake the man of God;
The blushing cheek, the calm, sweet brow,
Proclaimed the power of Cupid's rod.
But ah! there's naught on earth secure;
E'en love itself is sad and brief;
The bright young life, the good and pure,
Are dying like the autumn leaf.

The missile dread rushed through the air;
It burst upon the peaceful scene;
The lovely girl, so brave, so fair,
Showed death upon her virgin mien;
And while with sobs the rites were spoke,
That he his bride might there possess;
She struggled ere her spirit broke,
And e'en in dying answered "yes."

Many a story's writ in gold
Of withered hopes and broken bliss;
But bard nor minstrel e'er hath told
A nobler, sadder one than this.
Then strike the lyre's most mournful strings,
To music's soft and soothing tone;
Let sorrow ope her chastening wings,
For her that's gone and him that's lone.

Oh! daughters of the dear Southland!
Embalm with tears your sister's fate;
'Twill whet her soldier husband's brand,
And soften, too, his bitter hate;

For surely on the red, dun field,
Though cannon sweep the plain with fire,
Her angel soul will be his shield,
And mercy's smile will change his ire.

But not alone will shadows deep
O'ercast the face of Southland's maids;
Columbia's daughters all will weep
That one so true, so early fades:
And beauty's voice in every clime,
Though he by some is unforgiv'n,
Will sighing chant a dirge sublime,
For her who thus has passed to Heav'n!

FORT DELAWARE, *May 10th*, 1864.

TWO LITTLE HILLS.

BY S. J. JOICE.

I'm weary to-night, and my breast feels the chills
And lonely damps of my prison gloom;
But I'm thinking of two dear little hills,
Now fresh with the buds of spring's first bloom.

Four summers ago they were far less green;
When the earth was dug, the turf was bare;
But we planted flowers, and the violet's sheen
Now brightens the place and scents the air.

'T:s a dear sacred spot; and often, as now,
When all is hushed save the sentry's cry,
From my dungeon bed I breathe a vow
To the sainted souls whose forms there lie.

And I know, at this hour, there's one with me
Will mingle her thoughts and prayers with mine,
Nor fetters nor prisons, our spirits free
Can stay from communion at that dear shrine.

On the blades and flowers the moonbeams sleep,
And pearly dew-drops sparkle the grass,
And angel spirits through the shadows creep,
And round the dear hillocks seem to pass.

Two fair little cherubs, at such hours,
My fancy pictures are ever near,
Nestled beneath the leafy bowers,
Watching the forms that are sleeping there.

But I'm sinking to rest, with the hope that soon
From the tyrant's chains and prison free,
As oft before in the flowery June,
I'll visit that spot, dear Mother, with thee.

FORT DELAWARE, *May* 21*st*, 1864.

MY STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BY CAPT. WM. P. CARTER.

Night, Mother! beautiful and still as Death!
Night on the ocean's deep blue bosomed crest!
Night on the blood-stained tombs of martyred souls!
Night on the dear old hills where I was born!

And I have thought beneath the silent stars —
Not of the mailèd arm and barbèd steed,
The crashing thunder and the lightning's shock,
Not of the battle and its mighty boon
Of victory!
But here alone I've thought,
As yon old moon doth ply her steady course
Through the bright folds of all that's beautiful —
I've thought of thee, and home (our mountain home).
The corniced walls, the moon-faced ticking clock,
The rare old hall, the glass-eyed rocking-horse,
The years agone, the past, the buried years
Entombed amid a thousand joys for me —
Entombed amid a thousand woes for thee —
How like a thoughtless boy I caused thee pain,
And thou the while my Star of Bethlehem!

Mother! on memory's disc that star still beams,
It does not fade; its radiance cannot die;
Undimmed its luster by the rust of years —
A breast-high guerdon 'mid these prison walls —
It leads me through the valley of our gloom,
And here upon the threshold of to-night —

Resplendent in the glory of its stars—
It stands a charmèd alchemy; a beacon light,
It blazes up above its sister spheres
Bright as the Amethyst in Moran's rills.

Night, Mother! beautiful and still as Death!
And thou hast knelt around our gentle board—
I know thy prayer hast gone away to Heaven.

And here beneath the silent, summer stars,
All hallowed in the memory of thee,
I send me up an offering to God!
The same that thou did'st teach in other years,
The same that thou hast prayed this very night:
That *I may meet thee in the Spirit Land.*

FORT DELAWARE, *August* 14, 1864.

LINES TO THE AUTHOR.

BY GEN. M. JEFF. THOMPSON.

DEAR DOCTOR:

'Twould be wrong in one of my small learning,
To say your sage advice I'm spurning,
Though I heed not as I should:
For with all your love and kindly teaching,
Example good and pious preaching,
I can't *believe*, e'en if I would.
I bow my head in admiration
Of those who, seeking their salvation,
Obey the "Law up to the letter."
And if on Judgment-day I'm there,
In your behalf I'll gladly swear
That you tried to make me better;
But the Devil had so much the start,
That all the goodness you'd impart
Couldn't drive *him* from my body.
For though I do things "on the square,"
He sometimes makes me "*cuss and swear*,"
And *take a little toddy.*

But none know, Doctor, as well as you,
That to "Charity" and "Hope" I am as true
As though no "Faith" were lacking;
And should we meet on the aforesaid day
I hope, right then, to hear you say,
That you will do my "*backing*."

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